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APRIL 12, 1947

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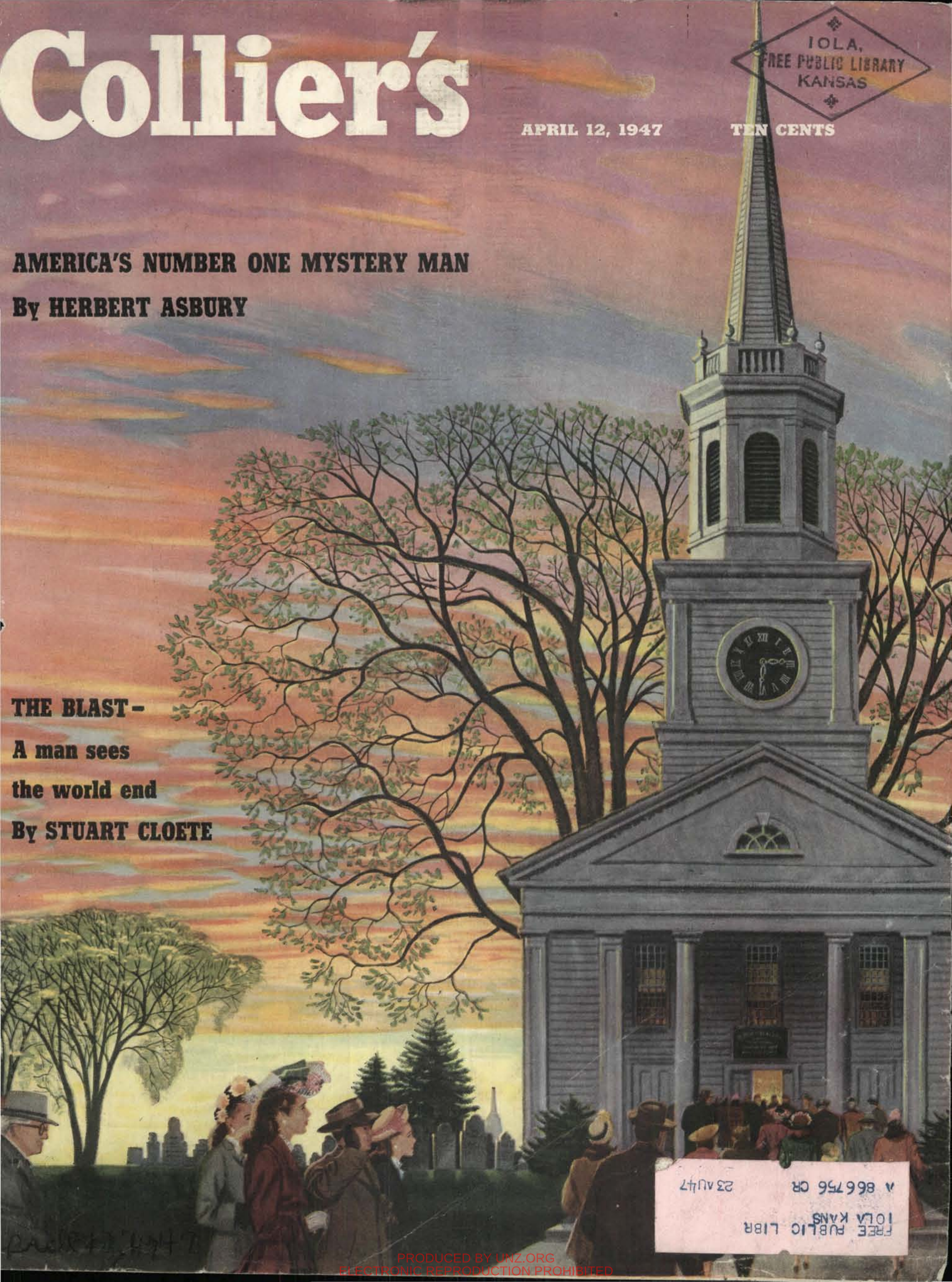
By HERBERT ASBURY

THE BLAST–
A man sees the world end

By STUART CLOETE



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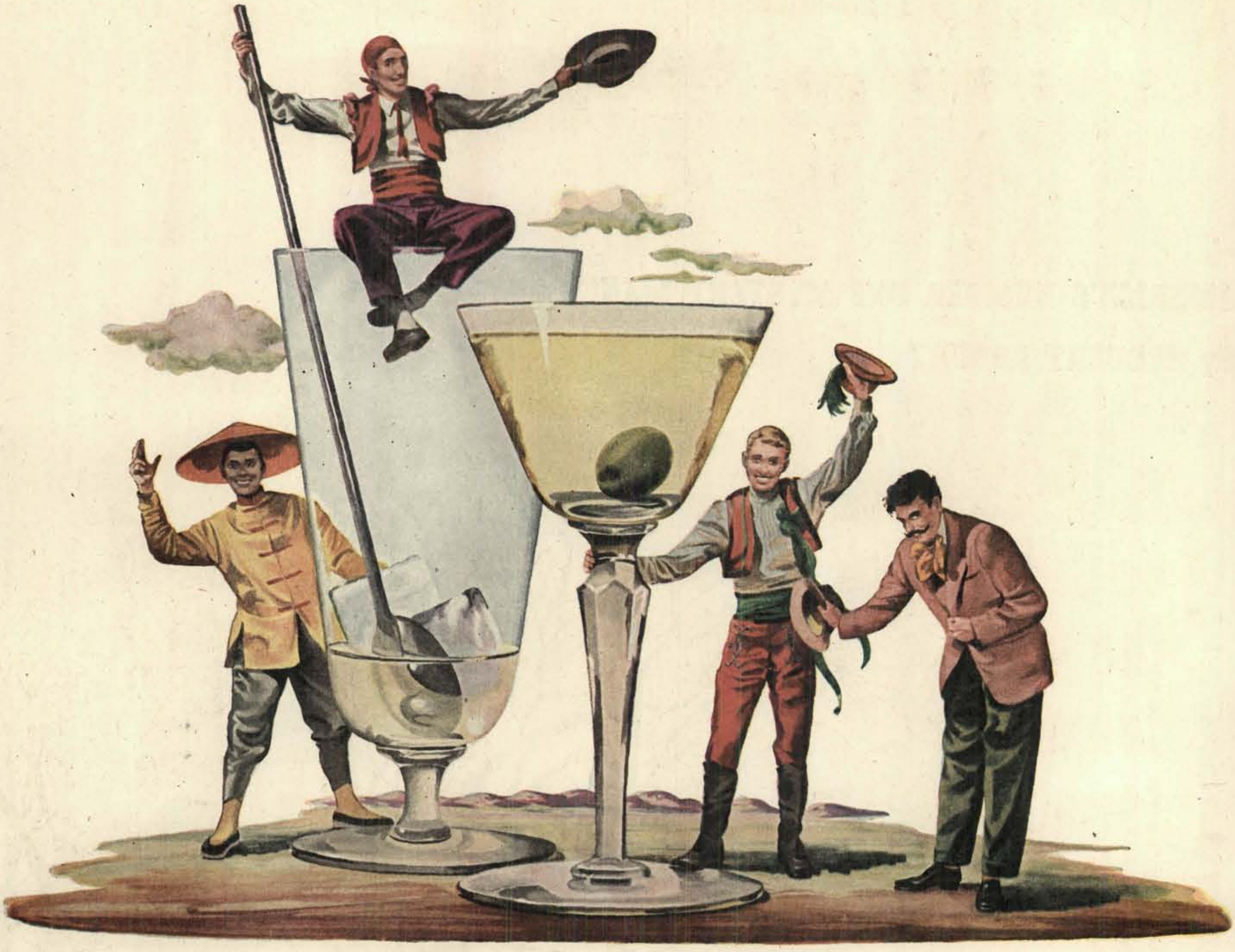

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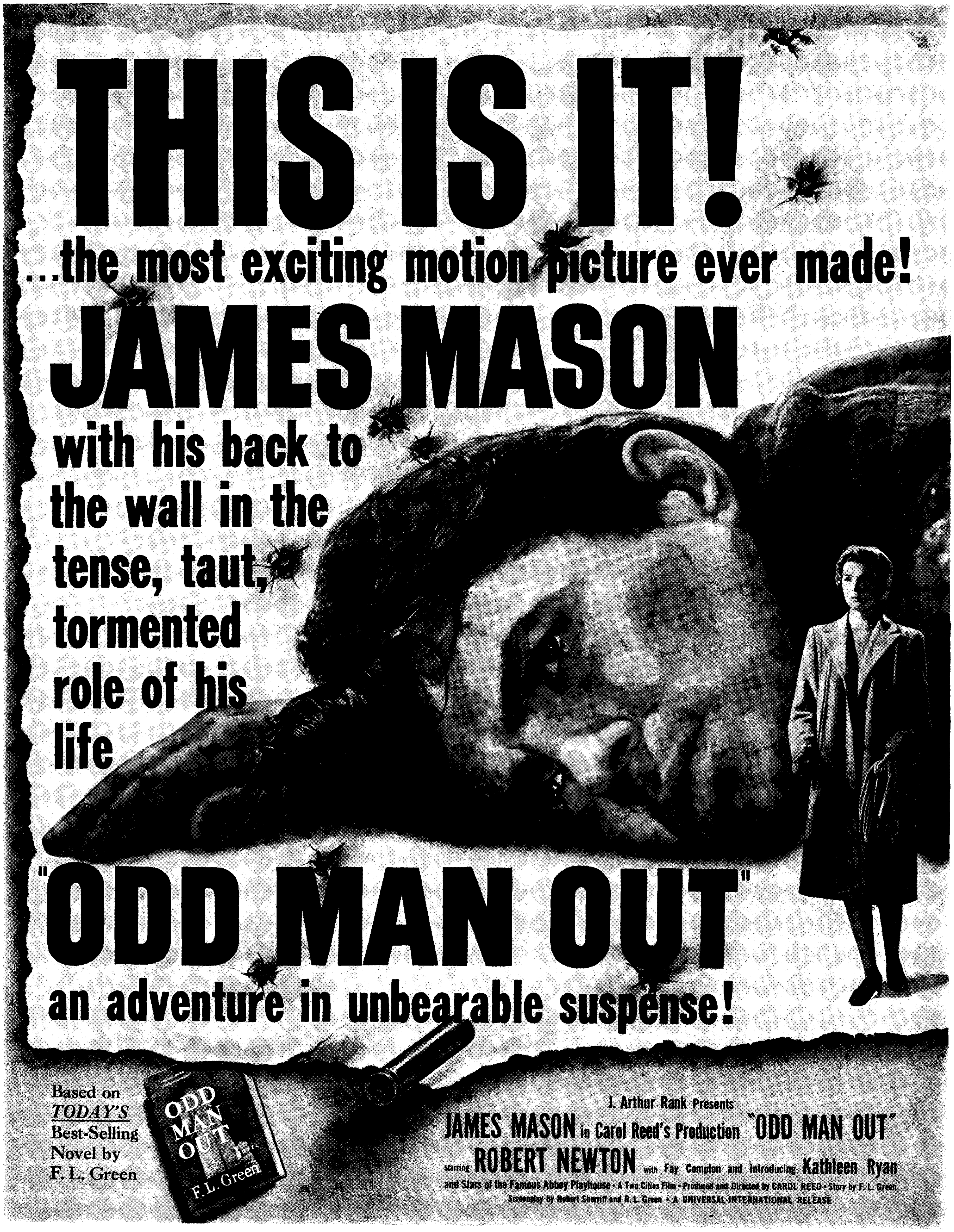

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

EMBATTLED BRITISHERS

TO MR. HAROLD HUTCHINSON: I have just read your article, But There'll Always Be An England (Mar. 1st), and I could hardly believe my eyes. I am one of those "much-envied" G.I. brides, and like you I am going back to England, and my husband and child are going back also. For even without the oranges and the iced cakes, England holds more happiness for us.

You haven't a decent word to say in your article about the English. Did you go around looking for all the unpleasant things, and pass up the pleasant things? In my eyes, the rich green fields, the children going to school without the fear of air raids, these are pleasant things. We did without washing machines and refrigerators before and we can surely do without them now. In my eyes England is the best country in the world, even if we do grouch as is our custom, and one of the things we fought for. Yes, I'm proud to be English.

(MRS.) JOYCE GRIMM, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I was amazed to see such sentiments expressed by an Englishman.

As an Englishwoman I can only say that it made my blood boil—and I'm willing to bet any of the "defeated, hopeless British" that Mr. Hutchinson referred to, might be tempted to gather the remnants of their declining strength and punch him in the nose.

Anyone who was near London during that fateful year of 1940 would realize that those people who took more than the rest of the world certainly are not crushed by a coal shortage and a little cold weather. People who slept in cold, damp tin shelters for the duration are very grateful to get into a bed—even though the rest of the room may be cold.

(MRS.) JOYCE HARVAN, Linden, N. J.

As we said—There'll Always Be An England, and Englishwomen, thank heaven! For another report from England see p. 18.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to a misstatement in the article, Million-Acre Boom (March 1st).

Please refer to the following sentence on page 58, under the paragraph beginning, "Equally as impatient . . .": "Much land will be opened for homesteading, with priority given to veterans, but the Bureau is accepting no applications now."

There is no homestead land in the Columbia Basin Project, and none will be available in the future. Virtually all the land is privately owned, but the amount of land for which an individual can receive

(Continued on page 58)

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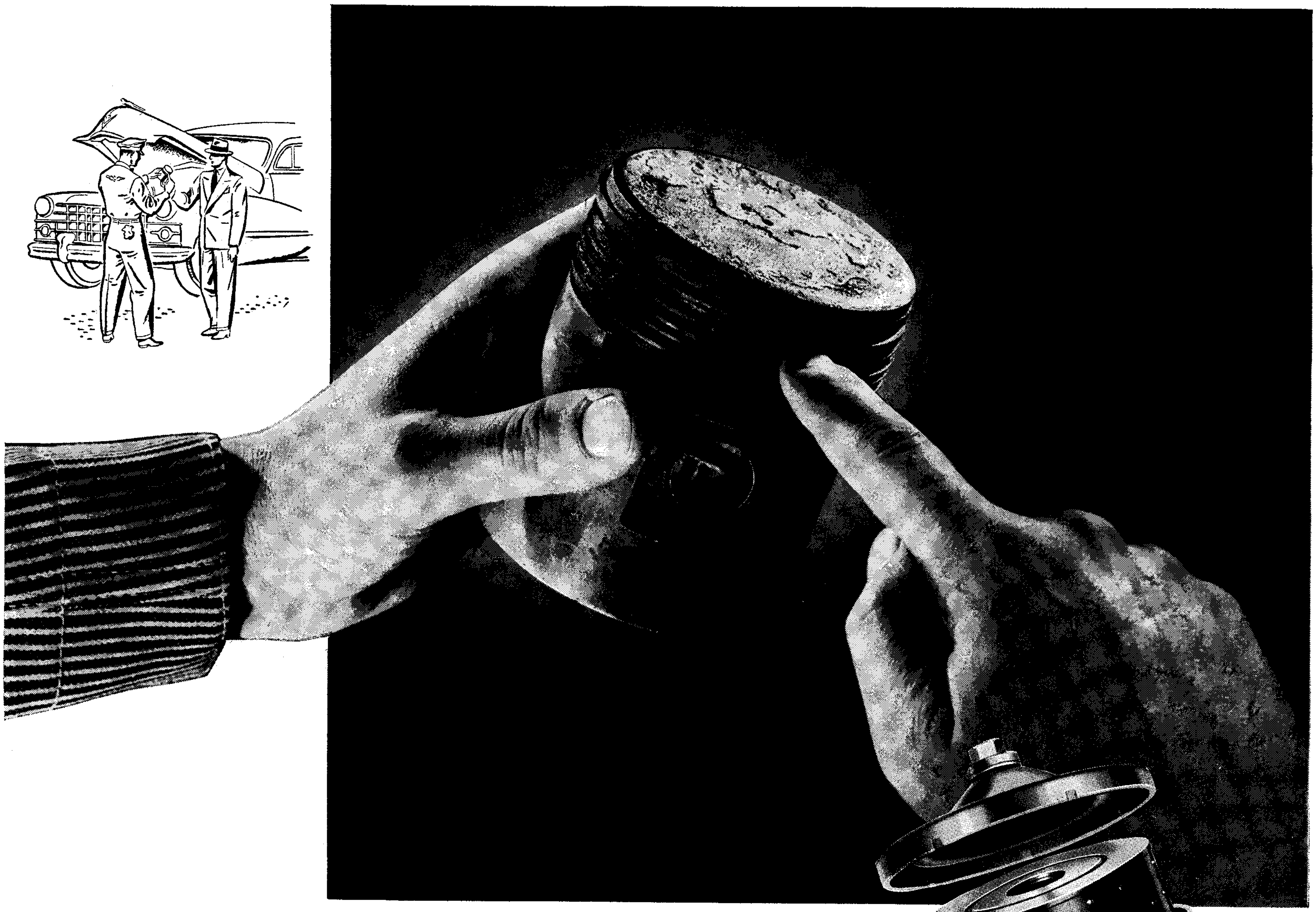

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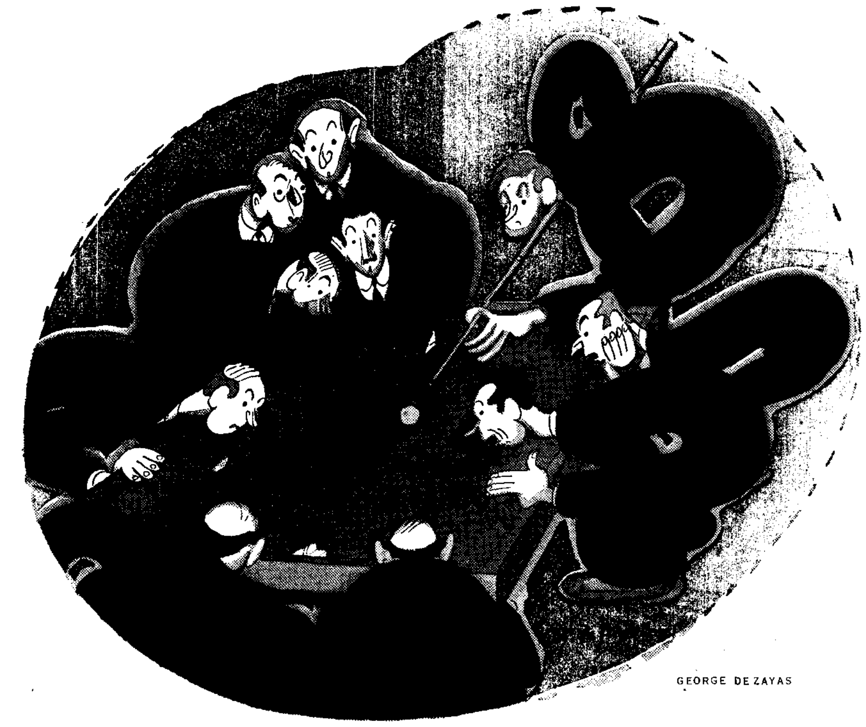

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

One billiard-table trick, performed with a silver dollar and two cubes of cue chalk, is so difficult that even Charles C. Peterson of St. Louis, the greatest trick-shot player of all time, can do it only on an average of once in six tries. After placing the coin on edge between the cubes and against the cushion at one end of the table, the player hits it with his cue so that it rolls to the other end and then returns to its original upright position between the cubes.

No rug in history has ever approached the fame achieved by the Ardebil Carpet, the weaving of which was completed in 1540 in Ardebil, Persia, where it hung in the Mosque until purchased for the Victoria and Albert Museum in London in 1893. Measuring 34.5 feet by 17.5 feet, this carpet contains 29,600,000 knots and is valued at approximately $500,000.

In April, 1884, Thomas Stevens left San Francisco to ride around the world on a high-wheeled bicycle, a feat considered impossible at the time as few persons had yet learned to handle this tricky contrivance, even on a paved street. While Stevens traveled by boat across the Atlantic, Pacific, etc., he pedaled his way over 13,500 land miles, through the United States and 11 other countries from England to Japan, and arrived back in San Francisco in December, 1886.

Prompted by the claim that an unfamiliar voice heard once may be recognized as long as three years later, a scientist made a test recently among 740 men and women. Concealed by a screen, five strangers read a paragraph to these auditors, who were informed beforehand that the third voice, for example, would be the one they were to identify later among four new voices. Testing the subjects in two groups, 46 per cent of the first recognized the voice after two days, while only eight per cent of the second succeeded after a week.

Twenty-four American colleges and universities now operate, and 31 others are installing, radio stations for broadcasting to their students between 7 P.M. and midnight. Of those in use, each has its own call letters and wave length and transmits programs, which may be sponsored, over power lines to the dormitories where they may be heard on any set tuned to the station.

The importance of the eyes, the labyrinths of the ears and the sense organs of the muscles in maintaining equilibrium and awareness of body position is shown by a hypothetical case. Should a man with defective labyrinths be blindfolded and placed in a tank of water to equalize the pressure on all parts of his body, he would be unable to tell whether he was right side up or upside down.

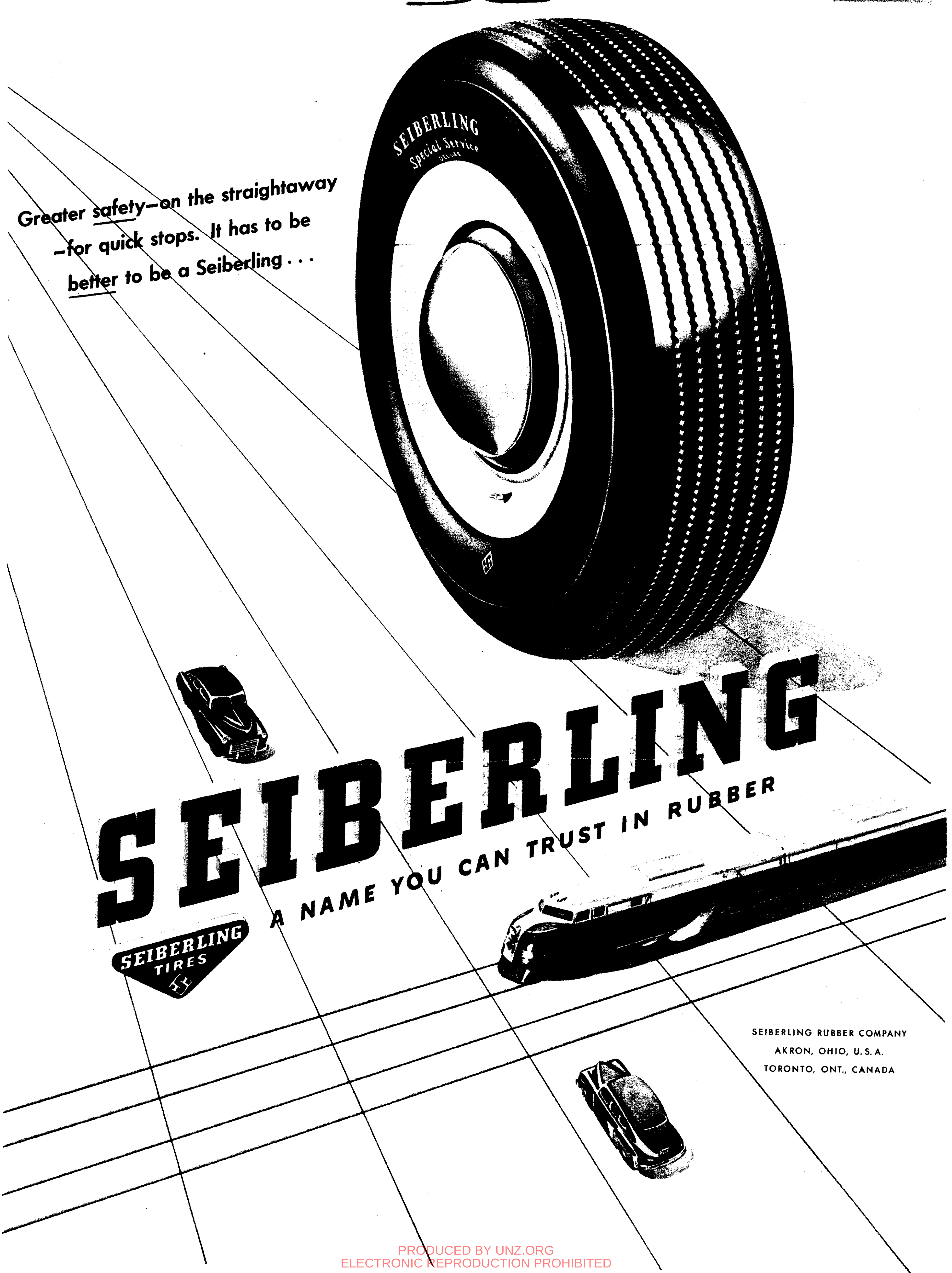
The greatest wave of church construction in history occurred in France in the 12th and 13th centuries. Although having only 10,000,000 inhabitants, France, between 1170 and 1270 alone, built 80 cathedrals and nearly 500 cathedral-class churches at a cost that today would be equivalent to about $3,000,000,000.

The finest collection of paper money is the Avonmore Collection now owned by the Institute of Bankers in London. Contained in 110 volumes, it consists of more than 40,000 specimens of the paper currency issued throughout the world since the 14th century.

From the sale of 51 surplus government war plants which cost in excess of $5,000,000 apiece, the War Assets Administration has received $315,629,000 or 32.47 per cent of the total original investment.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

Greater safety—on the straightaway —for quick stops. It has to be better to be a Seiberling . . .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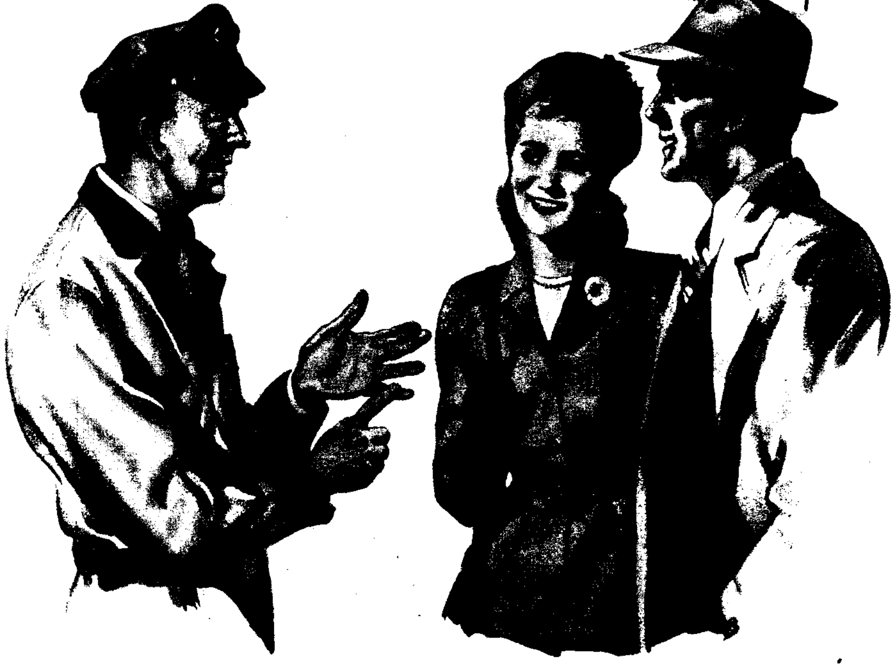
What you should know about a Spring Tune-up



YOUR CAR has just been through a long, hard winter. Its lubricants are *cold-weather* lubricants. Its adjustments are *cold-weather* adjustments. Its parts have been affected by *cold-weather* operation.

With the coming of warm weather and different driving conditions, certain changes and adjustments must be made to get the best performance from your car. There's the winter oil and anti-freeze to drain out, the cooling system to clean and flush. An adjustment of the carburetor is in order. Spark plugs and distributor points need cleaning and spacing, and the distributor timing should be checked too. Next in line is an inspection of the generator, regulator and battery.

There may be other adjustments or repairs needed, too. The point is: Warmer weather is here, and for best performance, a tune-up is needed. For the best in automotive service at any time—spring, summer, fall or winter—look for the friendly United Motors sign.

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THE WEEK'S WORK

RHENA CLOETE

Stuart Cloete and a veld companion

THE gentleman in the underbrush, guarded by the ferocious miniature pinscher above, is Mr. Stuart Cloete (Clue-tea), whose block-busting two-parter, The Blast, begins on p. 11. No man to beat about a bush, Mr. Cloete says he was born in Paris in 1897 of Scottish-South African parents, the sixth son after a lapse of twelve years. "Obviously I am an accident," he points out.

Because his parents wanted a girl, Mr. Cloete was raised in curls and dresses till he was five, when he dived into a lovely dung heap. "After they washed and dry-cleaned me," he says, "I was a boy."

He wound up in the Battles of the Somme in 1916, a teen-age British officer. Twice wounded, once badly, after the war Mr. Cloete limped to South Africa where he took up ranching and writing.

His first year's literary crop consisted of 300 poems, none of which sold. It wasn't till 1936 that he finally collected some of that easy magazine money. The next year, he hit the jackpot with Turning Wheels, a Book of the Month Club selection.

Turned down for military service in this war, Mr. Cloete divided his time between two continents, writing mostly words of warning and hope, such as in The Third Day, his latest book, which he calls a politico-social epitomizing of his both fearful and hopeful thoughts.

Mr. Cloete feels his life itself has been a book, illustrated by great events and punctuated by the fine horses he's ridden, the dogs he's had. "I see friends in it, too," he says, "as I walk in my mind among the flowers of a walled garden, wondering where it will all end."

After reading The Blast, which is the impact of the atom on Mr. Cloete, we do too. He says it was "conceived in terror, written white-hot at great speed and contains, as terror always does, some moments of macabre humor. The Blast could be true," he advises; "the writer often sees truth as a vision."

We think we ought to do a little warning of our own. Mr. Cloete's blast will take place in Gramercy Park, New York, October 5, 1947, and will blow up the world, so make your plans accordingly. Mr. Cloete himself right now is in Africa with his wife, Rhena, and the miniature pinscher, looking over his beloved olive-tinted hills.

THOUGH born in Naples of an Italian mama, Hans Ruesch (White Man in the White Land, p. 77) is Swiss because his father was Swiss. At twelve, little Hans had written twenty-five adventure novels. "Blessed with sharper self-criticism then than now," he says, "one day I made an impressive gasoline-drenched fire of them—and almost burned the house too."

Hans interrupted his studies at Zurich University to become an auto racer. Did pretty good at it too.

He was in Lisbon on his way to America in 1940, keeping a step ahead of Hitler, when he air-mailed his first story in English to Redbook, and got a prompt acceptance. Thirty stories and two novels later he decided writing wasn't the reason the streets of America were lined with gold. "I thought of going straight and getting a job," he says, "but an acceptance came in the nick of time and saved me from this horrible fate."

DIMITRI KESSEL

John Hersey

NO ELABORATE protocol was involved in John Hersey's interview of Mr. Secretary Marshall, p. 24. Invited to the general's home at Leesburg, Virginia, Mr. Hersey spent an evening in the library firing questions. Only one thing escaped the general: the reading he'd chosen for the funeral of his friend Sir John Dill at which he'd officiated. "If that Bible weren't so heavy and high," the general said to Mr. Hersey, pointing to a tremendous Bible on a top shelf, "I'd find you the reading."

Next day early, Hersey's phone rang. It was Mrs. Sallie Chamberlin, the general's secretary. "The general just called me and asked me to tell you that his reading was from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Chapter VIII, beginning at the 14th verse."

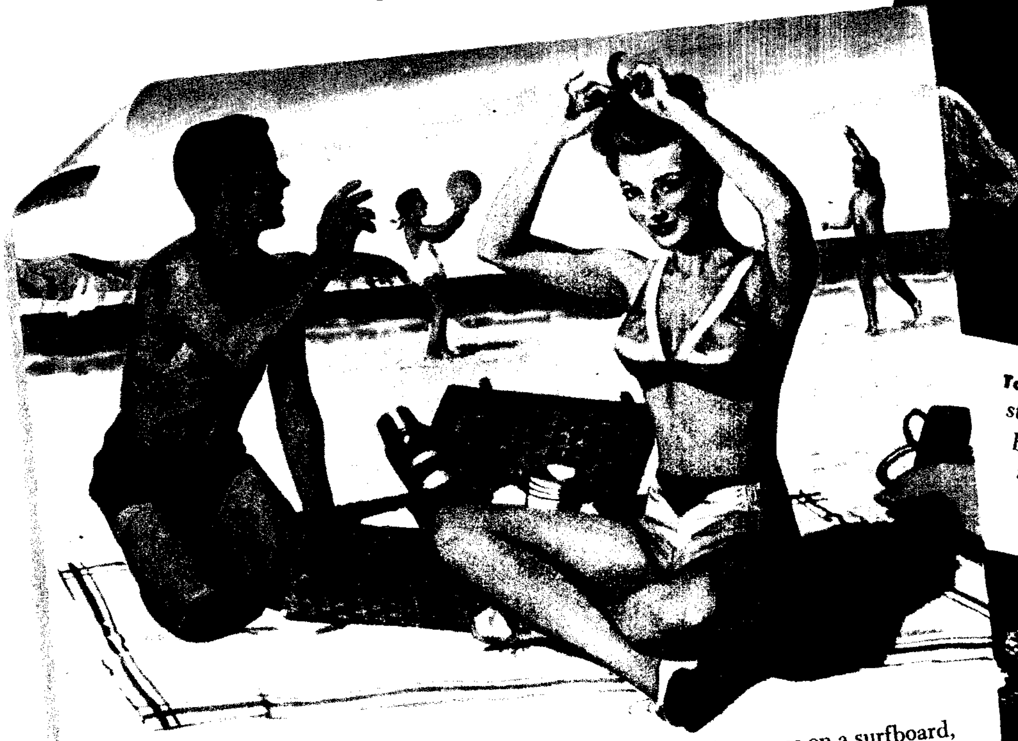
"You can see," adds Mr. Hersey, "why I think he has a flair for detail."

This week's cover: Easter Sunrise Service. "It is no one place," reveals Artist Francis Chase, "but sums up several I've seen while winding along the New England roads."...

TED SHANE

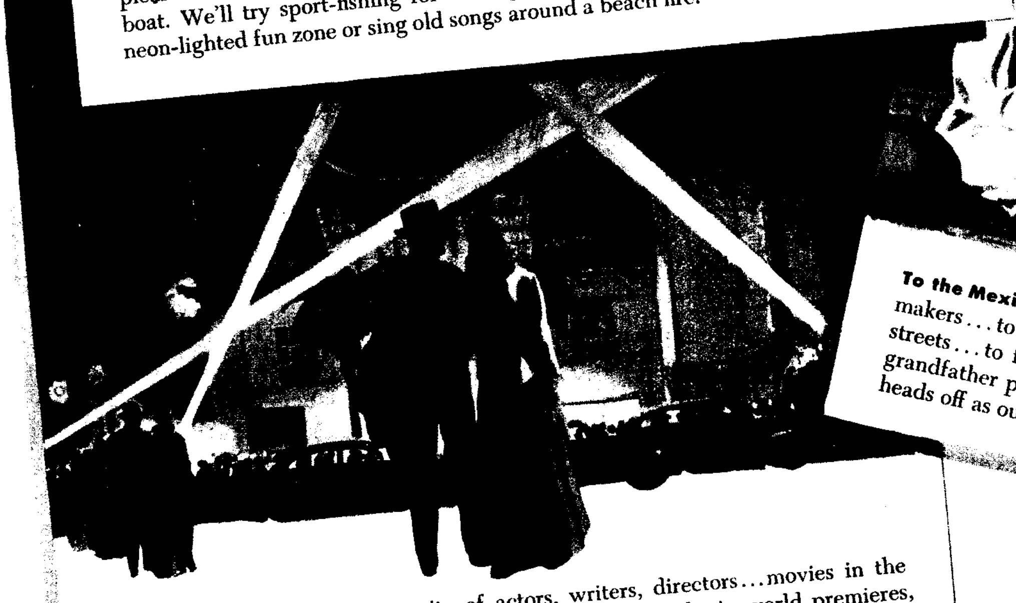
Just look where we're going this summer in COOL

Southern California



To the ocean...to jump in the big Pacific rollers, glide down the waves on a surfboard, relax under an umbrella or soak up sun on warm sands. We'll sail to a beach-fringed pleasure island, watch fish like zebras or new-minted gold pieces from a glass-bottom boat. We'll try sport-fishing for the big ones...and at night we'll whirl through a neon-lighted fun zone or sing old songs around a beach fire.

To the mountains...some may still be wearing snow...with trout streams spilling riotously down to lakes so clear we'll see the rainbows before they strike. At mile-high resorts we'll ride, sail, swim...smell the pine needles, wood smoke, saddle leather ...and every night sleep soundly under blankets.



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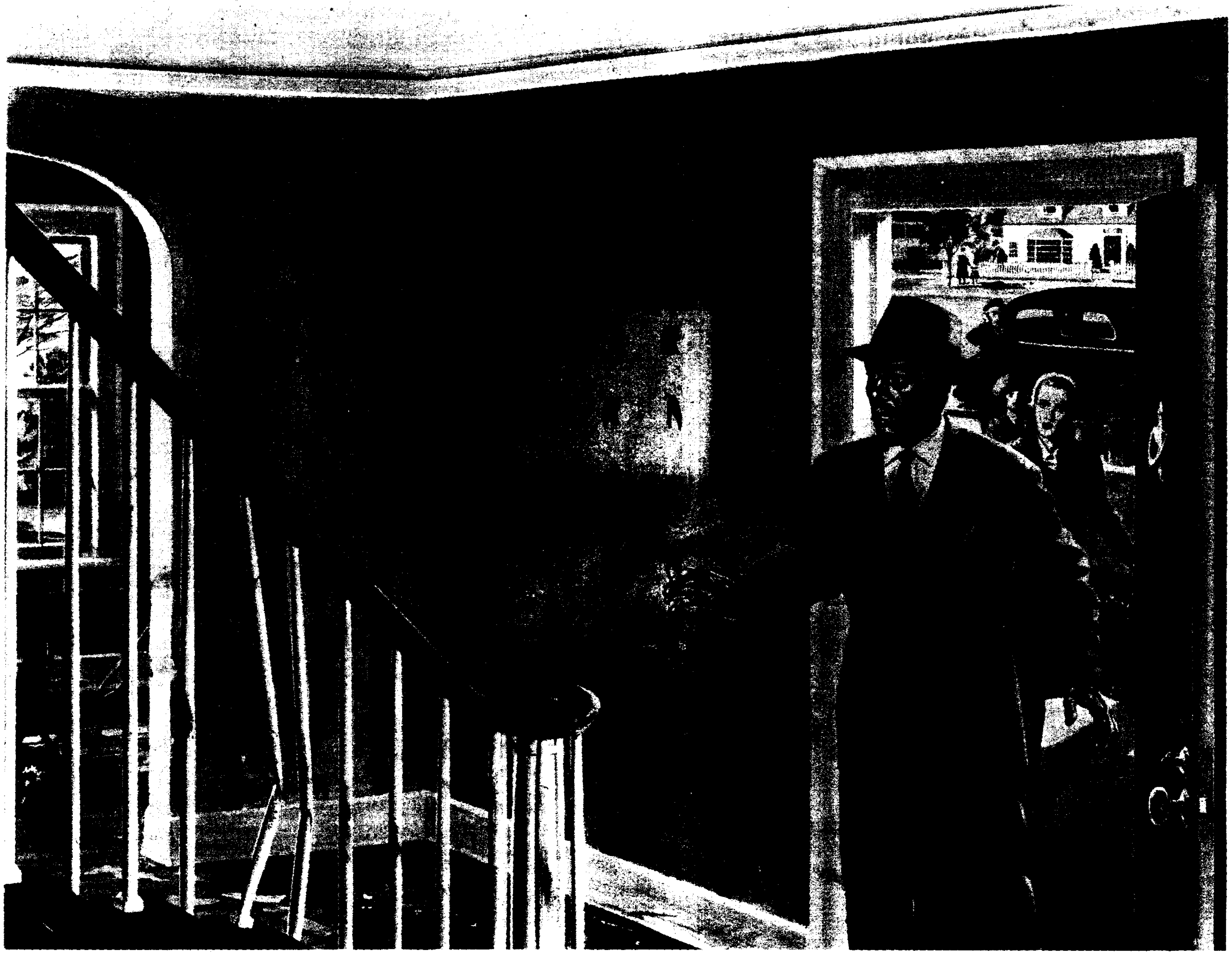

The terrible surprise that awaited the Smiths

A **FAMILY** in Pennsylvania—call them the Smiths—got a terrible surprise when they came back from vacation.

As they were taking their luggage out of the car, a neighbor from down the block passed by. "Thought you folks had moved away," he said.

"Oh, no," Mr. Smith said. "Just been down in Georgia a couple of weeks."

The neighbor looked puzzled. "But the movers came—"

"*Movers?*"

"Sure. Last week. Took all your stuff."

Mr. Smith dashed into his house. It was a strange sight. Most of the furniture was gone. The rugs were gone. The best pictures were gone. Thunderstruck, he went from room to room. Silver, linens, mirrors, jewelry, clothes, bedding, furs, china—just about everything of any value—had vanished.

Of course it turned out that the Smiths' home had been looted. The burglars, posing as moving men, had piled the Smiths' costliest possessions into a van and driven off in broad daylight. Presumably they disposed of the loot in another part of the country. In any case, nothing—not a stick or a stitch—was recovered.

Nightmarish as it sounds, this actually happened. And similar instances have been reported elsewhere. Naturally, burglaries on this scale are comparatively rare. But they do illustrate what amazing stunts burglars can sometimes get away with—in spite of the best efforts of the police.

In fact, burglaries, robberies, and thefts of *all* kinds—big and small, plain and fancy—have increased alarmingly since the war. How can you protect yourself against them?

There's only *one* sure-fire way—and that's through insurance.

Today it's more important to carry residence burglary and theft insurance—and plenty of it—than it's ever been before.

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MORAL: INSURE IN

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ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

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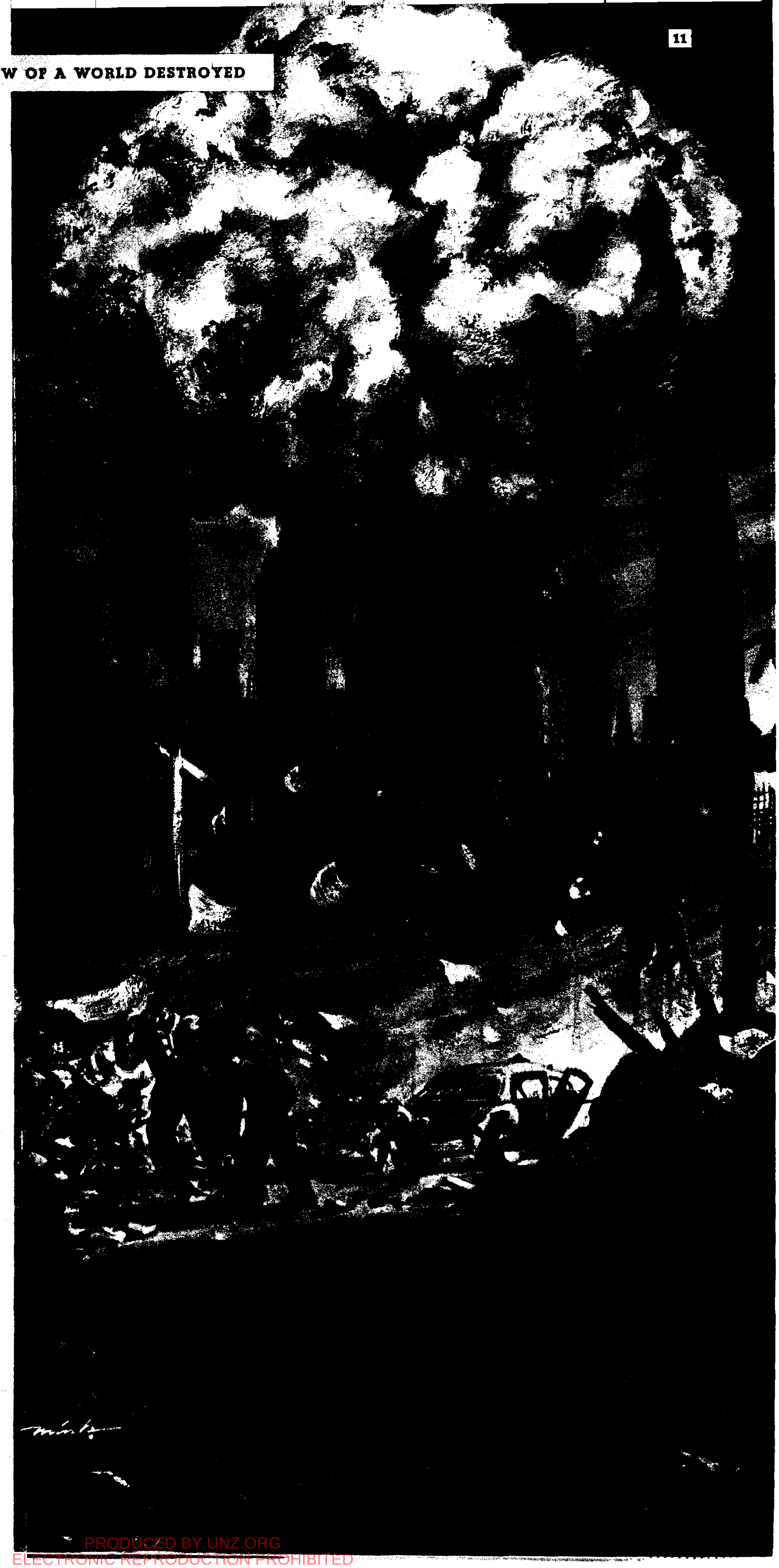
A COMPLACENCY-SHATTERING PREVIEW OF A WORLD DESTROYED

THE BLAST

BY STUART CLOETE

The story of the last witness of the fall of modern civilization, the last man in the wilderness of atomic destruction, the only survivor of the Great Disaster of October 5, 1947. Beginning a two-part serial—one of the most exciting works of fiction Collier's has ever presented



I AM writing this because today I saw two girls. It was very odd after twenty years. I do not know if anyone—the word *anyone* looks funny—will ever find this, or be able to read it, or even if it will last, because it is written in pencil. Naturally there is no ink. It all dried up long ago, but there are plenty of pencils, thousands of them, pencils by the hundred thousand gross—all the best kinds, just for the picking up.

It's difficult to know where to begin. It all happened so long ago that some of the details are fogged and I'm even doubtful of the chronology. The big thing, of course, the real beginning, was the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—the atomic bomb and the bungling that followed it after the war: fear of Russia, fear of free enterprise, fear of Communism, of Fascism—fear, in fact. I remember one thing in '46, and that was a senator from Florida saying that we should destroy every facility we possessed capable of producing only destructive forms of atomic energy. This made a great impression on me, just as Roosevelt's saying, "All we have to fear is fear itself," had done. But, of course, we did not pay any more attention to this senator than we had to the late President. We entered into a kind of armament race. Strength was the thing, power politics; and atoms were power. The common man didn't really believe in it, but what could he do? When had he ever been able to prevent wars? All he did was fight them. Anyway, there was no war. There was only a state of fear. There were only rumors—stories that Russia and Spain were only a year behind us in the race for atomic production.

These two countries were, of course, at opposite ideological poles and were a constant threat not only to each other, but to the world. Then there was the rumor that no one believed, but which nevertheless had the psychological effect of adding to the general fear and uncertainty of mankind. It was that a group of Germans in South America had discovered new fissionable material and that the process of refining it was so simple that bombs could be made in any garage—or if not quite in a garage, in almost any small machine shop. This, if it were true, naturally would render the inspection measures discussed by the United Nations completely ineffective because, quite obviously, all small plants all over the world could not be kept under supervision. This rumor appeared, if I remember correctly, in the late spring of '47 after the U.N. had met at Lake Success.

Then in the summer of '47 came a new rumor—only it was a little more than a rumor because the same story came from several accredited sources—that the new bombs were minuscule, no bigger than a fountain pen, and could be taken anywhere and planted with impunity. This probably was untrue, but certainly the underlying principle was true. Bombs were being made that were both smaller and more powerful. We had been making them ourselves, ever since the very first ones we'd used in the New Mexico test and in Japan, but this information was kept from the people. Things of the greatest moment to the public were seldom made public, and the man in the street, misled by the silence of the Army and Navy and the scientists they muzzled, had no inkling of the improvements which had been effected or of the fact that the State Department was aware that the experiments in heavy water, begun during the war by the Germans, were being continued in this hemisphere. We knew that there were many Germans in South America. We knew that many war criminals had escaped there, by various subterfuges and in various disguises. We knew that young Norwegian Nazis had been invited over as colonists. We knew that Russia was courting the all but openly Fascist southern republics—and knowing all this we discounted it all.

What happened next is history. I never bothered writing about it till today, because, thinking myself the only survivor, I could see little point in recording the events of the last twenty years. It is, I think, the year 1967 now; and the month—I am less certain of the months—is probably May. I deduce this from the flowering shrubs, the state of the foliage, and the fact that most of the young birds have flown from their nests.

Perhaps, too, I have avoided writing, though writing comes easily to me (it used to be my profession; I was a novelist), because of the terror of those days, which I wish to forget if possible. Even now, though the pain has been softened slightly by the passage of time, it will be difficult for me to write of the death of my wife, who, having survived the first blasts and succeeded in living with me almost a year, finally died in my arms, of the Red Death, as it came to be called.

None of this, of course, is the true reason for having either not written before or for writing now. The real reason is that previously there was no one to write for; but now there is, because I have seen people. People are an audience, and some old reflex in me has been activated.

That was the way I used to be, as full of ideas as an oyster is full of meat (or fish, I suppose it is). But anyway, once I had an idea, I had to write it to make room for new ideas.

I thought I was over it all. Just as I had thought I was over women—girls. But I see that I have deceived myself and that this manuscript, this record, may be of some historic value. That is the true reason for this work that I am writing in a mixture of hope and fear.

I am filling in time till something happens. Till what happens? That is what I want to know. But something must happen. . . .

AT THE time of the blast—before it, that is—I was well known as the author of several South African novels. I am of South African descent and, at that time, still had a farm in the Transvaal. I suppose I have it still—even now. This is probably what saved my life, for in the beginning, though there were others who came through the plague, most people were apparently unable to stand the conditions of life when all meat had to be hunted and savage animals roamed through the piled canyons of what had been the greatest city in the world. Of course, there were great quantities of canned goods, but fresh meat, fuel and water were difficult to obtain for those who were unaccustomed to dealing with life in the raw.

I had better go back to the day of the blast. The explosion took place on the 5th of October, 1947. That date is engraved on my mind. It was what might be called the last real date in history. I was in the interesting position of having survived history, of being history itself—a kind of lonely Adam in a jungle where terror stalked by day and night.

The Adam idea is now suddenly particularly apt because of the Eves that I have seen. I wonder what Adam would have done with two Eves. Anyway, I am glad I have hidden from them, because if they have survived, others must have. It has always seemed possible to me that in remote parts of the world some groups of those people we used to call savages might have survived, saved by their isolation from the diseases set up by radioactivity and immune or partially immune, because of their diet and the lives they led, to the Red Death which spread over the North. I have evidently been right, for the two girls—they are in their early twenties from the look of them—could not have raised themselves; which again brings up the question: Are those with them friends or enemies, and what is my position? Do I wish to be a friend to these strangers after twenty years alone? That remains to be seen. The thing to do now is to continue my narrative and to describe what was certainly the end of our civilization and might have been the end of mankind—though of course man might have reappeared again by a process of natural selection in a few million years; unless this time the new animals, such as the giant wolves that stand as high as a horse, and the immense brown and white minks that attack cattle and suck their blood in a few minutes, and the many other strange beasts and birds should prove to be too much for such primitive types of man as might arise. This, at any rate, had been my opinion until I saw the two girls. It is now subject to modification.

That I have succeeded in my fight against such wild beasts as I have described is due to my possession of modern weapons. These animals, however, are quite natural—phenomena that science once predicted might arise through the effect of atomic fission on the genes and chromosomes of the embryos extant at the time of the explosion. Or at least that is the way I remember it, though at the time—that is, before it happened—I did not pay much attention to the details about the atom in the magazines and papers, because I had no inclinations toward nuclear physics, being engaged at the time in writing a play about some veterans who sought to escape reality on a desert island.

It is interesting to me to see how I keep evading the issue, how I keep side-tracking myself in a kind of escape mechanism. Evidently I do not want to write about that time, about the terror of those days and the horror that followed them.

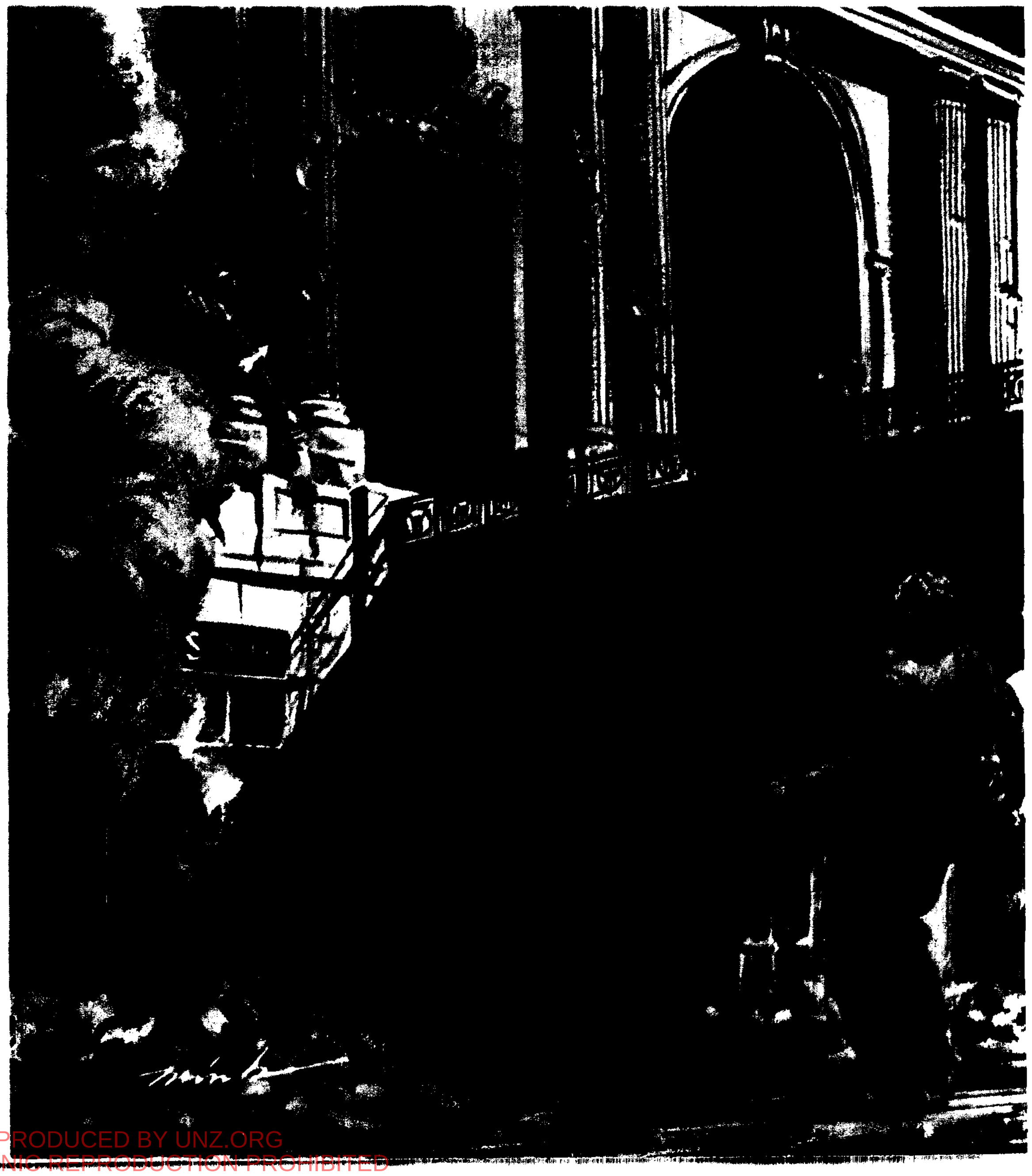
The center of the blast was said to have been Gramercy Park, probably the Players Club. It was estimated that three hundred thousand people were killed. To physicists, a human being is an object as full of holes as a Swiss cheese and held together only by some subtle balance of electrical forces which I have never understood or even really believed in. It is hard to believe that a beautiful woman held warm and soft in your arms has no reality, or that a dog or a horse is merely a combination of chemicals which react upon one another and produce the illusion which we—illusions ourselves—call dogs and horses. Anyway, the scientists who discovered all this have gone. Never have men been more unjustly hoisted with their own petard.

THE scientists were for the most part against military control of the bomb, and almost joined the church, in a strange remarriage of opposing forces, against its use. The power of this nuclear force had proved strong enough to weld the breach which had separated God and Science during the last century. No longer did a man have to choose between them: If he believed in Science, he had to believe in God. But there were too few believers in either—in God or in Science—or in anything. Ours was a time of cynical disbelief.

I note here that I have written about holding a beautiful woman in my arms. This is a disturbing thought. It is so new. Women belong to the past.

But to return to my story—

Another half-million people were wounded by flying debris or burned in varying degrees. A tiny blister, however, proved as bad as a serious burn: There was no case of recovery from a burn of any size. The patient simply appeared to dissolve slowly from the nucleus of the wound. The deaths

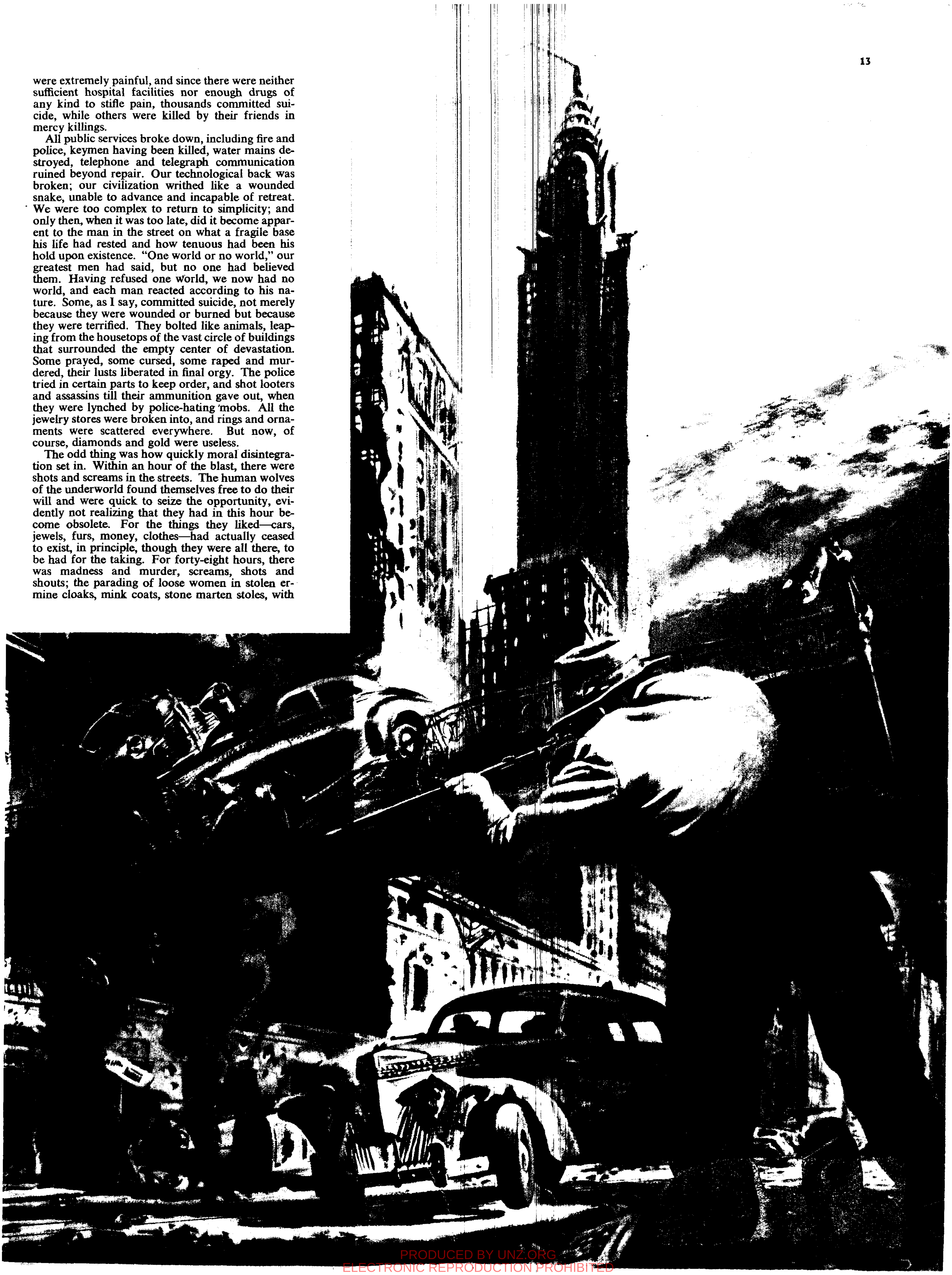


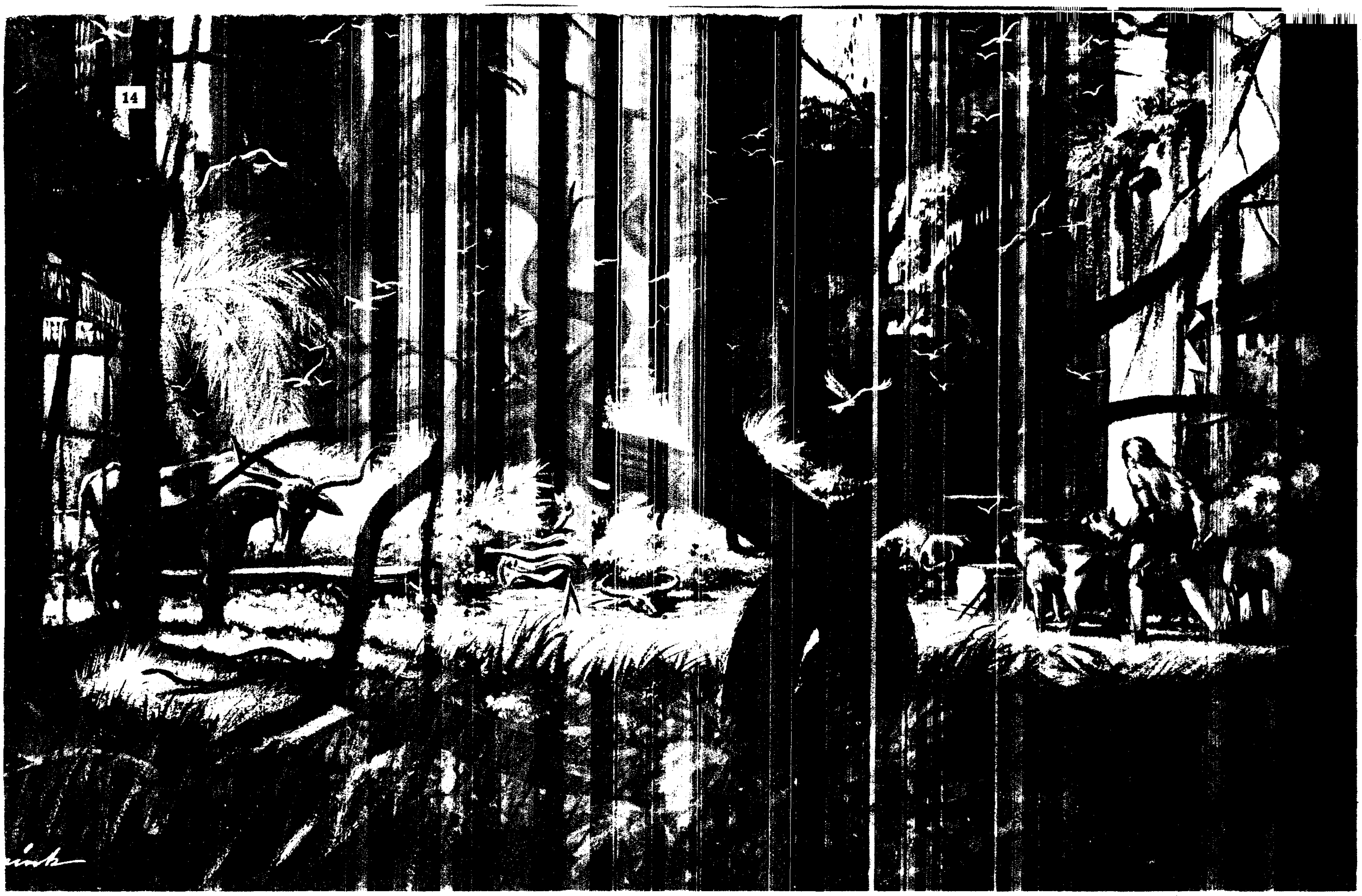
There was the girl who ran into the Grand Central Station pursued by two men, whom I shot. I knew her by sight. She was a dancer in a musical show

were extremely painful, and since there were neither sufficient hospital facilities nor enough drugs of any kind to stifle pain, thousands committed suicide, while others were killed by their friends in mercy killings.

All public services broke down, including fire and police, keymen having been killed, water mains destroyed, telephone and telegraph communication ruined beyond repair. Our technological back was broken; our civilization writhed like a wounded snake, unable to advance and incapable of retreat. We were too complex to return to simplicity; and only then, when it was too late, did it become apparent to the man in the street on what a fragile base his life had rested and how tenuous had been his hold upon existence. "One world or no world," our greatest men had said, but no one had believed them. Having refused one world, we now had no world, and each man reacted according to his nature. Some, as I say, committed suicide, not merely because they were wounded or burned but because they were terrified. They bolted like animals, leaping from the housetops of the vast circle of buildings that surrounded the empty center of devastation. Some prayed, some cursed, some raped and murdered, their lusts liberated in final orgy. The police tried in certain parts to keep order, and shot looters and assassins till their ammunition gave out, when they were lynched by police-hating mobs. All the jewelry stores were broken into, and rings and ornaments were scattered everywhere. But now, of course, diamonds and gold were useless.

The odd thing was how quickly moral disintegration set in. Within an hour of the blast, there were shots and screams in the streets. The human wolves of the underworld found themselves free to do their will and were quick to seize the opportunity, evidently not realizing that they had in this hour become obsolete. For the things they liked—cars, jewels, furs, money, clothes—had actually ceased to exist, in principle, though they were all there, to be had for the taking. For forty-eight hours, there was madness and murder, screams, shots and shouts; the parading of loose women in stolen ermine cloaks, mink coats, stone marten stoles, with





"When I stroll through Rockefeller Center I take a few of my dogs as guards to inform me of any danger that I might not see myself"

diamond tiaras on their bleached-blond hair. For forty-eight hours, cars roared through the streets and tommy guns spat from the cars. Then the gasoline began to give out in the filling stations, and the ammunition began to give out for the tommy guns as it had earlier for the police, and there was no one to hold up. Gangsters could go into any store and take anything. Their women dripped with jewels, their cars were stacked with valuable furs and piled with cases of Scotch and gin and rye. They had eaten their fill of steak cooked by trembling chefs at the point of a gun. But now there were neither steaks nor chefs left, and there was no water to wash the grime from their faces and the blood from their hands. And then, as suddenly as their reign of terror had begun, it ended in terror on their part. Here was a new world that they could not understand, where all that they had ever wanted was theirs and they were carrying it off. But to where, and for what? In this world they were the suckers, and, like wild animals betrayed by this new environment, they turned upon one another in a kind of gang war of extinction. Enemies of society, finding no society, they could logically do little else.

THIS, of course, is all somewhat academically stated, the drama having lost its sharp cutting edge with the passing years. But there are incidents, vignettes that still stand out, separated from the general mass of somewhat amorphous memory and theory and rationalization, like the red-capped figure to be found in almost every Corot landscape. There was the girl who ran into Grand Central Station pursued by two men, whom I shot. It was as simple as that. I was going out to get canned goods from the basement of a ruined store and had a rifle in my hand. I knew the girl by sight; she was a dancer in a near-by musical show. She smiled at me and said thank you as if I had opened a door for her. And I, regretting the expenditure of my two shells, wondered if it had been worth while. The shots on my part, and the smile on the girl's, belonged to the other, finished world. They were out of their context here. But it was interesting or it appears to have been so now, to watch the changing forms of action; to watch readjustment and adaptation in this strange period where aeons overlapped as the first terrible waves of the future beat against the fragile mosaic of our civilization.

In a book published a year or so before it happened, a number of scientists had predicted what might occur, and one of them had explained what would take place if an atomic bomb were dropped in Gramercy Park. The fact that the explosion actually did take place in Gramercy Park could have been a matter of coincidence, or luck, or it might have been suggested by the chapter in question. The depositor of the bomb may have said, "Well, if they want it there, let them have it there." He may even have had a kind of perverted sense of humor, like the guards at Buchenwald who gave towels to those of their victims who were about to be gassed, telling them the Murder House was for baths; or again, with that tidy Nazi mind, he may have wished to make fact conform to fiction. God knows this has happened often enough before with Jules Verne, Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, and an endless series of "astounding stories" all based on scientific possibilities. The point, however, is that the explosion did not operate quite as was expected, because, for some unknown reason, the blast did not fade out and get weaker and weaker as the distance from its center increased. Instead, it ended as if it were cut off by an invisible wall.

The best way to describe it would be to imagine the force of the blast as something tied to a string that was being swung round and round. Everything within the area covered by the string was destroyed, and everything only a few yards beyond it was left, with the exception of such minor damage as some broken windows, intact. The blast at that point appeared to take an upward direction, so that in the area beyond the destroyed center there was no further destruction except that due to fires caused by the falling debris. This destruction was somewhat haphazard, certain buildings escaped all damage while whole areas were completely gutted.

After the original reign of disorder and mayhem, the city started to reorganize itself. Emergency repairs were effected to water supplies, and local authorities were linked by provisional army field telephones. Citizens formed themselves into troops of vigilantes, and though there was some street fighting between different groups which took each other for bandit bands, order was in some degree restored. But there was no sense of security or continuity, for if there is no reason to expect tomorrow to dawn, today loses its validity. Were more bombs going to go off? What was going to happen about food, or work, or money?

PEOPLE began to evacuate the city in cars, on foot, on bicycles. They left the island of Manhattan, endless black caterpillars of humanity creeping over every bridge, appearing from under the ground in every tunnel. They were migrating like lemmings. Driven by fear, they were going into the unknown where they would inevitably die.

They swarmed over the land like locusts, devastating it, marching till they were halfway to Canada. Some even reached the Canadian border, where they met Canadians marching down from Montreal and Toronto. What had taken place in New York was not an isolated phenomenon. Every big city in North America had suffered the same experience. No city except Washington was completely destroyed, but the population of all had been panicked, and the cumulative effect of these multiple bombings was much more serious than the total destruction of any single city, because all the urban populations fled to the country—which they destroyed; to the small towns and villages where, when once what was happening was understood, the villagers defended themselves with guns and even pitchforks, ex-soldiers fighting from tractors as if they were tanks. It was civil war, mass suicide. Millions starved, hundreds of thousands were killed. And North America as a power, as a civilization, ceased to exist. But as if even this were not enough, disaster was piled upon disaster, and the sickness hit us. First came diseases that were caused, it was said, by radioactivity. Then came the Red Death. The

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK

In his new movie, Charlie Chaplin forsakes his familiar cane and baggy pants to create a new role. Oddly enough, he plays a sort of Bluebeard

FROM RAGS TO RICHES

BY PHILIP K. SCHEUER

I WAS fascinated by the idea of a man having several wives—and trying to get rid of them," Charles Chaplin sighed. "It is not as easy as people think."

He was speaking of M. Henri Verdoux, the middle-aged hero of his new movie, who disposes of his ladies by liquidating them, and not of M. Chaplin, 58 this April, who, as a rule, divorces them. When he was asked if he didn't think folks are likely to confuse his on- with his off-screen person, he shrugged.

"One's work is one's work," he replied evenly; "one's private life is one's own. I believe the two should be kept separate. I have been given a great deal of unfavorable publicity—and, like everything else in this industry, it has been amplified out of all proportion to the truth."

The sensitive, almost unlined, young-old face relaxed. Monsieur Verdoux—A Comedy of Murders was in the dubbing stage, practically in the can; its creator was obviously in fine fettle and wanted to talk about it.

The picture is his first in more than six years. It is also the first in which he has wholly put aside the little tramp with the baggy pants, swinging cane, gunboat shoes, brush mustache and wistful smile, who has reached more millions, artistically, statistically and risibly, than any comic figure of our time. It goes a step further in the evolution begun in The Great Dictator with

(Continued on page 44)

As M. Verdoux, a dapper bank clerk who liquidates ladies to earn a living, Chaplin assumes a new character

AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE
MYSTERY MAN

Frank Costello is the Number One Mystery Man of the American underworld and of the American political scene. For years the New York police and the F.B.I. have periodically tapped his telephone and kept him more or less under surveillance. He has been arrested, indicted and tried half a dozen times for offenses ranging from assault and robbery to conspiracy to evade income taxes. But against him stands only one conviction—for carrying a gun more than 30 years ago. Ostensibly, he is a rich real-estate operator who admits to some interest in slot machines in Louisiana, and in night clubs and gambling in various states. Actually he is the real big shot of the underworld, where he is known and deferred to as the "Prime Minister." He has been boss of half a dozen rackets and dominates gambling throughout the country. The governor of New York, and the former and present mayors of New York City denounced him as the real leader of Tammany Hall after he had demonstrated his political power a few years ago by telling a judicial candidate that his nomination was "in the bag" and then making the boast good. This is the first of two articles describing Costello's connections and activities

Above, rogues' gallery photographs of Costello, taken in 1935. Left, Frank Costello as he looks today

WHEN Frank Costello is in New York he opens his small brown eyes each morning in a seven-room apartment in Central Park West, for which he pays $3,600 a year rent. As a rule, he has slept well; he's healthy, he doesn't dissipate, and he has nothing on his conscience. His dreams if any have been against a soothing background—the profitable clanking of his slot machines, the remunerative rattle of the dice in his gambling houses, and the soft and lovely rustle of folding money harvested by front men and collectors in such golden fields as bookmaking, policy, Italian lottery and night clubs.

Only occasionally are these delightful sounds intruded upon by the ugly thud of the blackjack with which his laws are enforced. While he slept, the high-fliers and unfortunates of a score of states were pouring money into his multifarious enterprises. Eventually, most of it will come to him. In cash.

As he arises from his soft and expensive bed, the big boss man of the American underworld feels good. He feels even better when, after an invigorating shower, he wraps a silken dressing gown around his stoutish body and pads on soft rugs into his dining room for a leisurely breakfast. Meanwhile calls have begun to come in over his private, unlisted telephone. He may hear from business associates, from trusted henchmen, from friendly judges and city officials, from certain politicians of Tammany Hall, all asking his good offices in their behalf.

These conversations are listened to more or less regularly by the New York police, who have had his telephone tapped for almost four years, as Costello very well knows. But since he is by no means a dope, the cops have heard little of real interest since the summer of 1943, when Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio, upon whom Costello and Tammany Hall had bestowed the Democratic nomination for Justice of the New York Supreme Court, called one morning to express undying loyalty. "I know," said Costello. "When I tell you something is in the bag you can rest assured."

Occasionally Costello summons someone, sometimes a politician, to breakfast and a conference, which means that he hands out a few instructions. But not even his closest friends would dare visit his apartment without first obtaining permission. After breakfast and a cigarette, Costello carefully dresses for the street.

His favorite costume—at least he generally wears it on what might be called state occasions—is a blue chalk-stripe double-breasted tailor-made suit, a white custom-made shirt, a red tie, hand-painted with black and white Scotties, and a matching linen handkerchief tucked into his breast pocket. And, of course, the finest quality underwear, socks, shoes and hat. All told, a figure of elegance.

A little before noon Costello drives to a well-known midtown hotel, where he lunches and dines several times a week. He is very fond of this hotel, partly because of its good food and drink, and partly because of its associations. Many of his pals have either lived there or have made it their favorite rendezvous. Willie Bioff, the noted pimp, extortionist and labor racketeer, had a room there for a while; at the trial of some of his accomplices Bioff named Costello as a member of the conspiracy through which he and George Browne had obtained control of the stagehands' union, and had then extorted huge sums from the movie industry by threats of strikes.

And Lucky Luciano had a swell apartment in this hotel; he was boss of the prostitution racket and one of Costello's good friends. The late Lepke Buchalter, a professional murderer and a big shot in the Brooklyn gang of assassins known as Murder, Inc., used to meet Costello at this hotel for conferences. So did Dutch Schultz, an efficient all-round thug and gangster who worked for Costello in the policy and other rackets.

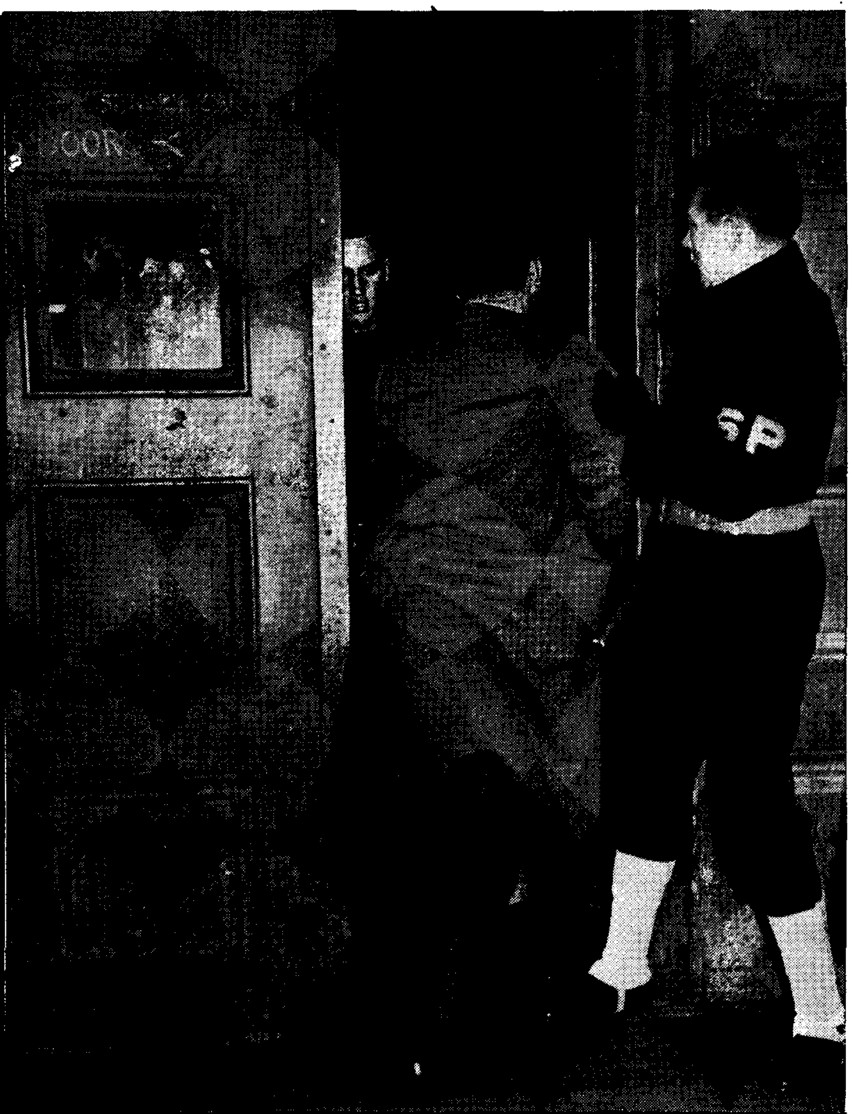
Unfortunately, or vice versa, all of these boys are now out of the picture. Bioff, who received a comparatively light prison sentence because he squealed, is on parole, but he keeps away from his old haunts. Dutch Schultz was killed in a gang war in New Jersey a few years ago, and Lepke Buchalter died in the electric chair at Sing Sing, crying, according to the New York World-Telegram, that Costello had betrayed him. And about a year ago Luciano was taken out of jail, where he was serving a sentence of from 30 to 50 years, and deported to Italy. So far as is known.

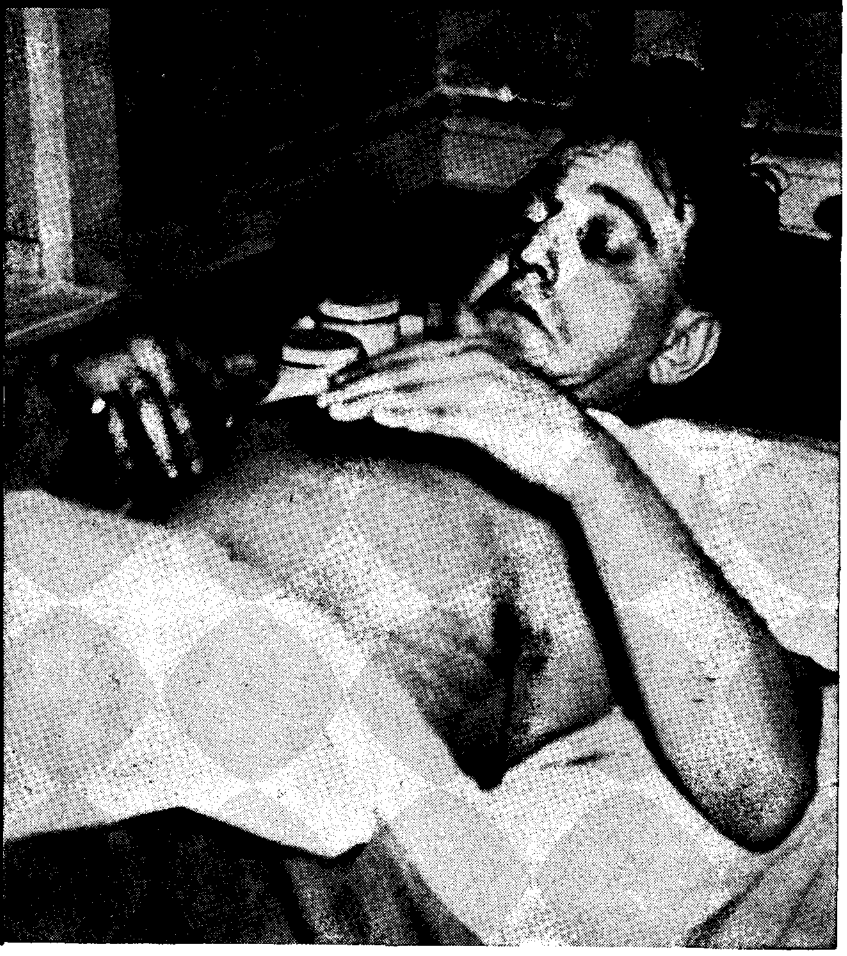
There has always been considerable mystery about Luciano's deportation. It was said at the time that he had given the Army information which proved of value in the invasion of Italy, but men who know some of the answers in politics and the underworld say this is the purest hogwash. They point out that Luciano left Italy in 1907, when he was nine years old, and didn't return for 39 years; he knew nothing whatever of the criminal setup abroad and could have divulged little that was not a matter of public record. They say that the answer to Luciano's freedom is to be found in the political power of Costello.

In the early morning of February 2, 1946, Luciano was brought down to New York and rushed in a private launch to Ellis Island, where deportees are held by the immigration authorities until their ships sail. About two hours later, Robert Dwyer, a reporter for the New York Daily News, arrived at the Ellis Island ferryhouse at the lower end of Manhattan Island, accompanied by a photographer. Dwyer asked for a pass to the island and was told by the guard on duty that no one would be permitted to go over to see Luciano. The reporter waited until one o'clock, when Frank Costello appeared, lugging two heavy suitcases. Costello spoke to the guard, who listened to him with obvious respect, but so far as Dwyer could see didn't give him a pass. Maybe Costello already had one. Maybe he didn't need one.

Dwyer recognized Costello and spoke to him, and Costello said that he was going to call on Luciano. He asked Dwyer to keep his name out of

(Continued on page 26)





INTERNATIONAL

In 1944 Britons cheered U.S. troops marching in London; today this reservoir of good will is drying up fast

JOHN BULL SEES RED, WHITE AND BLUE

The Englishman's viewpoint toward our well-fed, complacent comfort and his fear of a recession here is vocalized into a wave of anti-Americanism that has both British and Americans worried. Here, in blunt terms, is what England thinks of us today

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

LONDON

THE question was: "If there is another war, about how much danger do you think there is of civilization's being wiped out?" A 30-year-old Tory dress designer from the agricultural town of Shrewsbury in Shropshire gave this reply:

"That depends on who's fighting whom, doesn't it? I think myself it would be marvelous if Russia and America had a war and left the rest of the world alone. It would be grand if *we* stayed neutral for once. It's even possible we might. Some people would want to fight for Russia and some for America, and we couldn't possibly go in on either side for fear of civil war. After all, if you're talking about civilization, there's only one civilization, and that's European. Russia is Asiatic, and the Yanks are mongrels—and the rest of us could sit back and rake in the shekels, like Eire, Sweden and Portugal this time."

The questioner was an operator working for Mass-Observation—a British variation of the Gallup Poll—which has been conducting a series of investigations on "world organization and the future." The inquiry began in February, 1946, and was conducted four times during the year, the last time in December, so as to get trends of opinion.

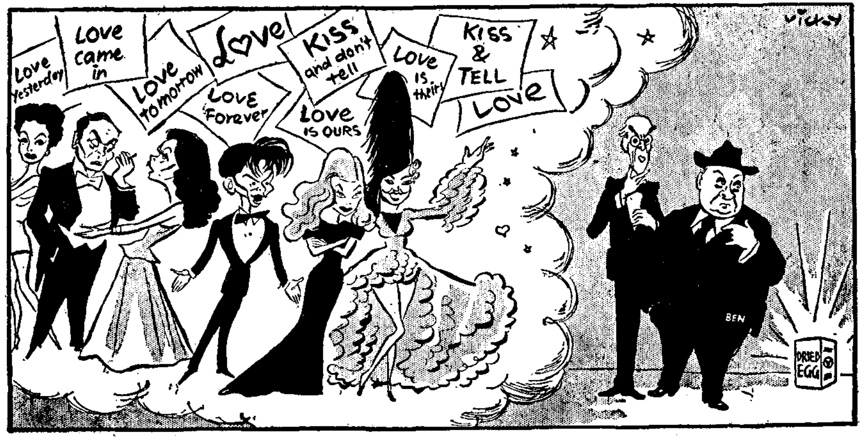
As the investigation proceeded, a growing and rather startling wave of antipathy toward the United States and Americans became evident. The dress designer was only giving extreme expression to a widespread hostility that calls for some serious—and also some not-too-serious—thinking on both sides of the ocean. It ranges all the way from the resentment of cabinet ministers over the terms of the American loan to the envy of the housewife—sometimes referred to here as "nylonging." The "Land of the Stars and Stripes" is too often referred to in the pubs as the "Land of the Steaks and Strikes."

Twisting the British lion's tail has been a satisfactory American pastime since before the Revolution, and it still flourishes. The readers of the Chicago Tribune, the Zionist sympathizers of New York, the isolationists of Congress play the game with a zest that makes Britons wonder sometimes whether Americans think that George III is still king of England.

In Revolutionary days the lion could placidly turn his head and grin with tolerant superiority. But give the tail a wrench today and you get a growl of rage. You also get a howl of pain, for these are days when the old lion is licking grievous wounds. His empire is melting away; his industrial economy is shattered; he is weak and old and he resents being kicked around today, where in other days he could kick back vigorously.

This London News Chronicle cartoon nicely illustrates British resentment over the import of too many U.S. movies, not enough U.S. dried eggs

CARTOON BY VICKY FROM LONDON NEWS CHRONICLE



TO HAVE . . . . AND HAVE NOT

When you feel like that it is only too human to blame the other fellow for at least a part of your woes. The British from top to bottom resent the terms of the American loan, the demands of American trading and financial policies, the opulence of Americans in a world of misery. When on top of all this they are accused of imperialism, selfishness, cynicism and kindred vices, it would be strange if their resentment were not turned against the United States.

Such Anger is Excusable

It is up to Americans to understand this. The obvious reaction to the kind of carping which Britain is dealing out to us is anger, but it's not the smartest reaction. If you understand that a man is worried and sick and broke, you can forgive his irritability. What Britain needs from us today is sympathy and understanding, not anger. If she gets it the historic friendship between the two countries will be cemented, and in a world which desperately needs co-operation and friendship among nations, such a relationship is important. Americans will be wise to remember just how important this is during the next few years when further aggravations arise between us and Britain.

The British, barring miracles, are not going to be able to repay the American loan. A friend of mine in London ruefully remarked that Britons are going to loathe it if they cannot pay back, and they are going to dislike their creditor all the more for the humiliation. "They will say all the same things about us Americans that they said over the war debts—and rightly," she conceded.

The only trouble, from the British viewpoint, is that despite the bitter intention to tell the Americans to go to hell, Britons are in no better position to do so than they were during the war. The dependence on the United States is greater than ever; so are the predominance of American power in the world and the weakness of the British Empire.

Fortune's wheel has taken a turn. The roles are reversed. The once superior, self-assured, complacent Englishman looking across the ocean at his young cousin struggling awkwardly for a place in the sun is now an embittered and worried character, wondering whether the United States will send enough wheat to keep up his bread ration; worried at his inability to meet the terms of the Bretton Woods pact, worried at what is going to happen when the time comes to pay back the American loan. Someone said to me recently—and I think it is true—"It seems to me that we are now as hypersensitive about what America says about England as Americans used to be in relation to us."

Even the recent wave of sympathy in the United States over Britain's coal crisis and industrial collapse was not without its sour reaction.

(Continued on page 73)

THE BLOND HAIRPIN

BY RAMONA STEWART

Her problem was whether to yield to suspicion or proceed on faith

SHE was glad she had spoken to Tom on the phone last night and told him not to meet her train. There was an odd pleasure in coming into the apartment alone.

She set down her pin-seal dressing case and crossed to the grand piano. She ran her fingers over its mahogany surface, smiled to see that Mary had not forgotten to polish it and then sat down before the keyboard. She looked out over Gramercy Park, seeing the fresh green changes two weeks of spring had made.

She was a dark, slender woman, and in the late-afternoon light she was almost beautiful. The coil of black hair pinned into a chignon at the nape of her neck, the tailored gray suit with the white pleated blouse beneath it, the pale, short-clipped nails on her thin fingers—everything fitted the picture of gentle self-possession.

The chime of the clock striking five roused her from her place at the window, reminding her that Tom would be home from his office. On their first nights home from trips or vacations they always went out to dinner. She would have to dress.

She picked up the dressing case and carried it through the study into the bedroom. This might be the last time of the season she could wear the black wool.

A random shaft of light, evading the bedroom blinds, shot across the rug and caught a thin gleam of metal half hidden beneath the eggshell bedspread. Thinking it must be a shred of silver paper from one of Tom's cigarette packages, she stooped to pick it up. It was not silver at all, but brass. It was a blond hairpin.

That's odd, she thought; it wasn't like Mary to miss even a thread.

But how did it get there? She smiled. Another woman would probably suspect her husband. It was a good thing it was Tom. She crossed to the wastebasket beside her dressing table. But before she could throw it away, she heard the click of the front-door lock. She dropped the hairpin in her jewel case. As she closed the lid, it lay bright and golden against the black velvet lining. She turned and Tom came through the doorway.

"Hello," he said. "You caught an early train."

He leaned against the doorjamb, watching her with a half smile. His hazel eyes were like a cat's, filled with a lazy, remote wariness, perhaps a fleck of curiosity.

"How's Margaret?" he asked.

Margaret was her sister in Rhode Island whom she had left this morning. She smiled at him, assembling all her news so that she would forget none of the things he would want to hear.

"She had a bad time for a while, but she's all right now. It's a lovely baby."

"What is it?" He took off his suit coat and began to unbutton his shirt.

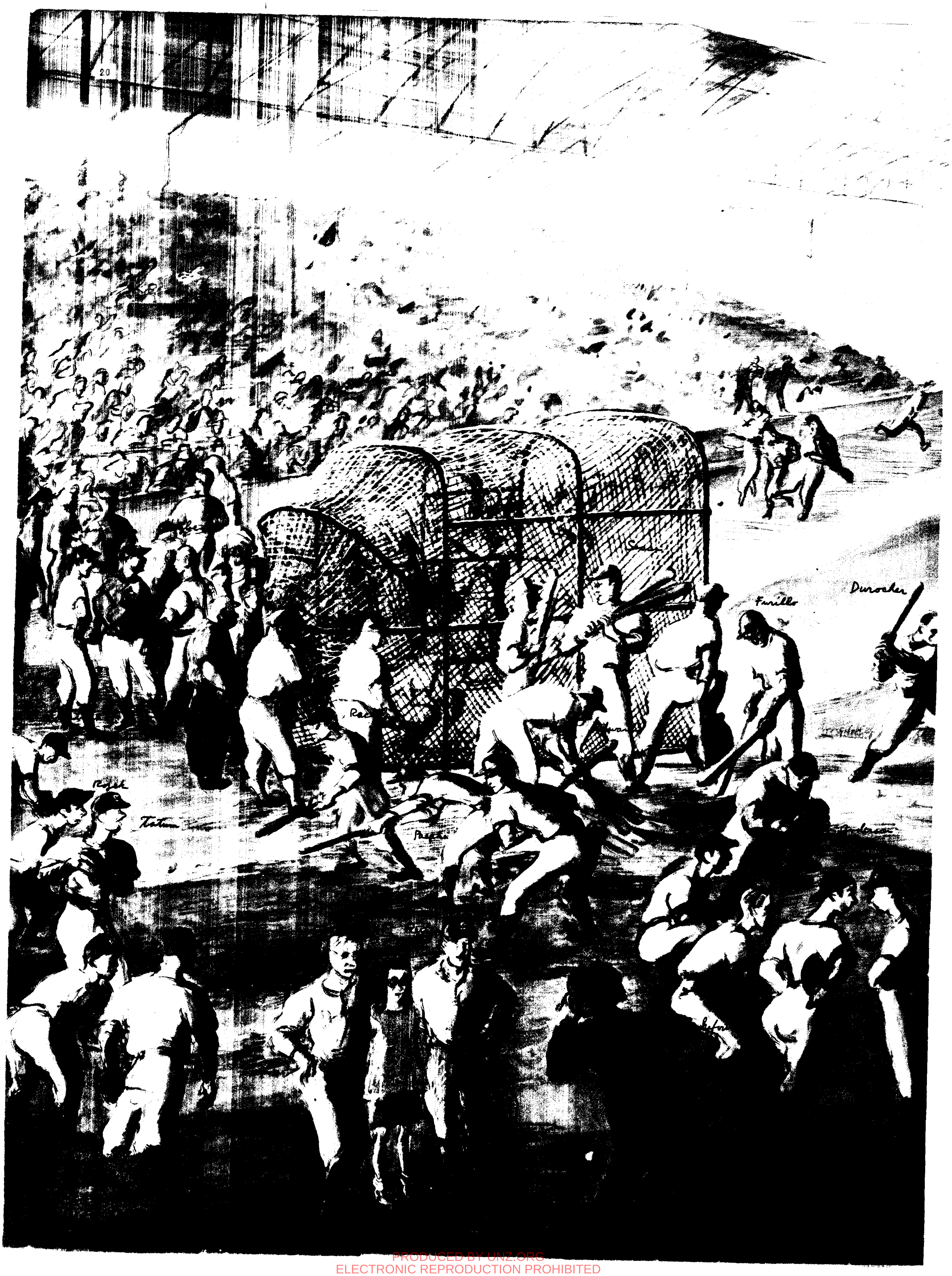
"Why, Tom!" She had told him twice on the telephone. "It's a boy."

He took off his shirt, the easy flow of muscles playing across his heavy shoulders. His natural grace never failed to evoke the cool appreciation she felt for all thoroughbreds. She waited for him to ask her about the baby, but he merely went to his drawer and took out a fresh shirt.

(Continued on page 41)

For the first time since she had found the hairpin, she really looked at him. She could not guess what thoughts were in his mind

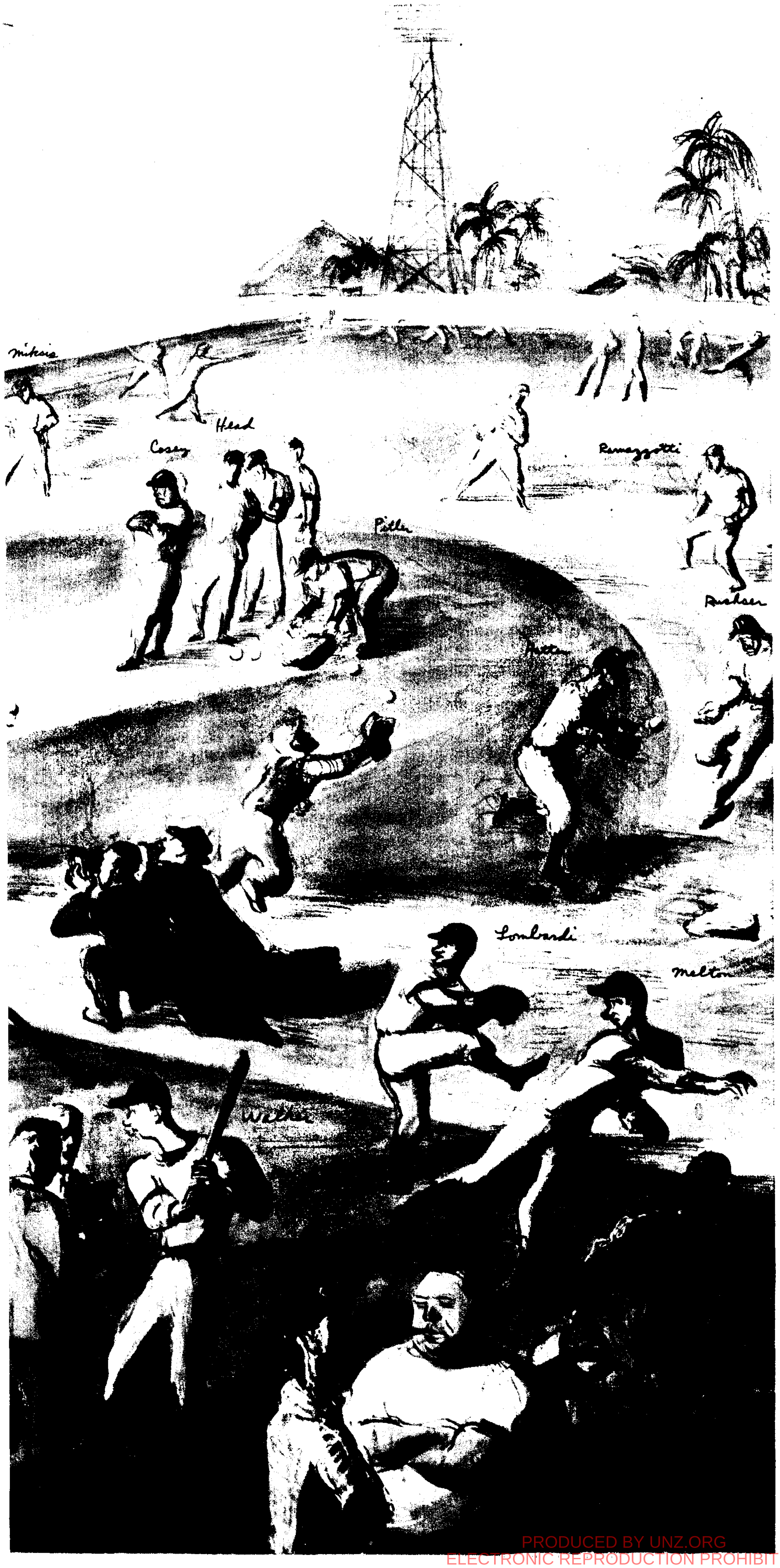
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE


20
Durocher
Furillo
Rojek
Tatum

DEM BUMS ABROAD

BY JOHN GROTH

A Collier's artist takes you with him to gay Havana for a quiet time with Leo Durocher's hard-working Brooklyn baseball team



IF YOU have plenty of American dollars in your pockets, Havana's a great town. The weather's fine, there are interesting spots to see, and the night life is gay, with assorted opportunities for minor or major mischief, if you can pay for such things. In other words, it's no place for a visiting bum. However, none of these things worried the Brooklyn Dodgers in spring training at Havana. The beloved "Bums" lived the life of ascetics.

The Dodgers' daily routine ran something like this: Out of bed at about seven-thirty; breakfast; a bus ride from the hotel to the grossly misnamed Grand Stadium; about three hours of tough workout; back to the hotel; lunch; take the sun "lobby sitting" under the palm trees at the swimming pool. And baseball talk. Somewhere along the line came dinner. And more diamond chatter. Occasionally they'd play an exhibition game in the afternoon or evening, and sometimes a few players would go to watch old friends on Adolfo Luque's Almendares or Mike Gonzales' Havana Reds.

But usually, while tourists ran themselves ragged for fear of missing a single Havana sight, the Brooklynites went nowhere. The Dodgers really dodged Havana. The tourists guzzled their Cuba Libres at Sloppy Joe's, but the Brooklyn boys quietly sipped their Cokes at the hotel. They didn't even play pinochle to pass the time away, for Leo Durocher, hypersensitive to gambling criticism, had banned all cards, even sociable games. You'd think they'd read or go to the movies. But no, both are bad for the eyes, they insisted. So, though taps didn't sound till midnight, most of them hit the sack by eleven.

Avoiding Evil Influence of Gamblers

The chastened Durocher had gone simon-pure, too. He even ate his meals in his room for fear of contamination through contact with gamblers and other low characters in the public dining rooms. And when the Yankees came to Havana, Leo in shocked tones accused Larry MacPhail of sitting in the same box with two gamblers.

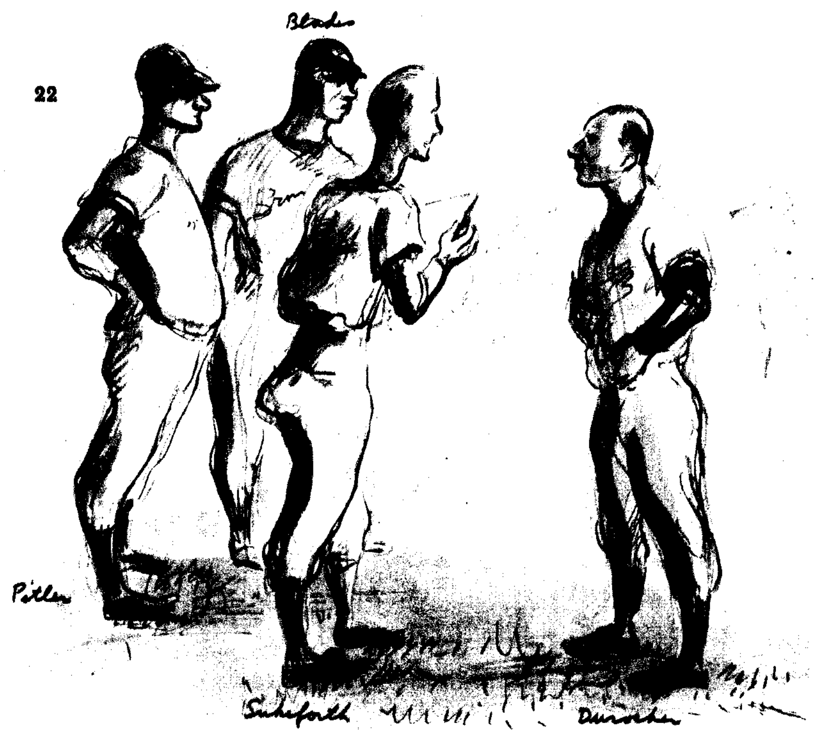
The Dodgers were quartered at the swank Hotel Nacional on the Malecón, and they spent most of their time there. They lived two or three in a room and stayed pretty much to themselves, though autograph hunters constantly pursued them and the boys always were accommodating.

It looked like a lazy life—until you went out to Grand Stadium. There, Lippy Durocher and Coaches Ray Blades, Clyde Sukeforth and Jake Pitler kept the team working every moment. Leo lived up to his name—he never stopped talking. "Hey, are you ever going to bend over to get one?" he'd yell at a fielder. Or, after Arky Vaughan had tossed one to first, he'd steam him with, "Vaughan, if you were throwing against the wind you'd never make it!" The players took it, and liked it.

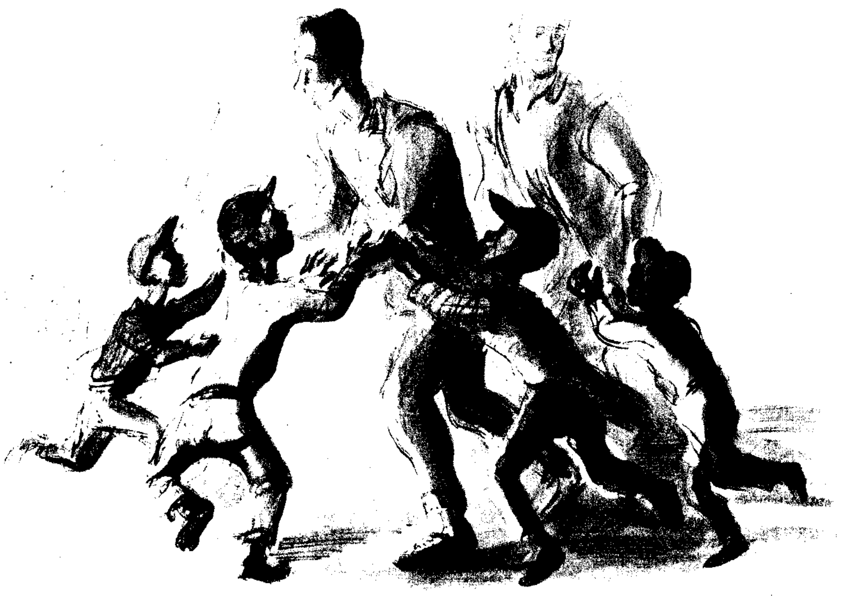
Grand Stadium was not without its peril. Baseballs flew about like shrapnel in every direction, and the careless spectator or player was likely to find himself a stretcher case. Lou Ruchser had a close call at first base when he was hit on the head during batting practice.

I stood at third base one day, making some rough

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



The high command: Leo Durocher with Coaches Pitler, Blades and Sukeforth



"Gimme a nickel" was a constant refrain when Cuban kids met the players

sketches; Harry Lavagetto was at bat in the cage. My guard was down when Harry slashed out a hard line drive, which got me in the leg and knocked me down. I left the battle zone without limping too much, and for the rest of the day the team gave Lavagetto the razz for getting so little power into his swing. Finally in the locker room I showed him the large bruise the drive had left on me. Lavagetto was as pleased as if Branch Rickey had presented him with a salary increase.

There were always fans and tourists wandering about, and the field was full of newspapermen and cameramen. Tourists begged players to pose with them for pictures, and the Dodgers would always agree genially. You've probably seen the results. "Me and Pete Reiser at Havana together, you know."

Mexican Raider Jorge Pasquel hovered about and was reported to have approached several players with gold-plated offers, but if he did, nothing came of it. With the memory of Mickey Owen still vivid, the Dodgers were taking no chances.

One of the happiest men with the team was "Senator" John Griffin, who, with Dan Comerford, runs the clubhouse. The 250-pound Senator, more commonly referred to as vice-president of the Knife and Fork Association, is a chronic 20-cigar-a-day man, and Havana, the "home of cigars," was his favorite city. The Senator estimated that Havana cost the club $20,000 a week, the highest training cost in major-league history. Some of this, of course, was recovered in exhibition games.

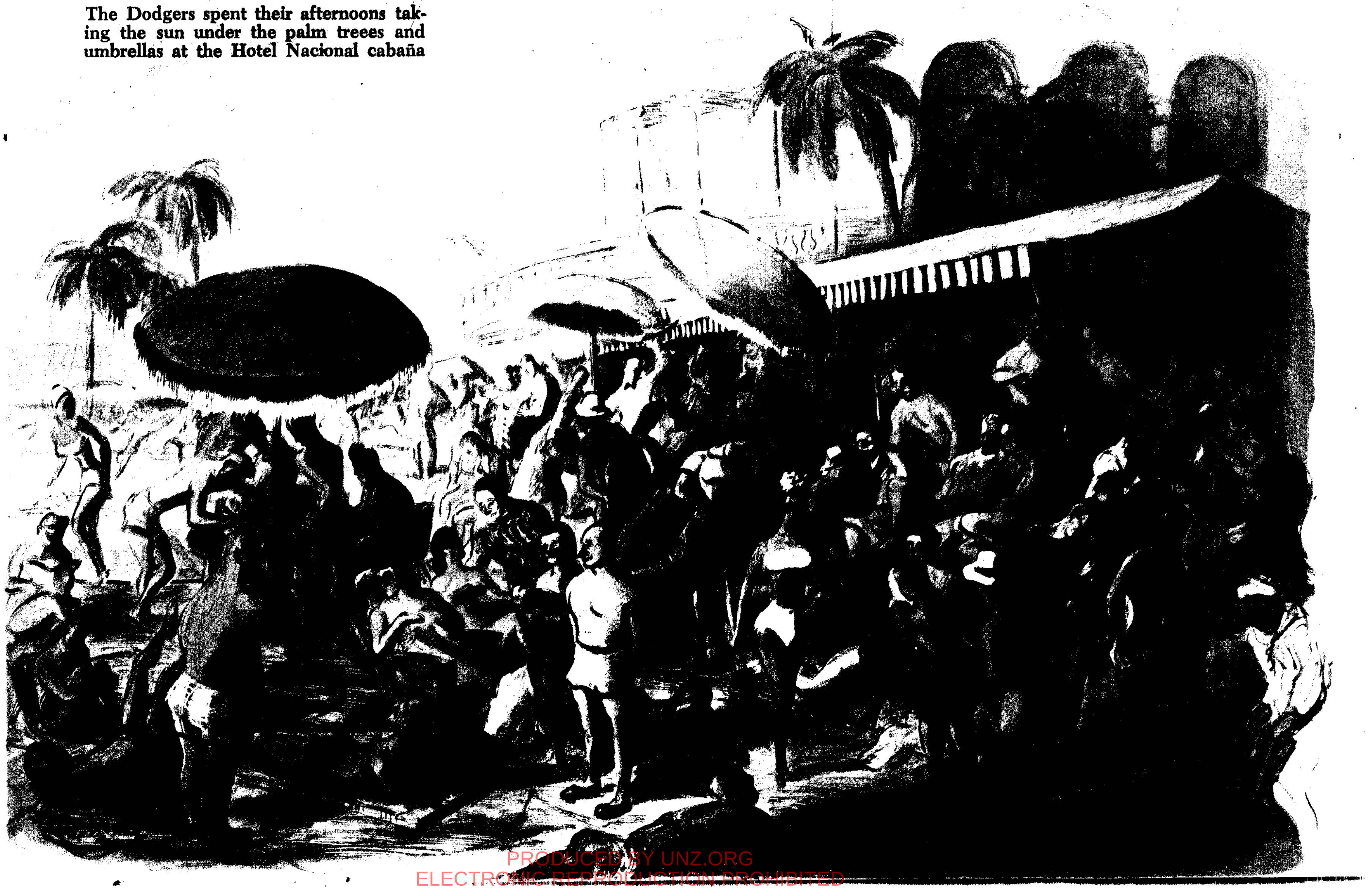
The club paid about $18 a day per man for board and room. Players were allowed $25 a week for spending money.

The high cost of Havana life was a source of much woe to Branch Rickey, who is reputed to pinch a mean penny. And to deepen the financial gloom, early exhibition games failed to draw the record crowds that had been anticipated. After the initial enthusiastic welcome, the Cubans' interest seemed to flag. Havana has four Cuban baseball teams, and the *aficianados* appeared more interested in their own than in the Brooklyn outlanders.

So the rumors flew fast that never again would the mighty Dodgers journey to Havana to loosen up their muscles.

The Dodgers' chances in 1947? No one, not even the voluble Leo, would speculate out loud. But if there was any pessimism I didn't see it, even though at the time they were beset by a plague of injuries. It probably doesn't mean much, but in 1941 the Dodgers trained in Havana, too. That year they went on very neatly to grab the pennant. ★★★

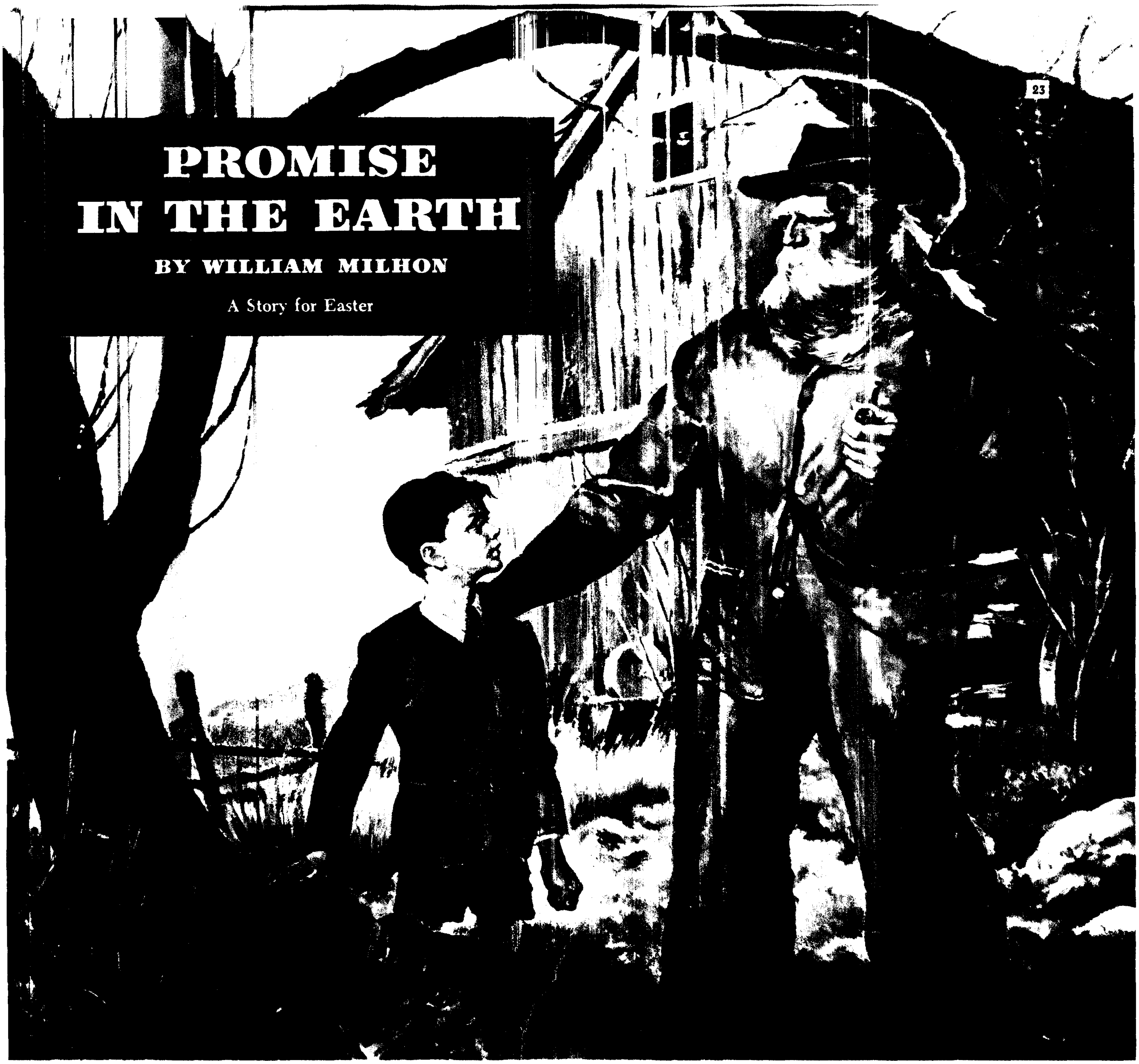
The Dodgers spent their afternoons taking the sun under the palm treees and umbrellas at the Hotel Nacional cabaña



PROMISE IN THE EARTH

BY WILLIAM MILHON

A Story for Easter



"They got you all confused, boy," said Grandpa. "Don't you worry. And don't you be scared of nothing"

PETER wasn't hungry that morning. He had eaten seven chocolate eggs and was halfway through a candy rabbit; now his stomach was beginning to hurt. He sat at the kitchen table and watched his grandpa. Grandpa ate breakfast just like people, and that fascinated Peter, because Grandpa was the Devil.

The old man was tall, straight as a pine tree, and his hair was steel-gray and thick like his beard; his eyebrows hung down like bushes over a creek. His eyes were icy blue.

There was terror in the old man; the same terror, thought Peter, that was in the dark, in lightning and thunder, in fierce winds. It was in his voice. Peter's mother said that Grandpa was deaf and that's why he shouted all the time, and not to be afraid; but Peter trembled when the old man looked at him, he being the Devil and all.

Grandpa dropped the biscuit he had been soaking in molasses. "Straighten up, boy!" he roared.

Peter sat up quickly.

"You know what wrecked the Roman Empire?"

Peter shook his head.

"Layin' down while they et," roared the old man.

"You hush," said Grandma. "You leave my boy alone."

She called to Peter and he slid out of the chair and went to her. Placing a small boiled onion in a bag, she tied it around his neck, beside the other little cloth bag that contained asafetida. It smelled awful.

"Do I have to wear that, Grandma?"

"It keeps disease away," she said.

"Muck!" shouted Grandpa.

Grandma tucked the onion inside Peter's underwear.

"There's my pretty boy," she said. "How many eggs did the Easter bunny lay, Peter?"

"Eight chocolate," said Peter, proud that he could count. "Fifteen candy ones, and a lot of little ones I haven't counted."

Grandpa's fist hit the table. "Muck!" he shouted. "Boy, how can a rabbit lay an egg?"

Peter held on to Grandma's apron and she put her arm around him.

"You get out," she said to Grandpa. "Go on, get out and leave my boy alone. Scaring the child to death."

Grandpa stood up, terrible and fierce. "Boy," he said. "They'll do their blasted to make a fool of ye. When you get tired of that muck, you come to me. You hear? I'll tell you straight out anything you want to know."

Peter couldn't speak. He pressed his face close to Grandma's hip.

"I won't have it," Grandma said. "Just you *try* to fill my boy with your heathen talk! You get out."

Grandpa growled and put on his overall coat and his old black hat and stamped out of the kitchen.

It had been like that since Peter and his mother had come here to live with Grandma. Grandpa was always shouting about something. Like the day of the storm when the lightning struck the maple tree in the front yard. Grandpa stood outside in the rain, waving at the

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

ACME

Marshall's first dealings with Russians came when he entertained three fliers and Ambassador Troyanovsky (at Marshall's right) in 1936

MR. SECRETARY MARSHALL

BY JOHN HERSEY

Conclusion

To his post as Secretary of State, George Marshall brings a superb mind, strong principles and great good will. He also brings a lack of detailed diplomatic knowledge which makes him dependent on advice of subordinates

ONE evening in 1936, George C. Marshall, then a newly appointed brigadier general in command of the Fifth Infantry Brigade at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, while sitting with his wife in their library listening to radio news, heard a bulletin on the progress of some Soviet aviators, who were making the first nonstop flight from Europe to the United States across the North Pole and were scheduled to land the next morning in Oakland, California. The general didn't know it, but he was about to have his first diplomatic contact with the Russians.

He says now that he went to bed that evening, musing about the flight; it interested him from a technical and more or less athletic point of view. Early the next morning, a Sunday, he lolled in his bed reading a paper. At about 7:30 the telephone rang; he debated whether to let it ring itself out; it went on insistently; finally he dragged himself to the instrument.

The voice on the other end was that of the lone civilian mechanic on the tiny airstrip right next to the post, beside the banks of the Columbia River. In great excitement, the mechanic told the general that the Russian plane, which had evidently found Oakland closed in by weather, was circling the field and wanted to land.

General Marshall zipped into his clothes, ran upstairs to alert Mrs. Marshall, ran down again and outside, got into his car and drove to the airstrip. He arrived just as the plane touched its wheels to the ground. The mechanic had had the wit to summon a Russian-born doctor stationed on the post, and with him as interpreter, the general went out to the plane and greeted three vast leather bundles who had tumbled out of the plane and who identified themselves as the crew: Victor Chekalov, pilot, Georgi Baidukov, copilot and Alexander Belyakov, navigator.

The general, the aviators, and the doctor had not yet left the field when reporters, who seemed to be stationed all over the Pacific Northwest to ensure catching the plane, began arriving. And just as the first of them came, the telephone in the operations shack rang. It was the Soviet ambassador, Mr. Troyanovsky, calling from Oakland: "Hello, our aviators are there? No interviews, please. Thank you. Goodby."

General Marshall emerged from the shack to find that a woman reporter had captured two of the fliers in her car and was about to drive off with them. Firmly he extricated the tired Russians and taxied all three of them to his house. Mrs. Marshall had been expecting a lady guest, and had prepared a room with pink organdy femininities of one kind and another; without hesitation she led Chekalov and Belyakov into the room and indicated that they were to consider it home. Baidukov drew another room. The men got out of their great leather envelopes and emerged in some pale-blue long-handled underwear, which was very "cultural," and of which they were obviously very proud. The general's orderly demonstrated the eccentricities of American plumbing to them, and they took baths.

Dainty glasses of frosted orange juice arrived from the kitchen. The fliers roared in Russian. The gist of what they said, the doctor-interpreter reported, was: The hell with that stuff; we're pooped; any brandy in the joint?

The general, who had been busy posting guards around the plane and at his house, intervened. He called, in soldierly tones, for warming drinks and for a bucket (and he *meant* a bucket) of scrambled eggs. These came, and the fliers wolfed them, and they went to bed and to sleep.

By this time the house was a shambles. Seventy-five reporters, broadcasters and photographers had arrived. They were trying by every means (including bribing the sentries that the general had posted around the house, at the front door, and at the foot of the stairs) to penetrate to the fliers' bedrooms.

The mayor of Vancouver arrived. Representatives of the chamber of commerce arrived. Ambassador Troyanovsky and a party of six arrived in plenty of time for lunch. Cars jammed the roads from Vancouver three abreast.

An order came from a zealous bureaucrat of the general's Corps Area Headquarters, saying, "Extend Russian fliers every courtesy but do not permit photographing of fortifications." General Marshall replied, "Fortifications of this post consist of wooden frame buildings constructed in late 19th century."

A telegram came from Mr. Niles Trammell, then a vice-president of NBC, asking permission for that company's broadcasters to string wires in the Marshall house. Since NBC broadcasters had just used a brace and bit to bore a hole in the living-room floor through which to string wires, the general sent back a telegram that it would be perfectly okay, anytime.

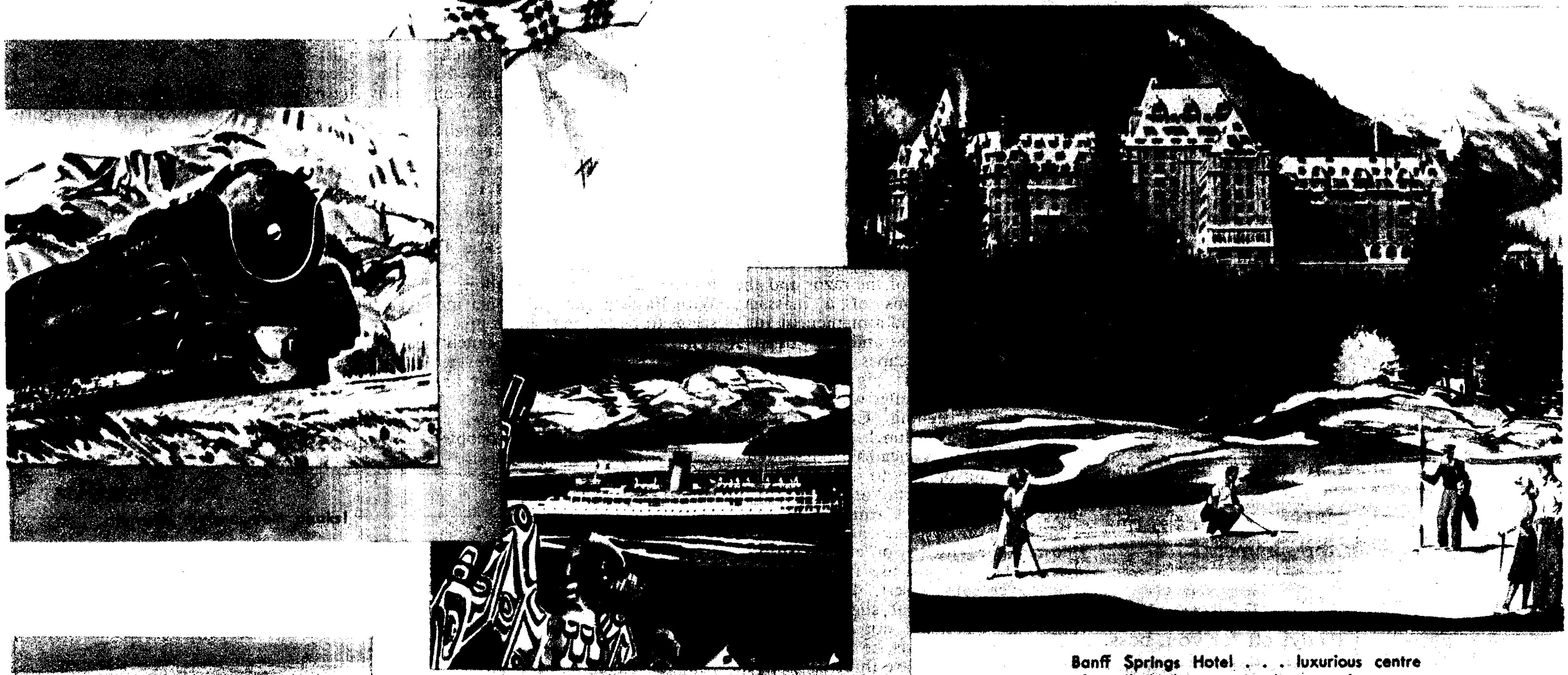
A huge box of red roses came to the house for Chekalov; his girl friend had cabled a Vancouver florist from Moscow. The reporters downstairs clamored for food and news. General Marshall telephoned a Mr. Myers, proprietor of a large department store, and asked for some clothes for the fliers. Soon 20 suits, 20 pairs of shoes, shirts, underwear, socks, neckties and suitcases arrived. Two tailors arrived with two sewing machines. Dollar bills, a great pile of which the Russians had had with them, blew out a window and all over the lawn. Reporters shouted over the telephone. Police sirens howled. The fliers just slept.

At 3:30 in the afternoon, the aviators woke up. They were delighted with Mr. Myers' double-breasted suits but stubbornly stuck to their blue long-handled underwear. The ambassador, his party, the fliers, a number of reporters, and several sentries spent the night. In the first 24 hours of that macabre house party, the Marshalls used up 52 sheets.

When the whole thing was over, several receptions and an interminable time later, General Marshall was somewhat wiser, but that was all. The press criticized him for holding back on the news. The Russians never thanked him. The U.S. Army never reimbursed him for all his expensive

(Continued on page 78)

"Got a DATE with a Canadian Pacific VACATION"



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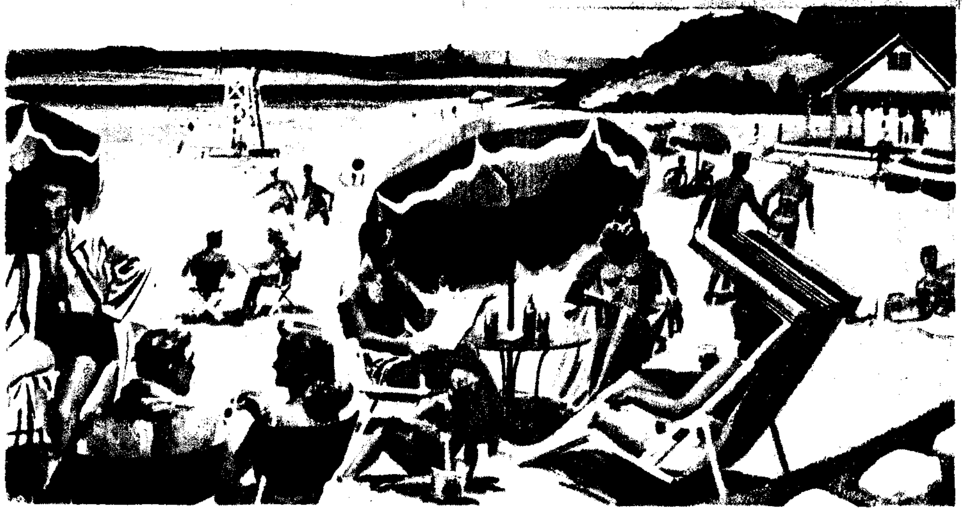

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AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE MYSTERY MAN

Continued from page 17

the paper. He then motioned to the guard, and the latter ordered Dwyer to leave the ferryhouse lobby, which is a public place. Dwyer refused, and was promptly thrown out by two Coast Guard Shore Patrolmen. He came right back in, and was thrown right out again. He came in for the third try and managed to reach a telephone booth. Out he went again, with great violence.

Meanwhile Costello had been escorted to the ferry and was on his way to Ellis Island, where he was shown every courtesy. He spent some time chatting with Luciano and gave him the suitcases, which contained his personal effects and perhaps a bit of money.

A few months after Luciano's departure an emissary sailed for Italy with $25,000 in cash, and the next heard of the great pander he was in Cuba, where he worked around a big gambling house. A couple of months ago, the New York newspapers began printing stories about Luciano's presence in Havana, and after a considerable hullabaloo the Cuban authorities ordered him deported. At the time this was written the deportation order had been signed by the president of Cuba, and it had been announced that the gangster would be aboard the next ship sailing for Italy.

But to return to Costello's daily routine. When he arrives at the hotel he usually goes first to the barbershop. There he relaxes in a comfortable chair, and surrenders his heavy-jowled face to the rhythmic sweep of the razor and the voluptuous titillations of a massage, while a bootblack and a manicurist furiously polish his shoes and nails. For a few moments he escapes from the oppressive cares of the big shot. About 12:30, redolent of toilet water, his nails and shoes glistening, Costello strolls to the hotel grill for lunch.

He nearly always begins his lunch with a whisky sour or tomato juice; the latter if he has had a cocktail at the bar. His favorite dish is scrod, which is a young codfish *(gadus morrhua)*, and if it isn't on the menu he'll usually order hash or roast beef. He has scant use for vegetables, and never eats dessert. He drinks his coffee black, without sugar. He is a generous tipper, but not lavish. If he has one or two guests, he leaves a tip of one dollar; if there are three or more at his table, the tip will be up to four dollars, depending upon the expertness of service rendered by the waiter.

A Friend of the Better People

Costello seldom lunches alone at the hotel, but he doesn't appear to choose his guests indiscriminately. Most of his guests are men he has known for a long time. In political and racketeering circles, to be tapped for lunch by Costello is considered something of an honor; men have been known to go out of their way to boast about it. At a court hearing some three years ago, when the New York authorities were investigating Judge Aurelio's "undying loyalty," the judge's lawyer asked Costello if it wasn't true that his ideal was to meet with the better people.

"Absolutely," he replied. "The better people and nothing but the better. I know some of the biggest utility men, some of the biggest businessmen in the country. I wouldn't want to embarrass them."

There can be no question that the men with whom Costello habitually lunches are the better people. In their respective lines of business, that is. His most frequent guest—several times a week—is Frank Erickson, one of the better people in the gambling industry. Erickson is the largest handbook and horse-parlor operator in the country and also owns little pieces of several gambling houses, a hotel or two, and possibly a few night clubs.

The New York police describe Erickson as "a dumb Swede" and believe, though they admit it probably couldn't be proved, that Costello is his boss. To substantiate this belief, they point out that it is Erickson who goes to see Costello, and not vice versa; that he always telephones first and asks for an appointment, and that when the two men are together Erickson obviously defers to Costello.

Calling the roll of the better people who are more or less frequent luncheon guests of Costello, most of whom he has acknowledged in court hearings as his friends and associates, is a great deal like setting down an inventory of the rogues' gallery. There's Tony Bender, for instance, alleged by police to be one of the top-bracket boys in the policy racket; he sees Costello about twice a week. There's Vincent Alo, one of Costello's right-hand men, sometimes known as Jimmy Blue Eyes. When Dutch Schultz was murdered, Alo was moved into the policy racket in Harlem and helped out in other enterprises. When he's in town, Bugsy Siegel is seen with Costello.

Bugsy, who has beaten a great variety of raps ranging from rape to murder, used to be co-captain of the Bug and Meyer Mob of gunmen and blackjack artists. Now he's got things pretty well sewed up in Los Angeles and along the Pacific Coast and is said to be moving into Nevada where gambling is legal. With Eastern and California money, he seems to be trying to build up Las Vegas as a rival to Reno. Sometimes the Lansky boys, Jake and Meyer, are on hand to greet Costello; they have been associated with him in many lucrative ventures. Meyer was Bugsy's side kick.

Another of the better people who is occasionally seen at lunch with Costello, and in conference with him elsewhere, is Joe Adonis, known also as Joe Dodo, Joe Arossa, and plain Joe A. In addition to these handy aliases and a long record of arrests, Adonis owns a luxurious house in Brooklyn with bombproof concrete walls and gold-plated bathroom fixtures. According to the federal authorities, he does a nice business as boss of the rackets—policy, gambling, etc.—in Brooklyn and along the New Jersey water front. He is Costello's principal political henchman in Brooklyn, and the big shot's chief underling in numerous gambling enterprises, notably some high-class dives in Florida and New York.

Backers of Bust-Out Joints

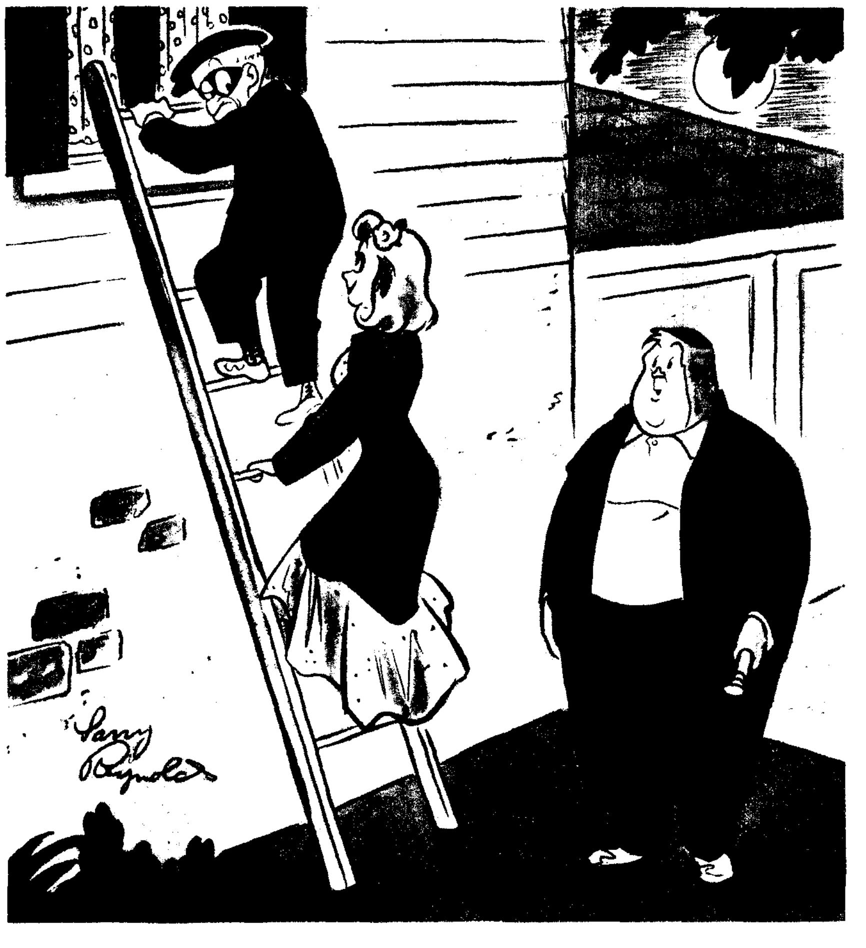
Also, the police say Adonis and Costello are the money men behind a string of bust-out joints in northern New Jersey, which had a big clientele of gullible soldiers and sailors during the war. A bust-out joint is a place where crooked dice and cards are used, and the sucker hasn't even his usual slim chance.

Two years ago, when New York sports circles were excited over the bribery of members of the basketball squad of Brooklyn College, the late Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine said that "gambling throughout the city could be traced to Erickson, Adonis and Costello, those damnable pests and parasites."

After lunch Costello may spend the afternoon in a variety of ways. He sometimes runs out to Long Island for a round of golf; he testified in court three years ago that he was a member of the Pomenok Club. Or he may make a trip down to inspect his 13- and 14-story buildings on Wall Street, and a four-story building on Water Street.

Costello bought this property in 1944

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"I give her permission, Slug. She don't want t'wake her ol' man"

COLLIER'S

Calvert
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"Let's build here–they're certainly good to guests!"

Sensible hosts know that wise guests prefer Calvert.
They enjoy its pleasing lightness,
palatable taste, all-around whiskey agreeableness...
call it "the whiskey of moderation." Have you tried it?
When you do, you'll understand why

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For 3 Men out of every 4
The Palmolive Brushless Way!
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THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—reported these results:

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT	79%
LESS RAZOR PULL	75%
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SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN	82%

Yes, Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves For 3 Men Out of Every 4

Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse! 2. Soap face again. Do not rinse! 3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave!

Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

through the 79 Wall Street Corporation, which he owns, paying $55,000 above the mortgage of $249,483.31. At the time of purchase the three buildings and the land on which they stand were assessed by the city at $512,000. Today they are assessed at $473,000. Nobody seems to know how this reduction in assessed valuation occurred. Apparently it's just one of those lucky breaks that a big shot so often gets.

During the racing season Costello frequently seeks diversion and profit at the New York tracks, where he is apt to meet and talk to friends. Among these are Trigger Mike Coppola and Joey Rao, ex-convicts, and gunmen and racketeers of long experience and considerable efficiency. Trigger Mike has the enviable distinction of possessing the longest criminal record of any of Costello's associates; it contains 27 citations, beginning in 1914, for such diversified activities as burglary, vagrancy, felonious assault and robbery. And he is still a young man!

When they're at liberty Trigger Mike and Rao operate in East Harlem in the 18th Congressional District, where Costello is said to be especially powerful. This is the district represented in Congress by Vito Marcantonio, the candidate in the last election of the Democrats and the American Labor party. Both Trigger Mike and Rao were picked up by the police as material witnesses to the murder of a Republican district captain, who was fatally beaten on Election Day morning soon after he had left his home to do a little anti-Marcantonio electioneering.

When the bangtails aren't running, Costello frequently spends an afternoon in the bar of a swank hotel in East 58th Street. There he drinks and confers with some of the better people and his political chums, notably such important figures as Clarence Neal and Mike Kennedy, prominent Tammany district leaders.

Costello used to see a lot of James J. Hines, who was the most powerful of all Tammany leaders until he was sent to prison for protecting Dutch Schultz and other criminals. Hines and Costello roomed together at the Democratic National Convention at Chicago in 1932.

As the afternoon wears to a close and mellowness and ennui creep over the cocktail bars, Costello usually telephones his wife, Loretta, to whom he has been married more than thirty years, and she joins him for dinner, handsomely bedecked in furs and other accouterment suitable to a woman of her position.

The Costellos frequently dine at the midtown hotel or at the Copacabana, a night club in East 60th Street. When they visit the Copacabana, or the Copa, as the *cognoscenti* call it, the affair is usually a party, with the best of the best people and politicians as guests. Once in a while Mrs. Costello's two brothers, Harold and Dudley Geigerman, will come to dinner.

The Geigerman boys used to be taxicab drivers in New York, but for the last ten years or so they've worked for Costello as managers and collectors of his slot-machine companies in New Orleans. Dudley Geigerman is probably the thriftiest man ever heard of anywhere. At a time when he was paying $40 a month rent, buying furniture on the installment plan and worrying about paying a maid $6 a week, he was reporting to the government taxable income of more than $100,000 a year. The suspicious agents of the Internal Revenue Department said it was mostly Costello's money and that Dudley was helping to keep Costello away from the high tax brackets. But they were unable to prove it.

Rumors About Night-Club Interests

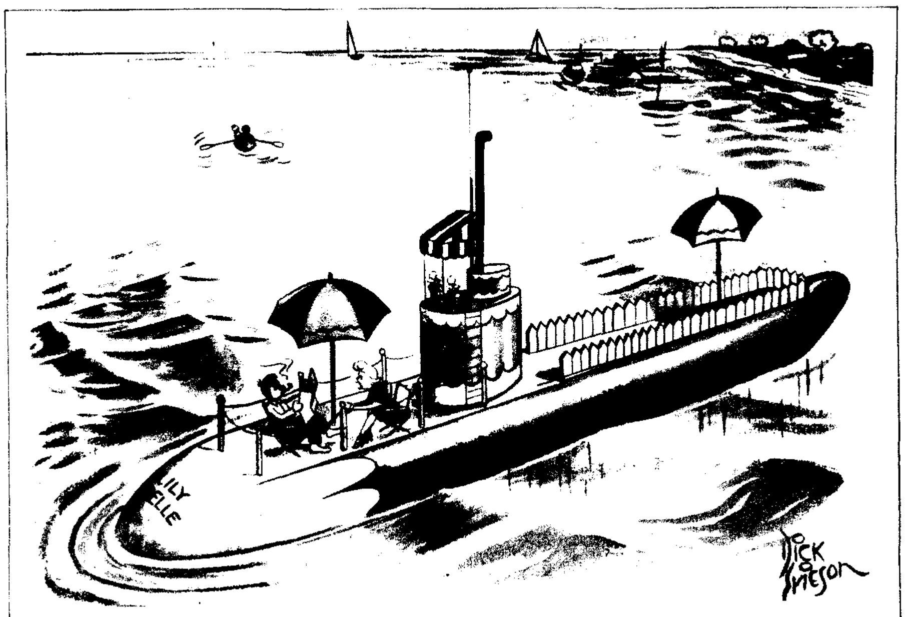
The Copacabana is one of the New York clubs in which the police thought, and for that matter still think, that Costello at one time had an interest. It has also been common but apparently erroneous gossip in New York for several years that Costello owns an interest in the Stork Club, which is operated by Sherman Billingsley. An agent of the Internal Revenue Department said recently that some years ago, when he was investigating Costello's income taxes, he found copies of telegrams which Costello had sent to Billingsley from New Orleans, requesting him to put certain persons to work at the Stork.

However, Billingsley denies vehemently that Costello has any interest whatsoever in the Stork Club, and there is no reason to doubt that he is telling the truth. Billingsley appeared as a witness when the New York police made an investigation in 1944 to determine how much tax money the night-club boys were holding out.

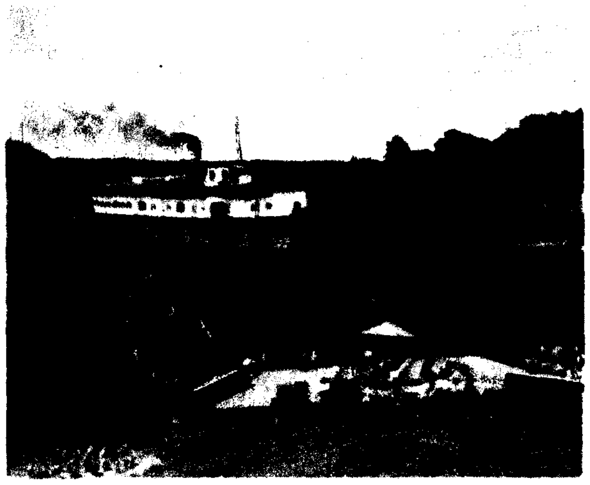
At that time he testified that Costello owned no part of the Stork, and said that he was afraid of Costello. When asked to clarify this statement Billingsley said that if Costello should come to him and ask for $5,000, or $10,000, he would hand over the money immediately without making any objection or asking for security. He explained that Costello was not the type of person he would want against him.

Thus it must be clear that fear alone impelled Billingsley to accept from Costello, a few weeks before last Christmas, a gift which Louis Sobol, a gossip columnist for the New York Journal-American, described as "costly and unique." Said Sobol in his column of December 4, 1946:

"It is a wafer-thin gold watch which can be twirled so that on one side you



COLLIER'S "Here come those awful Devlins—let's submerge!" DICK ERICSON



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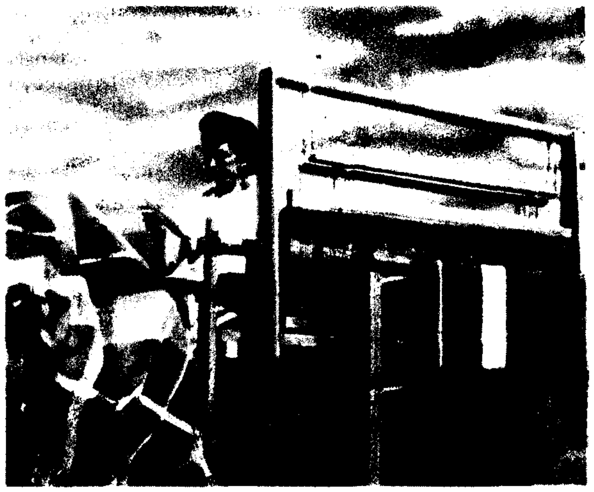

YOU'LL PICK UP colourful handicrafts — shop for exciting woollens and unusual gifts.

GOOD LUCK! Canada's endless lakes and streams breed fish that are extra big, extra battling.

NO PASSPORT NEEDED

"LUCKY PEOPLE"! (they're headed for Canada!)

It's time to plan *your* family holiday in friendly Canada. Just picture yourself . . . amid the scenic beauties of lake, mountain or seaside . . . enjoying your favourite sports at an unspoiled resort . . . seeing new sights in Canadian cities . . . Canada offers unlimited holiday horizons. And wherever you go you're never a stranger, always a guest — always *at home* in this great vacationland.

Millions of visitors went exploring in Canada last year. Soon *this* year's northward trek to Canada will begin. *So better hurry and reserve your accommodation!*

For information about Canada's beauty spots and other points of interest, write:

Canadian Government Travel Bureau
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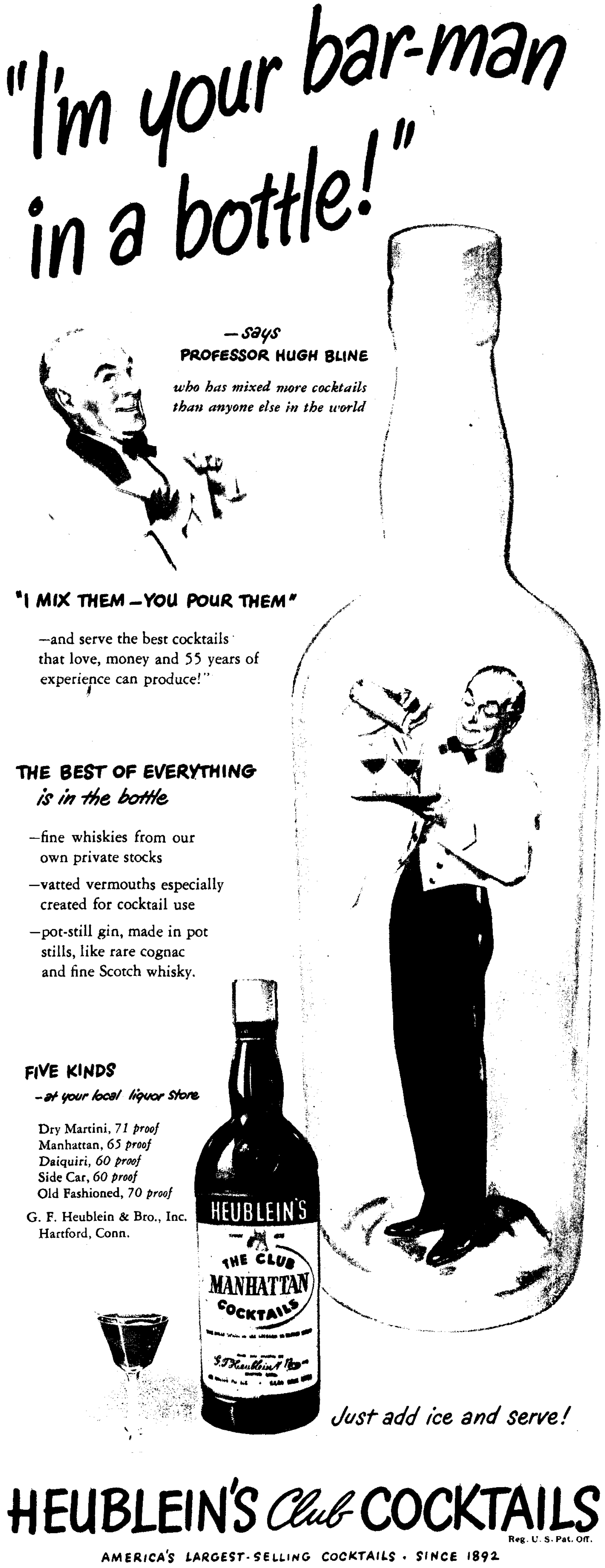

"I'm your bar-man in a bottle!"
—says
PROFESSOR HUGH BLINE
who has mixed more cocktails than anyone else in the world
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
Just add ice and serve!

"I MIX THEM—YOU POUR THEM"

—and serve the best cocktails that love, money and 55 years of experience can produce!"

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING is in the bottle

—fine whiskies from our own private stocks

—vatted vermouths especially created for cocktail use

—pot-still gin, made in pot stills, like rare cognac and fine Scotch whisky.

FIVE KINDS
—at your local liquor store

Dry Martini, 71 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof
Daiquiri, 60 proof
Side Car, 60 proof
Old Fashioned, 70 proof

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING COCKTAILS · SINCE 1892

may play roulette—on the other a sort of *chemin de fer* without cards. The donor was Frank Costello, and Billingsley says no gift in recent years has given him more delight."

Of course, Costello's daily routine in New York is observed only in its proper season. At other times he makes what he once called "a sort of trip around, taking care of my business." Sometimes he goes to Hot Springs, Arkansas, but so far as anyone knows he has no business there; gambling and other rackets are reserved by the patriotic Arkansans for local talent. Once when Costello was being examined by a United States Attorney in New York, he was asked why he went to Hot Springs.

"Well," he said, " I go down there to take baths."

"Anything wrong with you?"

"No, nothing."

He was then asked if he met any friends in Hot Springs.

"Yes," he replied, "a few judges, a few district attorneys, and a few senators. They all go down there."

Miami and New Orleans Winters

During the winter months Costello always visits Florida and New Orleans. He and several of his associates, including Joe Adonis, Meyer Lansky and Frank Erickson, have extensive gambling, slot-machine and night-club interests in Broward County, north of Miami, and are also said to be interested in a couple of hotels in the Miami area. Until the election of De Lesseps Morrison on a reform ticket last year, Costello operated a very lucrative slot-machine and gambling-joint business in New Orleans, courtesy Huey Long and former city officials.

The slots and joints are not working in the city limits now, but they're still going strong in some of the outlying districts, and Costello is doing well with a new and gaudy night club and gambling house in Jefferson Parish, a few minutes' ride from the center of the city.

Costello's man in New Orleans is an ex-convict named Dandy Phil Kastel, who was one of Arnold Rothstein's bucket-shop operators during prohibition days. Kastel maintains an elegant suite of offices and lives in a fine colonial brick mansion in the exclusive Metairie section.

Costello has succeeded in becoming as mysterious a figure as the American underworld has ever produced.

Not that the cops, both city and federal, haven't tried to find out. They've been trying, in fact, since the middle 1920s, when Costello suddenly popped into the limelight as the pay-off man of the country's biggest gang of rumrunners, and as the associate, and probably the boss, of the late and notorious Big Bill Dwyer. But by and large Costello has been too clever; they've been led up so many blind alleys that he has become a symbol of frustration to policemen and G-men throughout the country.

When a law-enforcement officer picks up the trail of a big gambling syndicate, or an extensive and complicated racketeering operation, it is likely to lead straight toward Frank Costello. But it never quite reaches him; it is seldom that the evidence is sufficient to justify even bringing him in for questioning.

Costello's telephone wires were tapped by the F.B.I. as early as 1935, when a federal grand jury indicted him and several others in connection with a $185,000 jewel robbery in Florida and transportation of the stolen property to New York. He was not tried on this charge, but the two men who actually stole the jewelry, whom Costello admitted he knew, were sent to prison. On several occasions since this case, Costello has been trailed and investigated by G-men.

The New York police have been listening more or less regularly to his phone conversations since early in 1943, and periodically for several years have placed him under physical surveillance, which means that he has been followed around by detectives. The district attorney's office of New York, under Thomas E. Dewey and later under Frank S. Hogan, has made half a dozen thorough investigations of Costello's activities.

In the course of these inquiries the district attorney learned, among other things, that for a good many years after the repeal of prohibition Costello and Kastel had received a commission of two shillings sixpence on each case of House of Lords and King's Ransom Scotch whisky brought into the United States, a little matter of some $35,000 a month.

Fiorello H. La Guardia, who was mayor of New York from 1934 to 1945, declared war on Costello more than ten years ago; he ordered the police to smash the racketeer's slot machines, and issued statement after statement denouncing him as a bum. The Intelligence unit of the Internal Revenue Department has been trying for a decade to connect Costello with violations of the income-tax laws; irregularities have been found and, after years of stalling, Costello has paid the additional assessments in installments.

The Federal Bureau of Narcotics has for years had Costello's name and picture on its black list, which is contained in a small ledger about six by three inches and approximately two inches thick. Garland H. Williams, local head of the Bureau, told the New York newspapers that the largest dealers in illicit drugs were the members of the Unione Siciliana, once a branch of the Maffia, which he said has been more or less dominated by Costello since the murder of Joe the Boss at Coney Island in 1931.

Williams also said that Lucky Luciano was Costello's chief lieutenant in the Unione until he was sent to prison; since then Joe Adonis of Brooklyn and New Jersey has been the Number Two man. Williams described Costello as the absolute boss of the underworld setup in the East Harlem district of New York, largely populated by Italians. But a federal official said:

"It is doubtful if anyone could show that Costello or Adonis ever put any of his own money into the narcotic racket. They simply permit the little fellows to operate. It is not necessary for them to invest money in the narcotic traffic or in some of the other rackets, because nobody can operate without their permission."

Williams' charges made Costello extraordinarily indignant. He called a press conference in his lawyer's office, where he handed out copies of a letter to the district attorney.

Emphatic, Indignant Denial

"I brand these charges false," the letter said, "and without any basis in fact. At no time was I ever, directly or indirectly, connected with the narcotic traffic; at no time, directly or indirectly, have I ever been the boss of or connected in any way with any Harlem gang of racketeers; at no time, either directly or indirectly, have I been connected with any organization known as Maffia. I am shocked by the horrible charges referred to in the press statements, and I demand an opportunity of branding them false before a grand jury, where I will submit to examination without delay and wave *(sic)* immunity."

The district attorney's only comment on Costello's letter was:

"When the time comes and I think it necessary I'll accept his offer."

Up to the time this was written, no action had been taken by the authorities.

As a rule, whenever Costello tells a henchman to do something, it's done, even if it means that the henchman must give up his liberty.

"If I wanted to know something very

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Keep your engine bowling along "right in the pocket"! Get top score for power, pleasure, gas-miles, economy. Havoline's exclusive new lubricant formula *keeps your motor clean* — flushes away costly carbon and sludge; reduces wear. Change to Havoline, the *modern* motor oil — right down your alley, at Texaco Dealers.

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HAVOLINE
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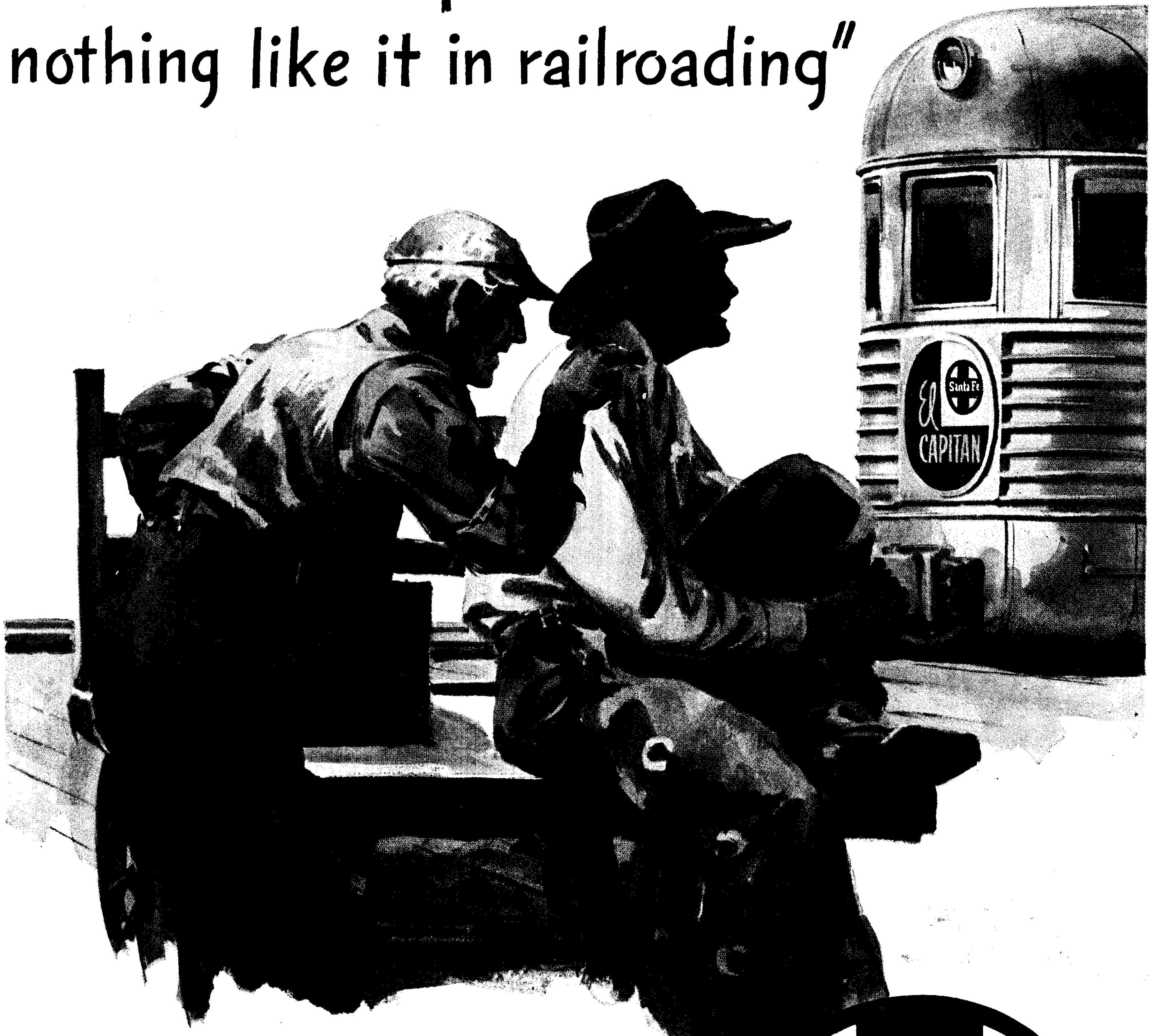
Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATRE every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

"El Capitan . . .
nothing like it in railroading"



You're right, Pop!

El Capitan, fast as the Super Chief, is the only all-chair-car streamliner between Chicago and California.

Soon this fine coach-fare (plus small extra fare) train will be equipped with brand new cars containing the latest features for greater comfort. You'll like especially the newly designed reclining seats with full-length leg rests.

El Capitan will leave Chicago and Los Angeles *every day* instead of every other day as at present. Watch for announcement of new schedule.

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SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES . . . Serving the West and Southwest

T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4 badly," said a cop who has investigated the racketeer several times, "or wanted to pick up somebody important, I'd try to get to Costello. Maybe I'd get somewhere, and maybe I wouldn't. Somebody would have to put a lot of pressure on him, because whatever else he may be he's not a snitch. If he ever gave out any information, or turned anybody in, he would have a good, and from his point of view, legitimate reason for doing so."

On at least one occasion Costello is known to have sent in an important gangster whom the authorities wanted to question.

The Saga of Joe the Boss

A very tough mobster was Joe Masseria known as Joe the Boss. He was a very rich man; he lived in a big penthouse apartment overlooking Central Park, in New York, and his idea of fun was to send his wife away and entertain his gangster pals with opium smoking parties, which they called "kicking the gong." He was also head of the so-called Unione Siciliana during most of the prohibition era.

The leaders of this gang were opposed by younger men, who called themselves the "Young Americans" and complained of too much shooting and stabbing. They demanded a slicker operating procedure, with emphasis on persuasion rather than on murder. The leaders of the Young Americans were Luciano, Costello and Joe Adonis. Costello was also close to Joe the Boss.

In November of 1930 somebody fired several shots at Joe the Boss and his two bodyguards as they left an apartment house in the Bronx. The bodyguards were killed, but Joe escaped. However, he left his overcoat at the scene, and it was easily identified because of its extremely short sleeves. The police of the Bronx sent out word that the district attorney's office wanted Joe the Boss.

Next day Frank Costello walked into a Bronx police station and told the sergeant on duty that he would send in Joe the Boss if he could be assured that Joe would not be kicked around by the cops. The sergeant told Costello that Joe the Boss would be handled delicately. In a day or two the gangster chieftain came in, answered some questions, and was released. He said he was unable to name his assailants.

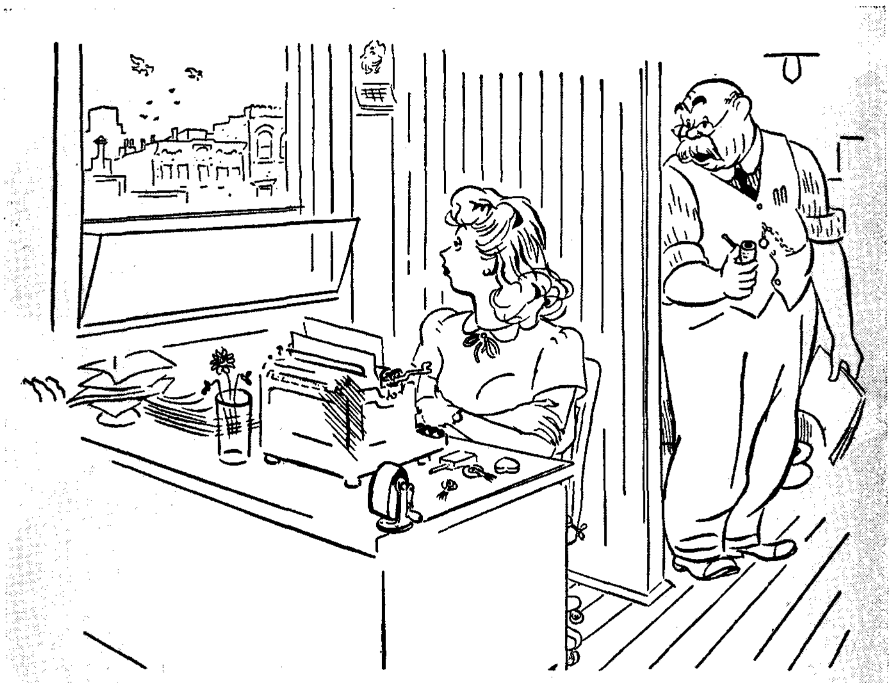
Some six months later, on April 15, 1931, Lucky Luciano took Joe the Boss to dinner at a restaurant in Coney Island. After they had eaten they sat at a table playing cards until everyone else had left the place. Then Luciano got up and went into the washroom. He had scarcely closed the door when several men walked in and began shooting at Joe the Boss. When the police arrived Luciano had gone home and Joe the Boss was lying on the floor, with an ace of diamonds in his right hand and five bullets in his body. Williams later charged that Luciano and Costello succeeded to his powers and emoluments, but, as stated above, Costello denied it.

When Lepke Buchalter went into hiding, he was wanted by the State of New York for murder, and by the federal authorities for illegal trafficking in narcotics. In August of 1939, after the search for Lepke had been going on for some time, Walter Winchell made a stirring appeal to the murderer on his radio program, crying, in effect: "Are you listening, Lepke? Are you listening? Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Lo and behold, Lepke *did* come out! He met Winchell and J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I., on a dark Manhattan street corner, and surrendered in a great burst of publicity. Officials of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics are still peeved that they got none of the glory. Winchell has never pretended to minimize the almost godlike power which he wields over great masses of the American people, but many of even his most devoted listeners raised a questioning eyebrow when it was implied that Lepke had surrendered just to oblige him.

Meanwhile the federal government put Lepke in jail on the narcotic charge, and it was generally understood in underworld circles that he had been assured that he would not have to face the accusation of murder, which can really be serious. However, Thomas E. Dewey, elected governor of New York in 1942, had other ideas, and finally succeeded in snatching Lepke away from the federals, and the gangster was put to death in the electric chair in March of 1944.

The day Lepke died the New York World-Telegram published an article in which Lepke was quoted as saying that Costello had ordered him to surrender, and so had started him on the road to death. According to the newspaper, the boss racketeer had received word from J. Edgar Hoover, through the mysterious grapevine which connects the law and the underworld, that, unless Lepke was turned in, the F.B.I. would make it very unpleasant for a lot of other people. Costello in turn is said to have told Lepke to give himself up, "or else." Arrangements were then made for Lepke, seemingly at least, to obey the Winchellian summons. In Washington recently a representative of the F.B.I. refused either to confirm or to deny that Costello had had something to do with Lepke's surrender.



"Get those letters out, Miss Munson, and quit dreaming you're on a desert island with Francis X. Bushman"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"Truthfully," he said, "we do not know. We had a lot of pressure on, trying to get Buchalter. We were working with a confidential informant. I cannot tell you who this confidential informant was, but I will tell you that it was not Costello. Our confidential informant may have worked through Costello, but if so we did not know it."

When Costello's activities as an important figure in the rumrunning and bootlegging industries were exposed in the middle 1920s, the police thought that he had come to New York from Detroit.

A little later the authorities were led to believe that he had been born Castellano in the Greenwich Village district of New York, and had served an apprenticeship with the old Gopher and Hudson Duster gangs there and in Hell's Kitchen. He was active around New York for several years before the police identified him as Frank Saverio, whose criminal record antedated the first World War.

In January of 1947 a New York political writer, without revealing his sources, said positively that Costello's real name was Saverria. In recent months this name has appeared several times in accounts of Costello's activities; it is said to have been suggested in various quarters by a member of the racketeer's personal staff, a former New York newspaper reporter who handles Costello's public relations, such as they are. Costello himself, during his last appearance in court in January, 1947, dropped a new name into the hopper; he said he had been born Castiglia, but had called himself Costello for some 30 years.

Sometimes it appears that Costello really knows very little about himself. The first two times he was arrested, in 1908 and 1912, he was booked as Frank Castello, which he said was his true name. When he obtained a license to marry in 1914, according to the records of the New York Marriage License Bureau, he gave his name as Frank Costello, his age as twenty-three, his occupation as plumber, and said he had been born in New York City.

On March 12, 1915, Costello was arrested on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, which under the laws of New York State is a felony. When arraigned before a magistrate he said his name was Frank Saverio, that he was a steamfitter by occupation, that he had been born in New York, and had lived at No. 222 East 108th Street, in East Harlem, for 23 years. On March 26, 1915, he pleaded guilty, and when brought to the bar of General Sessions Court for sentence told Judge Edward Swann that his real name was Stello.

When he applied for probation he again said he had been born in the United States. The probation authorities reported to the court that as far as they could learn his real name was Castello. During his examination by a United States attorney in 1935, Costello said:

"I am born in New York. I am here all my life."

When disbarment proceedings were brought against Justice Aurelio, following the disclosure of the "undying loyalty" telephone conversation, Costello testified, under oath, that he had been born in Italy and had been a citizen of the United States since 1921 or 1922, that he had never been a member of a political party, and that he had never voted. Actually, he had been an American citizen since 1925. On March 26, 1923, he filed a declaration of intent, giving his residence as 234 East 108th Street and his occupation as broker. On September 10, 1925, he was admitted to citizenship.

In his petition for final naturalization papers he said that he lived at 2450 Broadway and was in the real-estate business. He gave the date of his birth as January 26, 1891, at Cosenza, Italy, and said that he had embarked from Naples on March 1, 1895, and had arrived in the United States on April 2, 1895. There is no mention in the records of the Bureau of Naturalization of Costello's previous criminal record, nor of the fact that he had served a prison term for a felony. Nor do the records of the Bureau show that at the time he was admitted as a citizen the police were investigating his connection with a rumrunning and bootlegging gang. He was arrested less than three months after he had become a citizen.

The witnesses who vouched for Costello's character and good repute when he was naturalized were Frank A. Goss, of 8725 Ackroyd Avenue, Jamaica, New York, and Harry C. Sausser of Huntington, New York. The only trace that can be found of Goss is that a Frank A. Goss registered as a voter on October 10, 1925, giving his address as 8725 169th Street, which is the same as Ackroyd Avenue. This Frank Goss said his business address was 405 Lexington Avenue, in New York, which, curiously enough, was the same address at which Costello maintained an office.

No trace whatever can be found of Harry C. Sausser. A search of Huntington tax, police, registration, telephone and other records failed to disclose any one of that name.

When an alien files a declaration of intent to become a citizen of the United States he is not asked whether he has been arrested or convicted of a crime. Nor does the subsequent petition for final citizenship papers contain such questions. It is the law that the petitioner must be of good moral character, and must not have been convicted of any crime involving moral turpitude within a period of five years prior to the filing of the declaration of intent.

The final petition must be verified by two American citizens, who must state that they know the petitioner to have been a resident of the United States for at least five years continuously; that they know the petitioner; and that they know of their own personal knowledge that the petitioner is a person of good moral character and in every way qualified to be admitted to citizenship.

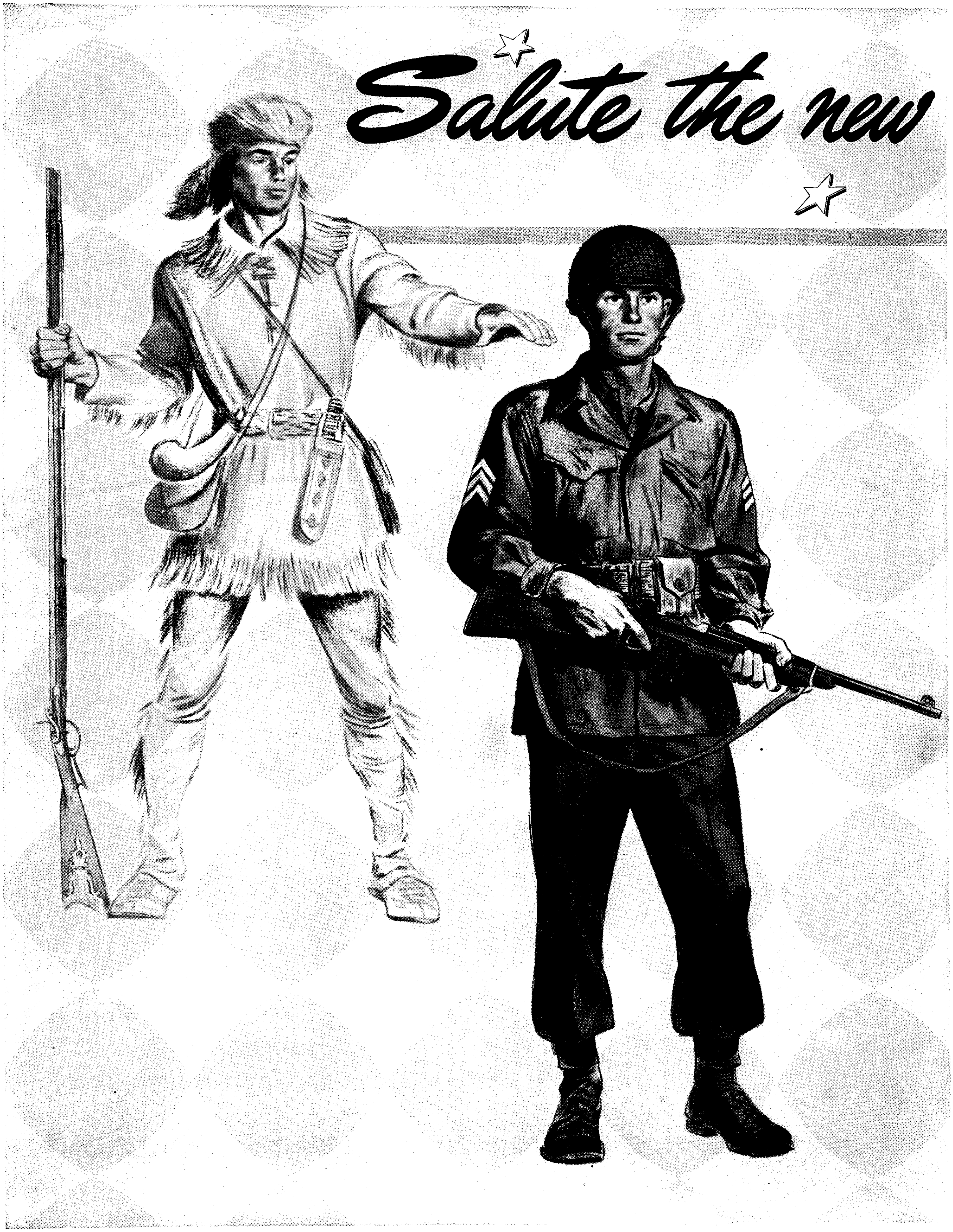
Two Conflicting Testimonies

The petition for final papers must state that the applicant believes in the Constitution of the United States, has abided by the Constitution, and will continue to obey its principles. At the very time Costello swore to uphold the Constitution he was engaged, according to his own testimony in the Aurelio case, in bootlegging, which was an unlawful occupation contrary to the 18th Amendment to the Constitution.

The courts have upheld the proposition that any act committed by a petitioner in violation of the Constitution, or any state statute involving moral turpitude, must be brought to the attention of the court by the petitioner for citizenship. The courts have also uniformly held that violation of the 18th Amendment was a crime involving moral turpitude. Failure to bring such a violation to the attention of the court has been construed as a fraud upon the court. Such a fraud may be the basis of an action for revocation of citizenship and deportation.

As far as is known, the federal authorities have made no investigation of the circumstances under which Costello became an American citizen.

(To be concluded next week)


Salute the new

National Guard

It is a great American institution with a glorious heritage!

Today, a new National Guard is forming. A mighty volunteer force for right, it builds anew upon the rich traditions of a free people. Its single aim is to assure the Peace it did so much to win.

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Units of the National Guard are as old as the Nation. Their history is as vivid. The 15th Infantry Regiment fought with Washington. Men of the 36th Division defended the Alamo. The gallant 28th earned lasting glory in the Argonne.

During the recent war, Americans thrilled to the exploits of Guardsmen from every state of the Union—from *your* state, from *your* home town.

National Guard units attained a World War II total of 88 Presidential Unit Citations. Individual Guardsmen won 14 Congressional Medals of Honor and more than 10,000 other decorations including Distinguished Service Crosses, Distinguished Flying Crosses, Legions of Merits, Silver Star Medals and Bronze Stars!

MODERN MINUTE MEN

The new National Guard will be made up of skilled volunteers. They must meet physical and professional requirements identical to those of the Regular Army. They will be men of the same stuff as their famous forebears—Ethan Allen and Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark.

National Guardsmen will receive training with the most modern Regular Army equipment. They will be taught by experienced, combat-tested personnel using advanced instructional methods. In every way the training program will be on the same level as the Regular Army's.

The National Guard will be at all times ready for immediate mobilization. In emergency it stands shoulder to shoulder with the Regular Army. It is an M-Day Force—a trained Force of patriotic Americans—ready on instant notice to leap to the defense of home and country.

THE NATIONAL GUARDSMAN— YOUR RESPECTED FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

He lives at home. With his friends he trains one evening a week and two full weeks in the summer. While training he receives full Regular Army pay. Often, this training increases his earning power.

He has considerable opportunity to choose the kind of training he desires. Radar, radio, signaling. Eight to nine different types of ordnance. Automotive and aircraft maintenance. Air operations. Office management. Meteorology and weather forecasting. Basic medical subjects.

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Many employers are performing a valuable public service by granting their Guardsmen-employees the time they need for summer training . . . without sacrifice of their incomes or vacation periods. This way you, too, can contribute further to safeguarding the future of America!

Listen to the National Guard's Paul Whiteman show every Wednesday, 9 P.M., EST, ABC Network.

THE NATIONAL GUARD *is a Federally supervised force raised by the states. Congress authorizes the National Guard by the National Defense Act and keeps in Federal hands the power to "recognize" units so that strength, composition, training and efficiency are constantly under the guidance of officers selected by the War Department. There are National Guard units in each of the 48 states, in Hawaii, Puerto Rico and in the District of Columbia.*

For full information about the new National Guard, contact the officers of your local unit or write to the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

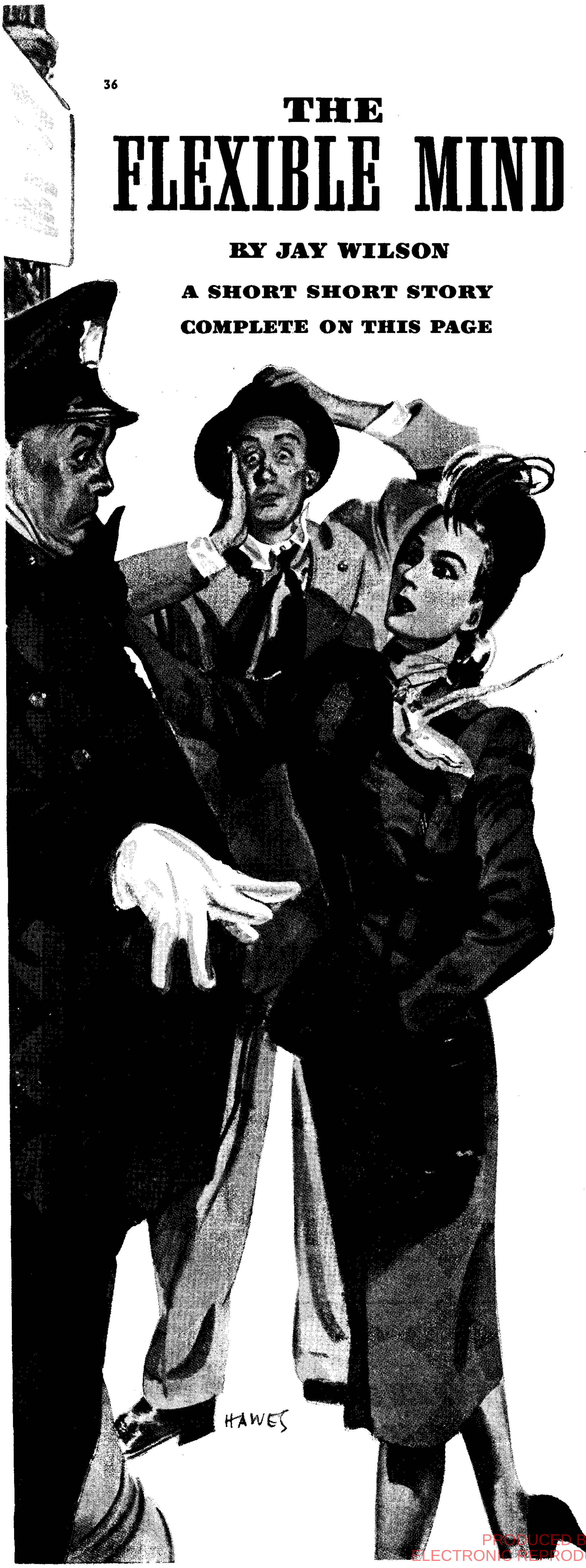
The National Guard

★ ★ ★ **OF THE UNITED STATES** ★ ★ ★

THE FLEXIBLE MIND

BY JAY WILSON

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



OUR gal Nell, who should have been covering this meeting of the Progressive Young Matrons Tuesday Luncheon Club, was off somewhere trying to be a storybook version of a lady reporter-detective. So I'd had to listen to Linda Brown. Linda, it seemed, had just been voted the progressive young matron who had done the most toward helping her husband rise in the world and now she was telling how she had done it.

She was a smooth, slim number with what is often called an intelligent forehead. The other progressive young matrons—there were about fifty—were also mostly smooth, slim numbers with intelligent foreheads. Linda Brown spoke carefully and seriously and they listened carefully and seriously. If somebody had penciled mustaches on them they could have passed for psychiatrists listening to a paper on the care and feeding of backward children.

"Aside from the biological and emotional aspects of marriage," Linda Brown said, "a wife must be prepared to be her husband's principal intellectual stimulant. On the whole, it must be recognized that men are instinctively conservative, tend to let their minds follow comfortable and traditional ruts and will tend to limit their interests to the purely routine mechanics of their business and improving their golf."

There was a lot of thoughtful nodding.

"A wife would be doing far less than her duty if she did not introduce additional interests to stimulate her husband's mind and broaden his intellectual horizon. History shows that men of outstanding achievement have been helped by women."

There was considerable clapping and vigorous nodding.

"Outstanding achievements in any field are the result of imagination and intellectual alertness," Linda went on. "Fortunately the means for developing these attributes in men are available to us in the form of lectures, discussion groups and other events of a nature to increase factual knowledge and stimulate flexibility of thought unhampered by traditionalism so that when a man is faced with the unusual in his business he not only has an ample stock of factual information to draw upon but an unchained mind with which to use those facts. I think that Mr. Brown's recent promotion to the head of the labor relations department of the Mid-States Corporation can to some extent be attributed to the benefits of my persistent efforts along the lines I have just described."

It was at this point that I left. I thought I'd go see *Mr.* Brown.

He turned out to be a big, pleasant man of about thirty-five sitting behind a big desk in a big office. I told him about the talk.

"I am a very lucky man," he grinned. "Mrs. Brown keeps me right on my toes. Yes, I would say that her intellectual interests deserve some credit for a certain flexibility of mind—"

We were interrupted by the telephone.

Mr. Brown listened for quite a while and then, without batting an eye, said the following: "Let me see if I've got it straight, Linda. You drove to the Communist Headquarters directly after the luncheon to be sure to get tickets for the lecture you don't want me to miss tonight. Ten dollars apiece, eh? Then when you came out there was a policeman at the car making out a ticket and he was unpleasant because he thought you were a Communist. So you threw the ticket on the sidewalk and pulled away from the curb so angry you didn't see this other car coming. After the accident the driver of the other car said, 'Damn it all, lady!' so you slapped him for being rude after running into you and then you slapped the policeman for grabbing you. But everything is all right because the policeman didn't give you the ticket and they both drove away and that proves they knew they were in the wrong. Is that the story? . . . Uh-huh. Well, don't worry about it, dear. Call the garage and have them straighten the fender and hang a new door. . . . Yes, I'll see about havi the cop fired."

Brown hung up the receiver just as t receptionist opened the office door. S didn't get a chance to say anything before big cop and another man in a suit that h been mended quite a few times pushed h aside and came in. The cop and the m looked pretty sore.

"You Mr. Brown?" the cop asked.

Brown smiled pleasantly. "Have chai gentlemen," he said. "Mrs. Brown just t minute phoned about the accident. Sh terribly sorry about the whole thing. S hopes we can settle it in a friendly way. . .

"Forgetting the sock she handed me," t man in the mended suit said, "I'd say it mig come to nearly a hundred dollars. I've g plenty of witnesses to say—"

"I know," Brown said. "But let's be re sonable. I could let you argue the matt with the insurance company but I'd rath not; Mrs. Brown has had a little hard lu recently and they've had to pay three four small claims. I wouldn't want them cancel the insurance. Would you take quick fifty and call it square?"

"Look, pal," the man said. "A guy out a job can't afford to settle for a loss. May fifty would cover it and maybe it wouldn How about seventy-five?"

"What's your trade?" Brown asked.

"Building painter."

"Go down the hall to Personnel and t them I said you were to have a job with t building maintenance crew."

The man hesitated only a moment. Th he grinned. "I'm on my way . . . and you c forget about the car. That was Lady Lu who hit me."

THE cop didn't see the joke. His face w red but his left cheek where a righ handed girl would be likely to connect w still a little redder than the other.

"Look, Mr. Brown," the cop said. "I' *got* a job—I'm working at it right now."

He pulled a traffic ticket out of his pock "Your wife," he said, "was parked next a hydrant headed wrong on a one-way stre She came out of that Commy joint a grabbed the ticket I was writing and thre it on the sidewalk. She a Communist?"

"No, she's an intellectualist. She w getting tickets for a lecture so I'd learn som thing about Communism."

The cop grunted. "Well, here's a tick to a front-row seat in court. Your wi then drove away recklessly, assaulted innocent man and then assaulted an offic of the law. Mr. Brown, the only reason didn't arrest her on the spot was that s would have raised even more hell and the time the wagon got there all the Co mies would have been raising hell and would have had a riot—which she wou have been the instigator of. But I'm goi out and arrest her now, so you'd better a range bail if you don't want her locked up

Brown nodded. "I'll pay the traffic fi first thing in the morning. And just to pro I appreciate the way you avoided making real mess, I'm going to set aside that fifty was going to give that chap to repair his ca The next time you're selling tickets for o of your benefits you can come around a pick it up. Now, where do I post bail?"

The cop looked at Brown and th reached out for the ticket on his desk. "T hell with it, Mr. Brown. I guess you g problems enough. I'll drop around ne month with a block of tickets for our ball- and thanks." I started to leave with the c but Brown called me back.

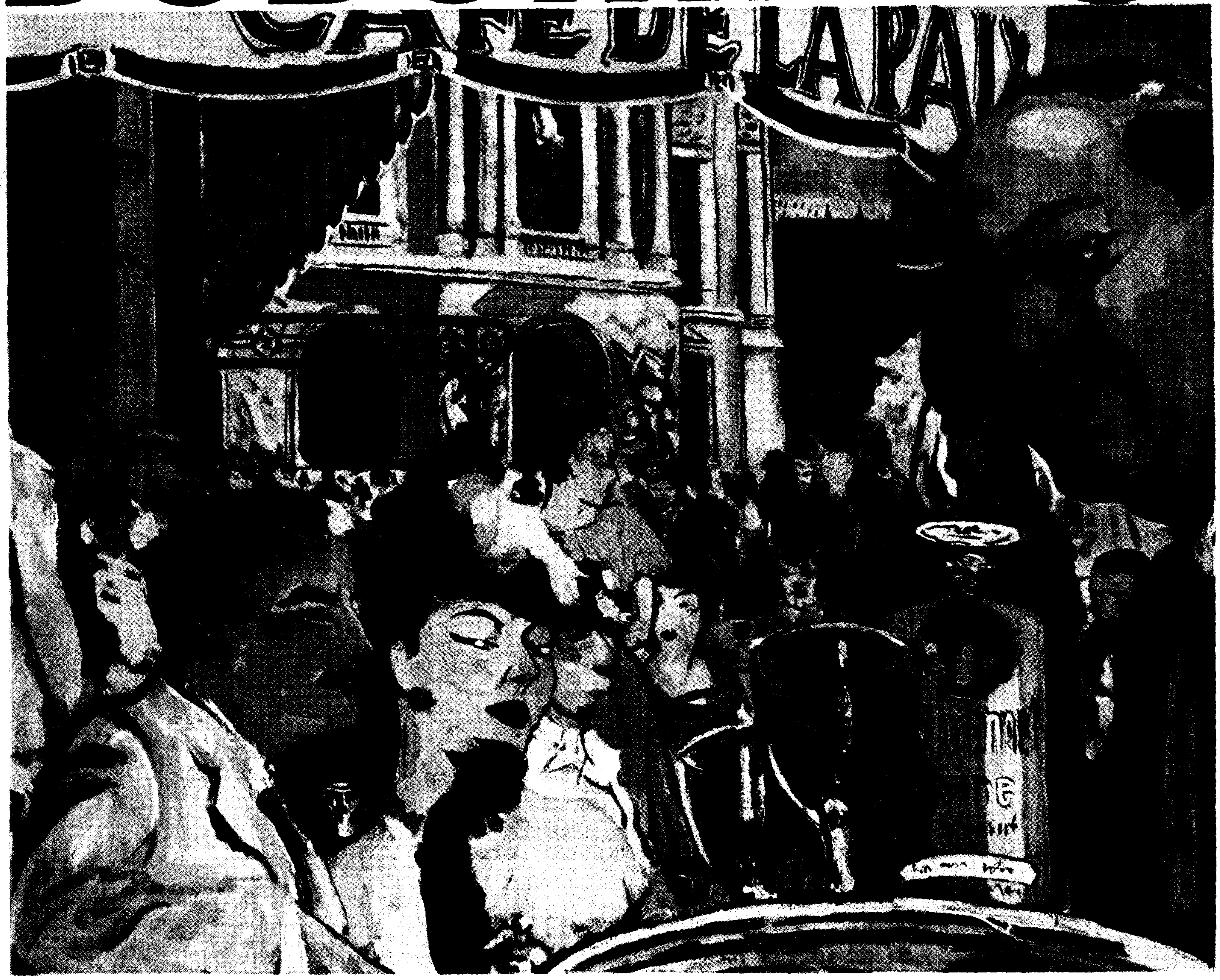
"I hadn't finished explaining—"

"Mr. Brown," I said, "you don't have t You are indeed a very lucky man to have wife who wants to stimulate you intellect ally and to have a mind flexible enough take it. So, if it's all right with you, I'll ju go along to a place where I can give my ow rut-bound mind a double Scotch chaser."

Mr. Brown grinned. "Sit down, frien I keep those chasers right here."

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

DUBONNET●



"CAFE DE LA PAIX—PARIS"—painted by Stanton MacDonald-Wright

It's smart to say... I'll take Dubonnet

Along *les Grands Boulevards* it has long been the mark of the *bon vivant* . . . a bottle of Dubonnet on the table, proclaiming a lover of fine living. For Dubonnet's unique taste sensation has always been the choice of the discriminating. A little sweet, a little tangy, always smooth —*only Dubonnet tastes like Dubonnet*. Always served chilled, Dubonnet is delicious straight . . . a delightful, versatile mixer. Try a Dubonnet Cocktail—half Dubonnet, half your favorite gin, stir well with ice and strain, then add a twist of lemon peel . . . "Nothing serves like Dubonnet." Write for *Dubonnet Drink Guide*. Dubonnet, Dept. C18, 3110 Jefferson St., Philadelphia 21, Pennsylvania.

DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
DISTINCTIVE WITH SODA
DELIGHTFUL IN COCKTAILS

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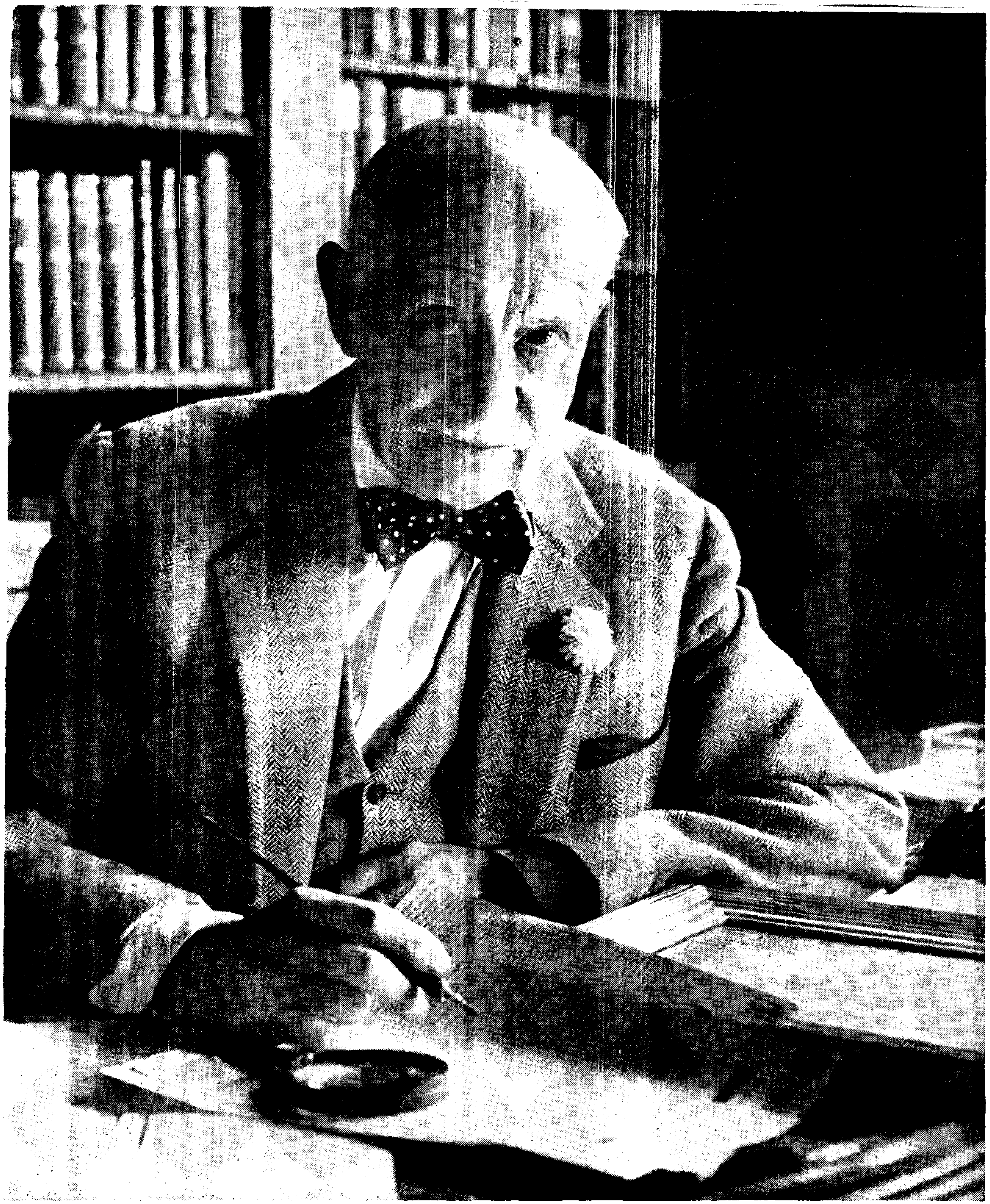

THE HAPPY GENTLEMAN

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

[illegible] always lived up to it

WEBSTER'S measure of a gentleman, "a man of gentle and refined manners; a well-bred man of fine feelings," bears about the same relationship to U.S. Gentleman Number One, Frank Crowninshield, as does a lighted match to a crackling fire. Crowninshield himself, whose indifference to personal publicity has for a generation kept him the most famous unknown person in America, defines a gentleman more broadly. "A man," he says earnestly, "who tries to be of some help to his fellows; who is considerate of women, of the sick, the weak and the unfortunate."

As the embodiment of his own definition, Frank Crowninshield, who in June will be 75, has not only earned something around $1,000,000, but in doing so has inspired the allegiance of hundreds of friends whose devotion is absolute. Debutantes go for him, older women flutter when he attends them, and as for men—last year, New York's rowdy Dutch Treat Club, of which he has long been vice-president and which is sometimes called the Rotary of the Intelligentsia, drafted Crowninshield to present its annual bawdy show, a satirical and ambitious extravaganza in which Crowninshield himself played the chief patron of a house of ill fame, emerging, as one member remarked, "with his Boy Scout merit badges completely untarnished."

Speak of him to Tallulah Bankhead, Nelson Rockefeller, John Golden, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Grantland Rice, Fritz Kreisler, Gypsy Rose Lee, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Charles Chaplin, Paul Whiteman, Helen Hayes, Pablo Picasso, Gene Tunney or Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly and their immediate response is: "Oh, Crownie! I adore him!" From all, that is, except Mrs. Twombly, who, as a granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt and now in her 93d year, does not employ the word "adore."

Young Talent for Vanity Fair

Crowninshield sparkplugged the careers of scores of young artists, photographers, writers, actors and just plain citizens. As guiding spirit for more than twenty years of the brilliant, satirizing magazine, Vanity Fair, he discovered more people of talent than any editor of the century. He is also heavily responsible for the unprecedented popularity of modern French art in America, having for years, before they became famous in America, repeatedly published the work of Matisse, Pascin, Picasso, Maillol, Bonnard, Segonzac, Marie Laurencin, and Rouault, despite the pressure of public and advertisers, who declared their work decadent.

Ask whether Crowninshield ever helped them, of, say Clare Boothe Luce, Robert E. Sherwood, P. G. Wodehouse, Paul Gallico, Aldous Huxley, Dorothy Parker, Miguel Covarrubias, Anita Loos, Corey Ford, Edward Steichen, Walter Winchell, Gluyas Williams, or Donald Ogden Stewart, and they would likely exclaim: "Oh, Crownie! I owe it all to him!" Most of them he discovered.

This enthusiasm stems in part from the legendary skill and gentlemanly grace which marked those painful occasions when Crowninshield found some of their work unsuitable for publication. His letters of rejection were so complimentary that they usually had to be read twice to discover whether he was making a nomination for the Pulitzer prize or expressing regret. In handing back a rejected manuscript to Paul Gallico, Crowninshield once said, fervently, "My dear boy, this is superb! A little masterpiece! What color! What life! How beautifully you have phrased it all! A veritable gem!—Why don't you take it around to Harper's Bazaar?"

Crowninshield's gentlemanly instincts have affected his life profoundly in other ways. Though a confirmed toastmaster and inveterate diner-out he has never tasted alcohol, because once when his grandmother stood up at a public meeting he immediately arose from his seat, as he had been taught he should in the presence of a standing lady. The meeting was a temperance rally, and his grandmother, an ardent dry, had jumped to her feet at the speaker's exhortation for all those who pledged themselves never to take a drink to arise. Crowninshield was ten years old at the time, and might well have been held unaccountable. But with the ascetic fervor which sometimes infects young men

(*Continued on page 55*)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

It's *Smart* to own an Olds

It's *Smart* to drive the Style-Leader

In cars—as in clothes—it's *good taste* that counts. Just the right shades of harmonizing colors—the correct amount of decorative trim—the proper simplicity of line and form. That's why the 1947 Oldsmobile is such a *smart* looking car. And it's just as *smart* in action! What a thrill to glide along . . . swiftly . . . smoothly . . . without shifting gears or pushing a clutch! That's what Hydra-Matic driving is like. See the new 1947 Oldsmobile with GM Hydra-Matic Drive*—America's only *fully proved, fully automatic* drive—at your Oldsmobile dealer's.

(White sidewall tires at extra cost when available.)

The suit — Capri Original in Sun Tan. The car—Oldsmobile "98" Four-Door Sedan in Caspian Blue.

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Reserve
THREE FEATHERS
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RESERVE

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THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

THE BLOND HAIRPIN

Continued from page 19

"Don't you want to know about the baby?" she asked.

He turned then and looked at her blankly. "You already said it was a boy, didn't you?"

She hadn't been wrong. There was a remoteness to him, some quality of abstraction that was different. She wondered if anything had gone wrong at the office. Then, for no reason, she remembered the blond hairpin, as it had looked against the velvet of her jewel box.

Irrationally she said, "They're naming it Thomas. After you."

All at once her voice was false, as if she had hit a rock with a hard instrument and struck a flaw.

He turned to her and searched her face. "Are you tired, Frances?" he asked. "I was changing. If you'd rather eat in—"

Concern made him seem suddenly younger, unsure; the lines about his mouth softened.

"Let's go out," she said more coolly.

She did not know why, but when she moved across the room, she managed to pass between the wall and Tom without touching him. Unhooking her black wool dress from the closet, she went into the bathroom and closed the door.

THEIR waiter saw them as soon as they entered The Cave and led them through the crowds to their usual table.

"Give me a Scotch," Tom said.

"I think I'll have a Martini," she said quickly.

She surprised herself by her order. She rarely drank; she disliked any loosening of her nervous faculties. She had never even taken gas in a dentist's office. Tom looked at her for a moment, then he nodded at the waiter.

When they were alone, she lighted a cigarette. "The apartment was clean," she said. "It looked very nice."

He moved his head a little to one side. "Mary came in yesterday morning."

She thought of the hairpin again and began, "That's strange—" and stopped.

But of course: He must have had people in for drinks last night. One of the girls had gone into the bedroom to fix her stocking or comb her hair.

"Did I miss any parties while I was gone?" she asked.

"No," he said. "It was quiet."

Now is the time to ask him, she told herself. Right now before this nonsense goes any further.

But as she hesitated, she heard him ask, "Are you going down the Island this week end?"

She brought her mind back, hovered over the question and plucked it up for further thought. It hadn't been are *we* going, but are *you*. She was scarcely back and he was asking her if she were going away again. Was that peculiar or wasn't it? Maybe she was merely tired and that was the answer to everything.

"Why, I don't know," she said.

For the first time since she had found the hairpin, she really looked at him. Suddenly she saw him with a clear, harsh objectivity, as she would see a stranger. There were none of the shadows, the overtones and high lights cast by intimacy. He was just a wary-eyed, good-looking man in his middle thirties sitting across the table. She could not guess what thoughts were in his mind.

And if that were true, why then he might have done anything while she had been gone. Anything at all.

Quickly she raked in her thoughts. As she stamped out her cigarette, she reminded herself that he was not a disconcerting stranger. He was only Tom who threw his shorts and bath towels down beside the laundry hamper when it was just as easy to put them inside, who refused to eat lamb cold the day after a roast—and who began to yell as soon as he felt he was in the wrong. But tonight he was very quiet. Was he too quiet?

No, this was intolerable. She was letting imagination distort her judgment. She would have to ask him now and have it done with.

Just then the waiter came with the menu, and as Tom ordered, she watched him. She thought of the past two weeks. He had not expected her home so soon. Then there was the brevity of his letters. The coolness of his voice last night on the phone. His question of whether she were going down the Island this week end. Details began falling together like the little colored pieces in a kaleidoscope.

They ate in abstracted silence, passing each other salt and pepper and steak sauce with smooth routine. Everything was going exactly as it always did, everything was the same—and yet, somehow, she felt uneasy. It was as if she were not herself, but an actress trying to play the part of Tom's wife.

"Tom!" she said sharply.

He looked at her with calm cat's eyes and waited.

OUR CAR IS OLD—HOORAY!

The cars are now so streamlined that
They won't accommodate a hat.
Designers of the Model T
Knew more about anatomy
Than manufacturers, now bent
On seating us upon cement.

—Margaret Fishback

She had a reckless impulse to ask him to tell her that everything really was the same, that she was herself, that he was not a stranger.

"How is the cottage?" she asked instead. "Did the fig tree stand the frost?"

The fig tree was something they had planted together five years before. They had argued which side of the house was best for it and she had won. It was an oddity as far north as Long Island, and she wrapped it in newspapers and burlap each fall to nurse it through the winter.

"I don't know. I haven't been out to see," he said.

In spite of herself, the reproach was in her face.

He shrugged. "It's your tree, Frances. I have a job to hold down."

"You could have gone out some week end."

He looked at her. "Yes," he agreed reasonably. "I could."

He always said he didn't like blondes, she thought irrelevantly. I wonder if he's changed.

ON THE way home in the taxi, she decided to ask him about the hairpin as soon as they were inside the door at home. Instead, she went into the bedroom and took off her hat and coat. When she came back to the living room, Tom was sitting in the big armchair reading. He glanced up as she entered, seemed to search his mind for some point of common interest, for something —anything—to say to her.

"Why don't you play the piano?" he asked finally. "Play that thingumajig with the fancy notes."

He meant Clair de Lune, she guessed. And that's about how much he knew or liked music. She had had to struggle to get the piano four years before.

"You'd rather hear the radio," she said. Her voice was dry—the scrape of autumn leaves against a house.

He looked at her and shrugged.

And then she saw it. There was a new look in his eyes and she could not be mistaken. It was confident and a little mocking. It was the look of a man who knew he was invulnerable.

"I think I'll take a bath," she said, and went toward the bathroom.

She ran the water over the bath salts until the green-tiled room steamed with the scent of lavender. She took down her black hair and brushed it carefully. Then she piled it high on top of her head. But when the urgency of physical action was gone and she lay full length in the water an astonishing resentment swept over her.

SHE had managed their marriage so carefully. That was what made it so unfair. She had been at such pains to maintain the smoothness of their life. Every unpleasant aspect of an ordinary marriage, she had taken on herself so that Tom had never been bothered. Furnishing the apartment, handling the bills and bank account. Even the summer place down the Island—they had begun that together as a joint venture and then, gradually, as the repair work and the graveling of the road and the gardening had intruded on the raptures of planning, she had quietly taken over, never bothering him with it, running it with complete efficiency. It was a beautiful life she had created for him; it was quite perfect. And until today they had been happy.

She got out of the bath, toweled herself briskly, almost roughly, and put on her nightgown. Then she went into the bedroom and took a long time to manicure her nails. Finally there was nothing more to do, so she got into her bed. After a minute, she got up again, crossed the room and took the bright pin from her jewel box. Then she went back to bed and lay there with the bed light on, staring at the wall.

After a while, Tom strolled in, and without looking over at her, began to undress. He kicked off his shoes and stripped off his shirt and undershirt, and as she watched him, she suddenly recalled the warmth of his skin.

The memory confused her and for a minute her mind spun. She thought of her wedding day, the years of life they had had together, and, foolishly, the roughness of his hair against her face.

She clenched her fist tight, holding the hairpin as if she held her bitterness in her palm.

He got into his pajamas and sat on the side of his bed to finish his cigarette. Smoke moved in blue and yellow waves across the bed light.

"Any final gossip you've forgotten?" he asked.

Frances turned her head. This was her final time to face him.

"Tom—" she began.

"What is it, Frances?"

She paused. And suddenly her face was neither poised nor beautiful. It told the truth. "Oh, Tom. I've missed you. I didn't realize."

She held out her arms. After a moment, he smiled a little, not as he had before, but gently, and he moved over to her bed and held her. She did not breathe until, from the faint pressure of his hands on her back, she knew that she had not lost him. Not quite. Not yet.

"Baby," he said, "you know it's been five years since you wore your hair that way. I always liked it."

She could still, she knew, be back where she had once been. She moved her cheek against his mouth. "Put out your cigarette."

As if from a long way off, she heard a faint sound. It was the tick of the hairpin falling to the floor.

THE END

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due to irregularity

WHICH ONES MAKE YOU MISERABLE?
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☐ Digestive Upset
☐ Poor Appetite
☐ Lack of Pep
☐ Cranky and Irritable
☐ Heartburn
☐ Headachy
☐ Washed-Out Look

ANY ONE IS A WARNING YOU MAY NEED PROMPT, GENTLE SARAKA!

Don't neglect any of the Seven Symptoms when due to irregularity. At the first sign of a single *one* of the Unlucky Seven, try Saraka! Millions know this pure vegetable laxative is so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough* and *sure!*

GENTLY URGES—NEVER PURGES

Saraka is entirely different from mineral oil, milk of magnesia, and psyllium seeds! It's a combination of two pure vegetable ingredients, each with a distinct, necessary function. One acts much the same as beneficial, high-residue foods, like apples and dates . . . but in concentrated form!

The other provides just the right amount of gentle action needed to give you the thoroughness you desire! *With Saraka, results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative!*

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There are no unpleasant seeds, oils, or chemicals in Saraka! And Saraka usually works overnight to start your day right! Saraka is economical because it's concentrated. Your own doctor can tell you about Saraka's superiority. Caution: Use only as directed. Buy Saraka at your druggist!

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SARAKA
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The Original Pure Vegetable

SARAKA

SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

PROMISE IN THE EARTH

Continued from page 23

lightning and laughing at the thunder. The storm got worse, and Grandma had taken Peter by the hand and had led him down to the cellar where they'd be safe. Grandpa came down and laughed at them. "Old woman," he shouted, "you can't hide from Him." And then he had picked up two bottles of his home brew and gone back to the kitchen.

Grandma got awful mad when he acted like that. The maddest she got was the day she dressed up to go to church.

Grandpa roared at her, "Old woman, you can't fool Him. Not even with that flour on your face, and them chicken feathers on your head!"

Then Grandma said the words. *Atheist, heathen, infidel,* that's what Grandpa was. He was wicked and mean and he never went to church. Even Big Pete—in the days when they had been with him—said Grandpa was an old Devil.

Grandma was a saint. When Peter was living in the other house with Mother and Big Pete, Grandma came to see him every day. She helped everybody. She helped Peter's mother, telling her what to do around the house, what to cook, and how to handle Big Pete. And she'd tell Big Pete what to do, too. How to manage his business, how to vote; and she'd point out what he was doing that wasn't right. Big Pete never said anything for a long time. He didn't appreciate Grandma's help, though. One night when Peter was crying hard and couldn't stop, Big Pete said awful things to Grandma. That was the night she had told Peter about the Things that would get him in the dark—the bogies and the ghosts that hide in the black night and eat little boys.

Big Pete had told Grandma to get out of the house and stay out. Everybody got mad. And that same night, Peter's mother had come in and dressed him and they'd gone away from Big Pete's house to live at Grandma's.

THAT Easter morning, after Grandpa had stamped out of the kitchen, Grandma bent down and kissed Peter. He didn't like it. She smelled old, and the hairs on her chin scratched his face.

"Don't pay no mind to that old Devil," she said. "You run upstairs and wake your mother. It's after six o'clock."

"Grandma—"

"Yes, Petey."

"Where is Big Pete?"

"Hah! That scoundrel," she said. "You run along, boy."

Peter scuffed through the house and up the stairs. His mother was awake, just looking at the ceiling. There wasn't anything on the ceiling. Peter looked.

"Hello, angel," she said. She lifted the covers and pulled him down for a kiss. She smelled warm and good. "You didn't eat all that candy, did you?"

"No, ma'am."

"You're a very good boy."

"Ma'am—"

"H'mm?"

"When are we going back and live with Big Pete?"

Mother covered her eyes with her bare arm. "You run downstairs and play," she said.

"Big Pete is a scoundrel," said Peter, proudly.

"Peter!" Mother sat up quick. "Who said that?"

"Grandma."

Mother sat there and the tears came out of her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," Peter said.

She hugged him tight against her breast. "Big Pete isn't a scoundrel," she whispered. "He's good and he's right. I've made an awful mess of everything."

When she stopped crying she said, "We'll fix it up, won't we, Little Pete?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Don't you tell anybody I cried," she said.

"Can I go outside, please?"

"No. You'll spoil your shoes. You play downstairs."

PETER went downstairs backward, hopping, one step at a time. He had to find out about Big Pete. Grandpa had said: "I'll tell you anything you want to know." He'd know about Big Pete.

Peter knew that he was doing something bad, and that he'd get spanked. He got his coat and his cap and slipped quietly out the front door. Outside, the wind was fresh; everything smelled good.

He walked through the twisted stalks of last year's corn, down to the hollow where they couldn't see him from the house. He ran along the path beside the brook, and up the hill toward the barn. The barn was for storage, now. Corn for the chickens was all it held, except the fascinating reminders of the time Grandpa had had horses. Bridles, old leather reins, a moldy saddle, and the ruin of a buggy. Grandpa had lost things, everyone said. He'd lost his big farm, somehow. All he had left was a farm out in the country and a tenant to run it. Grandma said it was God's punishment for Grandpa's wickedness.

Peter stopped and edged behind an apple tree. Grandpa was watching him, and had been watching him all the time.

"Hi, boy!" roared the old man.

"I'm not afraid of you," Peter said, quaveringly.

"Good!" shouted the old man. He struck a match on the seat of his trousers and sucked furiously at his pipe. His terrible eyes peered around the tree at Peter. "They'll skin you, boy," he said. "Look at them shoes."

Peter couldn't speak. He wanted to run back to the house but the Devil could run faster than anything.

"You want to ask me something?" said Grandpa. "That it, Pete?"

Peter nodded, edging farther behind the tree.

"Shoot!"

Peter couldn't speak for a long time. It was too big. He just couldn't. And when he got it out, finally, Grandpa couldn't hear.

"Speak up, youngun!"

"Is Big Pete dead?"

Grandpa snorted. "No, he ain't dead. Big Pete'll live to be a hundred less'n somebody shoots him."

Peter came out a little bit from behind the tree. "Will I see him again?"

"Yup."

Grandpa came a step closer, and Peter trembled. But he stood still, watching the hand with the blue veins sticking out on it. He stood still while the hand touched his head.

"They got you all confused, boy," said Grandpa. "Don't you worry. And don't you be scared of nothing." The big hand rubbed the back of Peter's neck, and Peter was afraid. It was the Devil's hand.

"Your Grandma is old, boy," said the old man. "When you get big, you'll understand. Don't hate her, boy. She's forgotten a lot of things she used to know."

Peter didn't understand. His knees were shaking.

"You better go back now," Grandpa said. "Go back and take your lickin' and go to church."

"I don't want to go to church," Peter said.

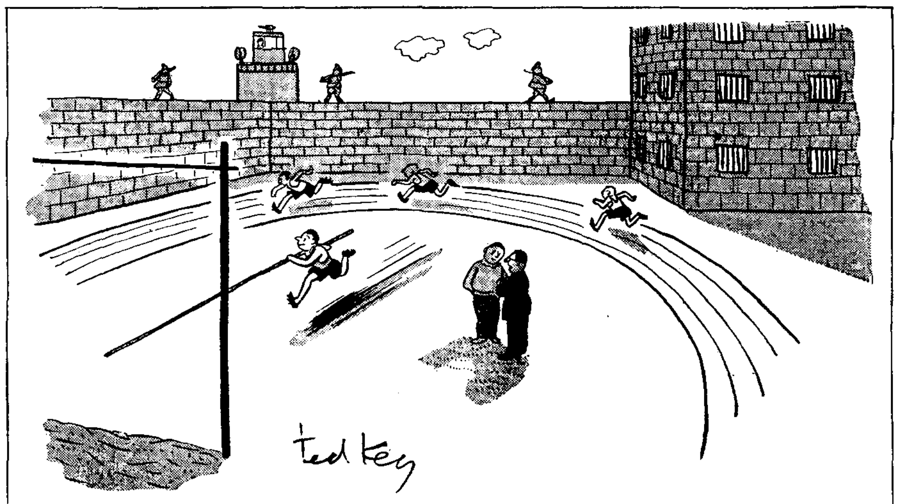
"You've got to, boy."

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons. Everybody has to go to church. Besides, Big Pete will be there today."

"Cross your heart?"

"Yup. I called Big Pete last night. He's going to take you and Irene back home, and this time I'll see that the old woman don't meddle with ye." Grandpa knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Pull in that lip, boy. You ain't going to cry."



COLLIER'S "Okay, as long as he doesn't get too good" TED KEY

"Grandpa—"

"Shoot."

"You aren't really the—the Devil?"

"Reckon not." Grandpa smiled then. "Look here, Pete," he said. "Bein' woman-raised, you seem to've got some muddled ideas about the difference between a man and a devil. No, I'm not a devil—nor a woman either. I'm a man—" He sounded very solemn. "So are you, Peter."

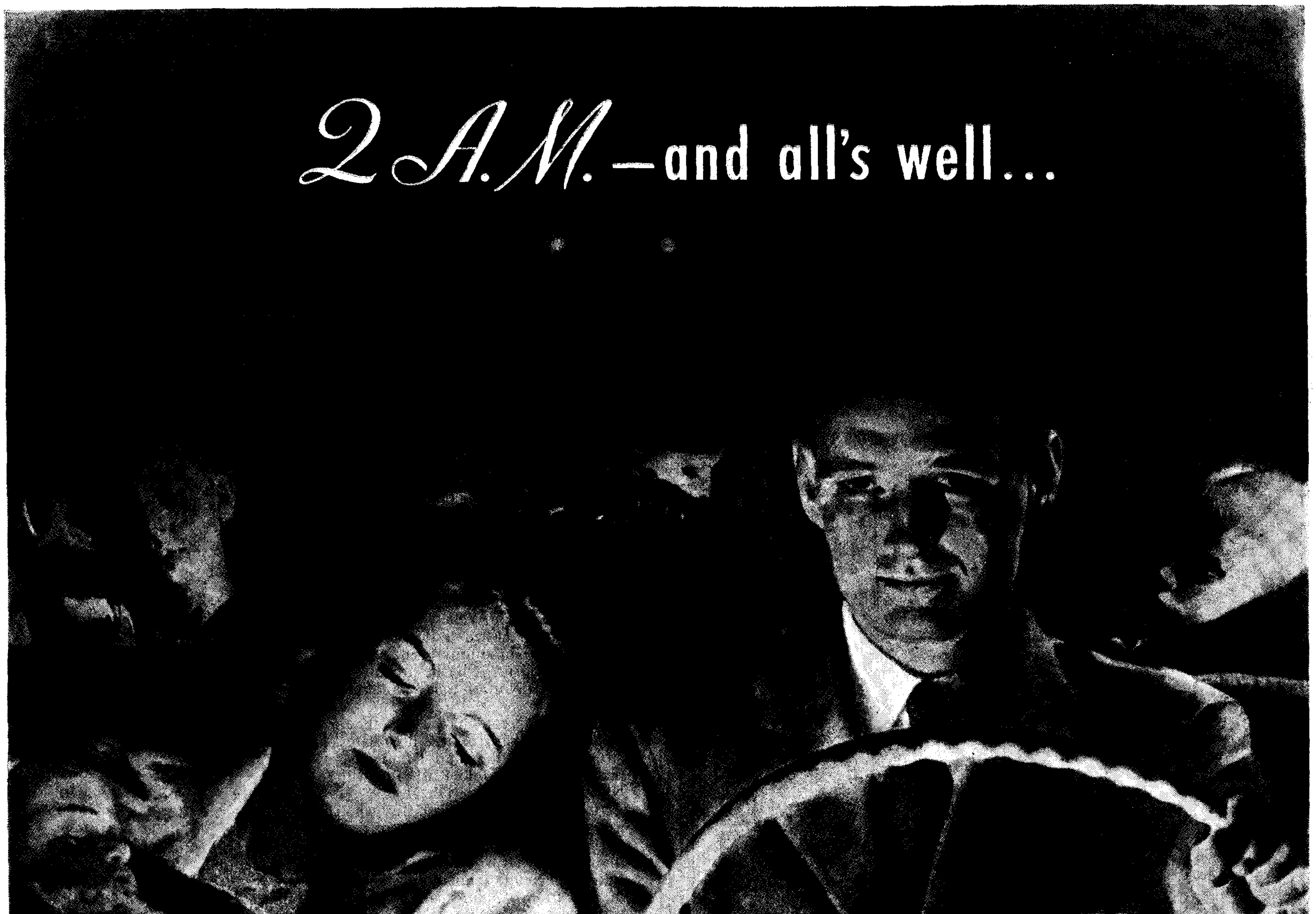
"Will you go with us today to church?" asked the boy. "It's Easter."

GRANDPA squatted on the damp, dead leaves, raking among them with his gnarled fingers until he had exposed a fragile violet, newly risen from the soil.

"Yes, it's Easter," said Grandpa. "A flower like this is the promise of the earth. It happens every spring, Peter, the resurrection of life from the dead." The old man picked up a handful of brown leaves and scattered them in the chill, moist air. "You don't have to go to church, Peter, to be *in it.* A man's church ought to be everywhere."

It was then that Peter realized there was fierceness in the old man, but not evil; and for the first time the boy knew the difference. Grandpa's fierceness was the firm, sure strength of a man whose church was the earth and sky.

THE END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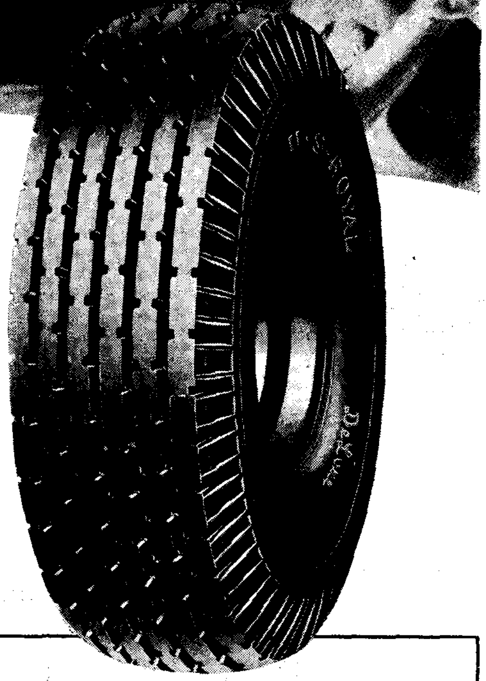

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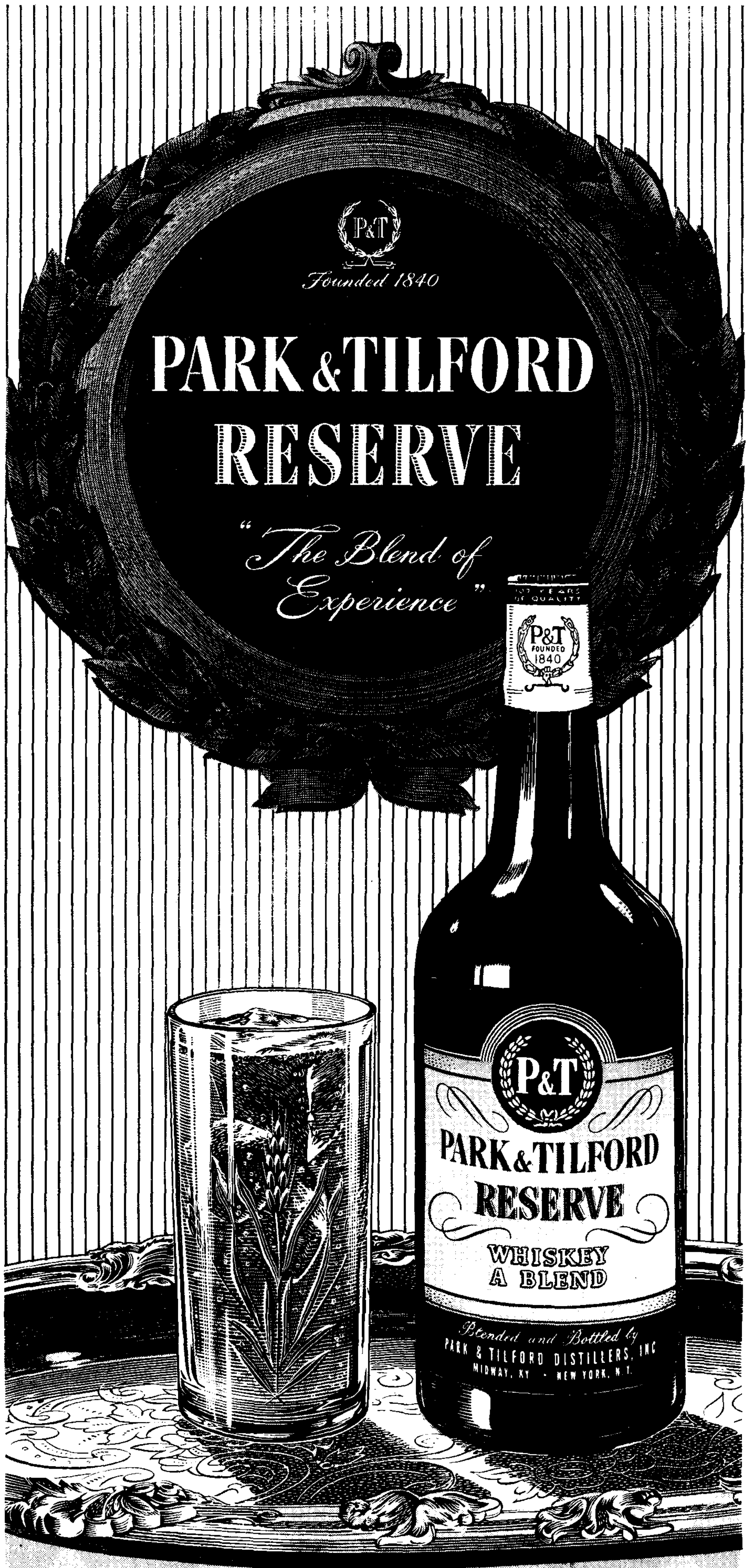

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FROM RAGS TO RICHES

Continued from page 15

his take-off on Hitler. But the little tramp isn't dead, he declared stoutly—just hiding. He'll be back, skittering around corners again with the law at his heels. . . .

M. Verdoux—alias Henri Varnay, alias Captain Bonheur, alias Henri Floray—is as dapper as his predecessor was dowdy: a gentleman of fashion, complete with gray fedora, natty coat, waistcoat and Ascot tie. The opening shot shows a tombstone inscribed: HENRI VERDOUX, 1880-1937, and the voice of his departed spirit is heard saying: "Good evening! . . . For 30 years I was an honest bank clerk—until the depression of 1930, in which I found myself unemployed. It was then that I became occupied in liquidating members of the opposite sex. This I did as a strictly business enterprise to support a home and family. But let me assure you that the career of a Bluebeard is by no means profitable. . . ."

Created His Own Bluebeard

Chaplin developed M. Verdoux from an idea broached by another iconoclast, Orson Welles, who several years ago suggested a documentary based on the infamous French Bluebeard, Landru. Charlie discarded Landru in favor of a lady-killer of his own.

"I saw a great chance to take a tragedy and satirize it," he relates, "as I did with the fatal Donner expedition in The Gold Rush and with Nazi Germany in The Dictator.

"Crime becomes an absurdity when it is shown incongruously, out of proportion. It is a phenomenon of life, thank God, that when a thing is overstated it becomes ridiculous. This is the salvation of man's sanity.

"Verdoux is a very complex character who, under certain social conditions, breaks down. The story is told from his viewpoint, with a healthy bitterness. His tragedy is that of the petite *bourgeoisie* during the depression—any depression. Not that he personifies the rank and file; he is an exceptional character, a madman who verges on genius."

Chaplin paused. He seemed pleased with himself—and Verdoux.

"Verdoux is the only one of my films with which I have been satisfied. Funny as it is, it has a great morality. It shows that crime is unprofitable; this man is frustrated by it. It contains no sex, and less violence than a Western."

Monsieur Verdoux was the 15th feature to be shot on the Chaplin lot (first: A Dog's Life). For long periods in recent years the neat studio, a collection of low brick buildings and bungalows in the heart of Hollywood, has been shuttered. The lengthiest intervals occurred between City Lights, Chaplin's first film with sound and synchronized music (1931); Modern Times, with songs in "gibberish" (1936); The Great Dictator, with some dialogue (1940) and Verdoux, a full-fledged talkie, which he finally sent before the cameras last summer.

He had worked nearly three years on the script, of which he wrote "every word." And since a Chaplin film is almost literally a one-man show, he is also the self-accredited producer, director (codirectors: Wheeler Dryden and Robert Florey), star and composer. This, he appends wryly, besides running the studio and paying all the bills.

In this scene, M. Verdoux woos a wealthy widow (Margaret Hoffman)

A new Chaplin "find," Marilyn Nash, plays a waif befriended by Verdoux

The production bill on Verdoux came to above $1,500,000—which is, however, below par for an "A" budget nowadays. The picture was finished in 12 weeks, with no retakes—a rarity—and only a couple of Johnston-office dialogue revisions. During these three months the project remained, by Hollywood's ballyhooey standards, a deep, dark secret; there was no publicity and, part of the time, no publicity department. Martha Raye, cast as the most rambunctious of M. Verdoux's wives, was sworn to silence. So were the other players, including Mady Correll, his "true" wife, Isobel Elsom, Marjorie Bennett, Charlie's new find, Marilyn Nash, and the working crew.

Secrecy Always His Policy

It is doubtful that Chaplin was trying to stir up an atmosphere of conspiratorial mystery, or even that he was hiding from the blinding limelight thrown upon him during the just-closed Joan Berry paternity case. He has always operated behind closed doors, on the theory that the chitchat incidental to production is not only a nuisance, but that it is of no value at the box office.

In Hollywood, however, such unorthodox shunning of public attention is regarded as madness or worse. Most of the columnists loftily chose to ignore the whole affair, although one intrepid correspondent is said to have gone to the trouble of donning workman's disguise in order to crash the gates. He was, the story goes, summarily ejected.

Newcomer Marilyn Nash, who is identified in the cast simply as "the girl," is a willowy, hazel-eyed ash-blonde, 20. The man who discovered Edna Purviance, Virginia Cherrill and

SHARLAND

Chaplin spends much of his leisure at home. Here he improvises at the piano

Paulette Goddard acknowledges that credit for this find should be shared with his present wife. Marilyn moved into their ken when she and a companion asked permission to use the Chaplin tennis court. Incidentally, she later married Philip Yordan, playwright (Anna Lucasta) and scenarist, whom she met on the Chaplin lot. Charlie is determined she shall get "the right kind of publicity"—no Sunday-supplement splashes in a swim suit, with one knee under her chin, or on billboards with a bottled soft drink in her dainty hands.

"It's an impertinence on the part of publicists to try to put over a novice before she's done anything," says Charlie. "And the stuff they give out is always the same: 'She's a wonderful girl—very kind to dumb animals—loves her parents—always generous with the stage hands at Christmas!' All stars become Ladies Bountiful in Hollywood. When it was first said—very touching. Now"—a glance heavenward—"if an actress *isn't* that way (never mind whether she can act or not!) she might just as well leave town."

Charlie admitted he is still feeling his way into the sound medium. His métier, he said, is pantomime; he will not take off his hat to anybody in that line. He loves the little tramp, so debonair in a hostile world, who made folks everywhere laugh and cry for more than 30 years. But he likes dealing with sound, which he asserts has its own elements of poetry, in comedy as well as drama.

"The ideal talkie has not been made yet," he declared; "it won't be until we discover the *limitations* of sound. We can't say the formula is less talk and more action, or more talk and less action, or anything else. It depends on what the subject matter calls for."

Although not a recluse, Chaplin spends much of his leisure in his Beverly hilltop home with Wife Number Four, thin-faced ascetic Oona O'Neill and their two children—Geraldine, nearly 3, and Michael John, 1. There he plays tennis, swims, sketches, improvises on the piano and ponders his next masterpiece. He neither throws nor attends many parties, and his roster of intimates is limited.

Later this year he plans to take his present family to his native England—a first home-coming since before the blitz—the Continent, and perhaps North Africa. But he has two scripts half completed, and eventually they will bring him back to the land which long ago adopted him, but which he has never adopted.

A Man of Contradictions

This is just one more anomaly in a man who is himself an anomaly, a living paradox. An articulate defender of leftist causes, he nevertheless decries any centralization of power that would usurp the rights of the individual. He has a reputation for being parsimonious, even stingy—yet no tried-and-true member of the Chaplin "stock company" over the years, whether actor or technician, has felt the pinch of want, either between pictures or after retirement. For years at a stretch he dodges the inquiring reporter, pulling a Houdini at every turn; but once a new picture is in the can, he consents to an interview with all the graciousness of a king granting audience to a visiting emissary.

Blue-eyed, white-haired Charles Spencer Chaplin is a man of rare personal charm, magnetism and wit, as even his detractors—and they are many—have conceded. He turns on all three full force as M. Verdoux.★★★

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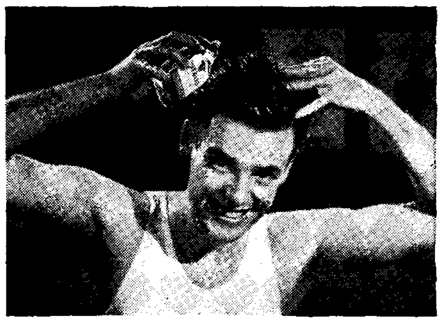

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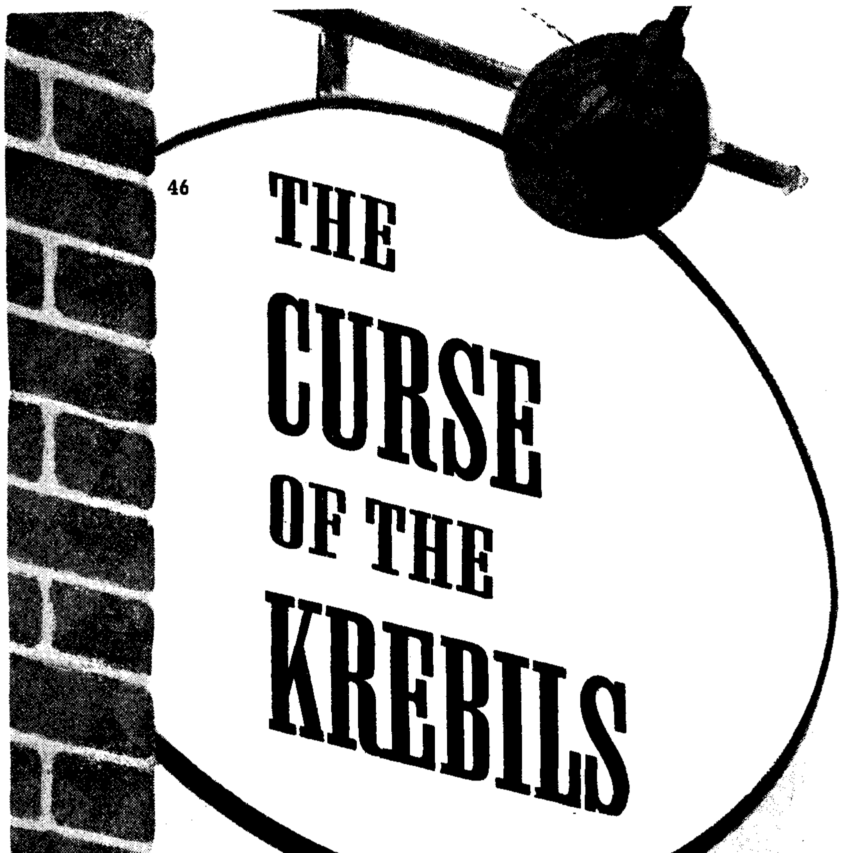


THE CURSE OF THE KREBILS

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Even if Thomas Edison Krebil was entitled to misgivings about his natural impulses, he should have had more faith in the girl

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH THOMPSON

EVERYBODY said it wouldn't last. It was a phase, they said. He wouldn't stick to it. After all, he was a Krebil. But as time went on, Thomas Edison Krebil not only stuck to the farm but put Dwight Williamson in the shade. And that took some doing. Well, people began saying, as the first year stretched into the second, maybe he favors his mother's side.

He was buying the farm from Dwight Williamson, and he was engaged to Dwight's daughter, Teressa. Dwight Williamson had long been famed as the hardest-working man in the county. But when Dwight got up at five o'clock, Thomas Edison Krebil was out at four. If the setting sun caught Dwight with only half the work done he'd planned for the day, Krebil always had something ahead he could do under artificial light. And if Krebil had an hour before bedtime he'd study a farm magazine or drop over to the Williamsons' to discuss farming with Dwight and Teressa. Dwight was pretty proud of his future son-in-law.

But people remembered Thomas Edison Krebil's father. And when the boy's Uncle Harry Krebil from Los Angeles dropped by, promoting a gadget to locate gold mines by atomic energy, people said, "Well, now, we'll see." But Uncle Harry went his way, and Thomas Edison Krebil kept right on farming. After that, even his aunts and uncles from his mother's side began saying, "Well, maybe it missed a generation; maybe the war did it; thank goodness, it isn't cropping out in Tommy."

And then one day Thomas Edison Krebil butchered a hog. Next morning he drove into the city with it, and Teressa went along for the ride. Coming back, they took the state highway instead of the shorter route along the county road out through Burton Corners. It was a lovely day, Teressa was a lovely girl, and her company for an extra eight miles outweighed the amount of work Krebil might have done by getting back sooner.

On so small a thing can hinge a man's fate.

"You know," Teressa said idly as they drove along, "we might have stayed in town and taken in a show."

"Which show?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just a show. It's been so long."

"That's an idea," he said. "I'll finish up by eight tonight and we can catch the second show."

"No. You need your sleep, Tom. It was just an idea."

Just then they came to the bombers. The bombers were lined up in a field, eight rows of them. Nailed to a post near by was a sign, "Atlas Wrecking Company. We Wreck Anything."

Krebil stopped the car. "Say, look at that."

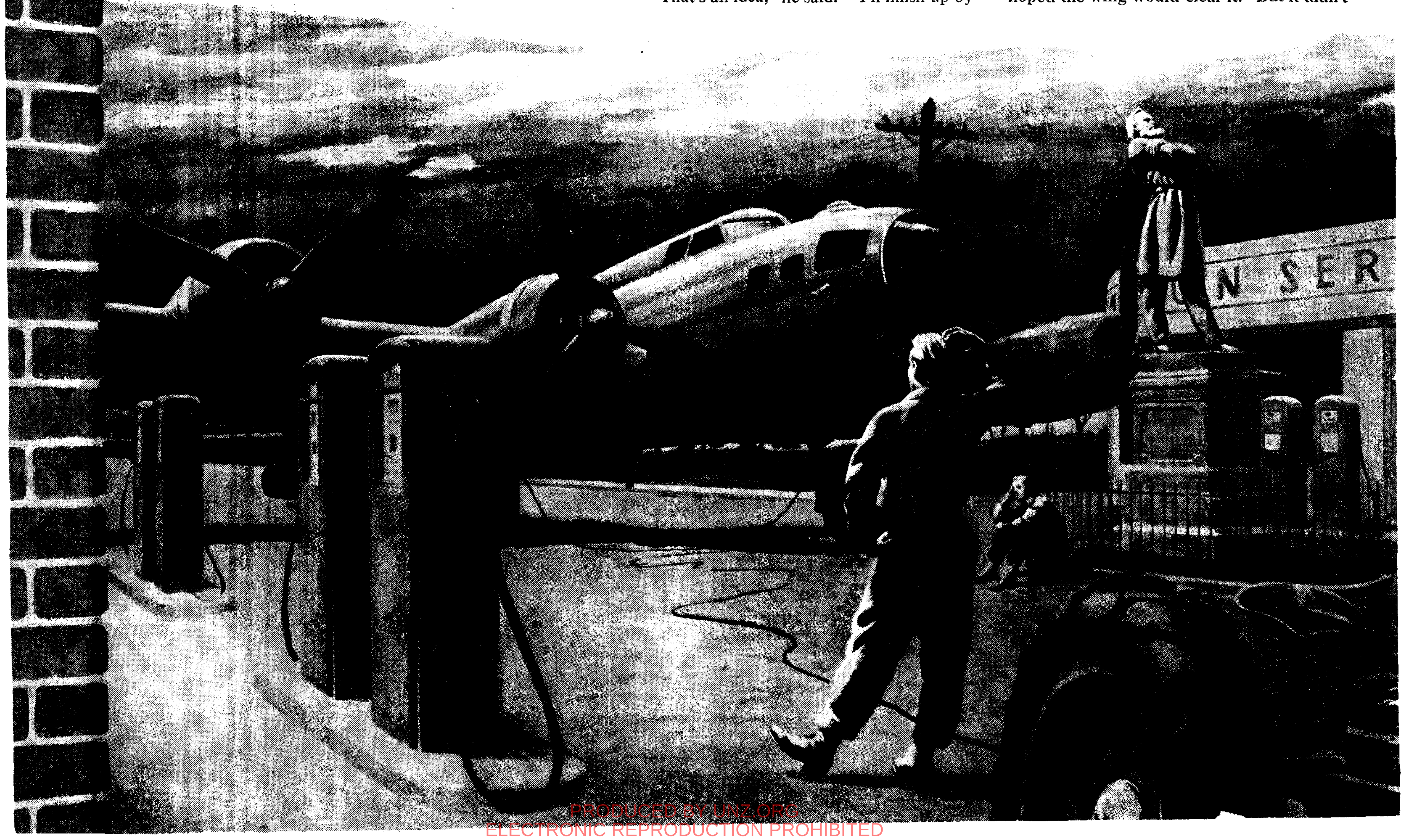
"Remember how they used to circle over England getting altitude?" Teressa said. "Then they'd start over the Channel, squadron after squadron, in a line a hundred miles long or so." She sighed. "Saucepans."

"Let's take a look." They went inside, passing a crew of men who were feeding chunks of a gutted bomber into the jaws of a huge shears, and tossing what remained into the maw of a machine which crunched everything into a square bale. As they walked slowly among the rows of bombers waiting for the gutting and the torch and the shears and the baler, Teressa felt for Krebil's hand. On the noses of the old planes were the proud names and the pictures and the records which once had been important to fliers and ground crews and people back home. Little painted bombs for missions, swastikas for Nazi fighters shot down in combat. Most of the planes had neat patches covering flak and bullet holes.

"These babies are all from the ETO," Krebil said. Reading the markings, he began calling off the old squadrons and groups. And then he stopped and his hand tightened over Teressa's until she winced.

"Daisy," Teressa said. "It's Daisy. Remember the colonel when he found out you'd smuggled me aboard for that mission to Berlin?"

"Daisy," Krebil said. They walked up to the old bomber slowly. Krebil reached up with his free hand and touched the aluminum hide. On her nose was a picture of an undressed blonde with amazing curves. The name, Daisy II, was under the blonde, and above her were three rows of tiny painted



Except for a few tight squeezes they reached the Corners without incident. Then they saw the statue in the center of the road. Krebil hoped the wing would clear it. But it didn't

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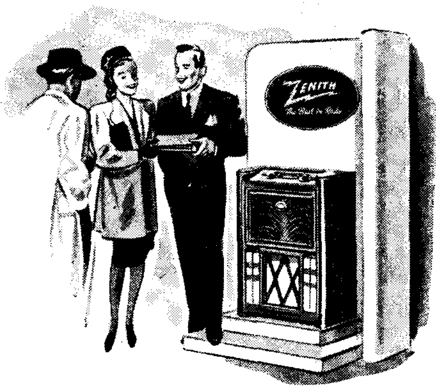

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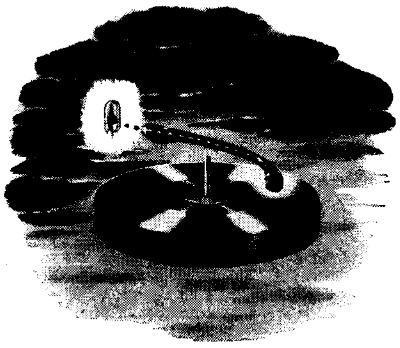

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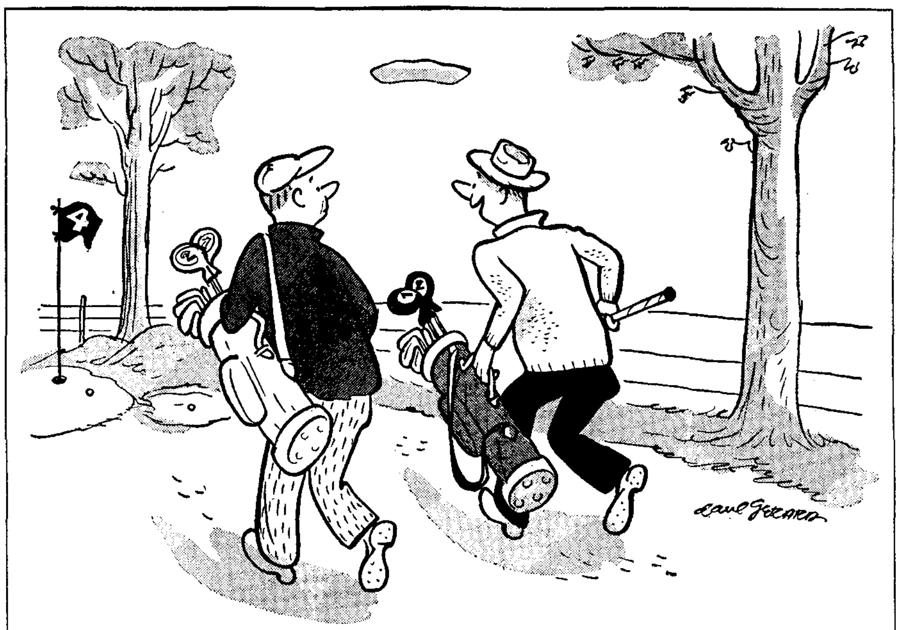


"The reason I'm doin' so good this spring—just before I hit it I imagine there's a lamp, a table and a couch to shoot over!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

bombs—a hundred and four of them—and eight swastikas.

"Daisy," Krebil said again. "I'll be doggoned."

A wiry individual with a mop of hair that could give him but one nickname appeared around the tail of a bomber. "Looking for something?"

"Just leaving," said Krebil.

"This is his old ship," Teressa said. "He was Daisy's crew chief, in the ETO."

"Eighth, huh?" Red said. "Me, I was in the Ninth. Mediums." He surveyed Daisy appraisingly. "Lot of good metal in one of these big birds. They made 'em right, Mac. A lot of good metal."

"Let's go," Krebil said, and spoke no more until he stopped to let Teressa out at her place. Then he said, "A lot of good metal," and drove away.

THE following Saturday morning Thomas Edison Krebil drove to the wrecking yard. The crew wasn't working, but Red was there.

"What do you want for one of these ships?"

Red squatted on his heels and drew a design in the dust with his forefinger. Then he cocked an eye upward. "Look, Mac, I know how it is. But it's progress and the war's over. Let it ride, huh?"

"I just asked you a question, Mac."

"Okay. Don't get in an uproar." Red jerked a thumb at a shack in one corner of the field. "The Old Man's in there. I only work here. I'm just here to insult the customers. Don't act too anxious. Tell him you want Daisy for a chicken coop."

A few minutes later Thomas Edison Krebil had paid, as a deposit, the money he'd got from the hog. That afternoon he dropped in to see Teressa's father. "Wonder if I could borrow your big truck to haul my tractor into town? Broke down."

Dwight Williamson began swearing. He had an extensive vocabulary, climaxed by the epithet "trashy," which to Dwight Williamson was the worst thing you could call a man. He applied the word, and others, to Kurt Wheeler, who during the war had run the place Krebil was buying.

"I don't think it's Kurt's fault the tractor broke down," Krebil said. "I've used it quite a spell."

"If he didn't ruin it," Williamson said, "it's the only thing he didn't. Sure, take the truck."

Krebil hauled the tractor to the wrecking yard, where the Old Man looked at it, tried it out, and said, "Good shape."

And Krebil owned Daisy.

He hadn't, technically, owned the tractor. It had come with the farm, and he didn't yet have title to the farm. But it was a thought that could be shoved away, and Krebil did know his father would have done exactly the same thing.

Once upon a time Krebil's father had had a farm, before he sold it to finance the Krebil Hydraulic Window Opener, which was a marvelous device for opening a window at the press of a button, if a person wanted to spend $387.50 per window rather than use brute strength, which few seemed to at the time. Then there had been the canyon lodge, which was a good thing before it was poured into the maw of the Mexican gold mines. After that came the Krebil Automatic Window Washer, the Krebil Salt Company, the Krebil One-Cycle Combustion Engine, the hotel, the publishing company, and, finally, the Krebil Rocket Powered Automobile, whose explosion had orphaned Thomas Edison Krebil at a tender age.

Thomas Edison Krebil grew up with aunts and uncles on his mother's side. "Poor Mattie," they said sadly of his mother, "she never knew when she put her weary head on a pillow at night if he wouldn't have sold it out from under her by the next." And in discussing the child, they said, "He's got that Krebil look about the eyes. Poor boy." When his Uncle Harry paid a visit, the boy was chaperoned every instant until Uncle Harry was gone.

He grew up with a grim determination to "turn out right," if only to prove the aunts and uncles on his mother's side, whom he detested, wrong. But occasionally a latent impulse rose strong in him and he was helpless. One time he'd spent two glorious months at the age of thirteen (he was big for his age) beating his way about the country and living in hobo jungles. He'd stretched his age a year to enlist in the Army.

Between impulses, Krebil did sane and solid things. A crew chief was a safe, responsible job. Only then he wanted to fly a mission, just one, to get it out of his system. So he wangled his way into gunnery school and flew the mission. But always he seemed to get the impulse again about the time the big birds were up to something new, and he came out of the war with the Air Medal with one cluster, as well as the Bronze Star Medal awarded because Daisy went eighty-three missions without an abort.

While overseas he'd felt that the thing to do was give free rein to the Krebil curse. Let it burn; burn it out. He'd been going through that stage when he ran into Teressa, who was a corporal in USSTAF headquarters at Widewing. They'd had a lot of fun together and done crazy things together, for Thomas Edison Krebil was known as one of the big-time operators of the Air Force. They both knew it was only a phase, born of that strange impermanence of war. When they got back, of course, things were different. The war was over. The interlude was over. He was ready to hit the ball.

He'd talked things over with Teressa's father when he got back. "Getting married up is a mighty serious step," Dwight Williamson had said. "Me, I wouldn't ask a girl to share my life without I was pretty sure she wouldn't be sorry of her bargain." And, more pointedly: "What a woman has got to have is security. That's the way she's built. She wants somebody she can depend on. You've been away the time you've been growing up. Why don't you wait a while and see if you *want* to settle down?"

So Krebil had begun buying the farm and proving he was the hardest worker and best farmer in the country. Dwight had made a good proposition to a young fellow wanting to get started. A good proposition for a steady, hard-working fellow. And Krebil had come through with flying colors, until he saw Daisy.

WITH the fiction that he was helping work on the tractor, Krebil spent his Saturdays with Daisy. First he washed her all over, and then he began getting her in shape. It was a big job, because Daisy hadn't been getting the loving care an airplane needs. Between insulting customers, Red sometimes lent a hand; he was very useful for scrounging parts from the other planes.

One Saturday afternoon Krebil borrowed some jeep cans, got fifty gallons of gasoline from a service station, and started up the four great engines. He let them warm up, and then he gunned them. Daisy strained shudderingly against the wheel chocks in her eagerness to get up where she belonged.

"She's ticking like a watch," Krebil said, when he climbed out through the bomb bay.

Red nodded. "She's ready."

Their eyes met briefly. Neither man mentioned the obvious: Daisy was ready for what? . . .

Thomas Edison Krebil had two thousand chickens, nine cows, four hogs, eighteen acres of fruit trees and three acres of raspberries. There was more than enough for one man to do on the place without spending Saturdays with Daisy. Nobody knew this better than Thomas Edison Krebil, nor that his story of extensive repairs on the tractor grew thinner week by week. He stopped dropping in at the Williamsons' of an evening.

Teressa appeared one afternoon while Krebil was cleaning his chicken coop. At sight of her his heart seemed both to leap into his throat and to sink like a lead ball in his stomach; maybe two organs were involved in the reaction.

"The mailman put this in our box by mistake. I thought maybe it was important." She gave him a letter which he knew and she knew from the return address contained a book of chances on a camera to sell to your friends.

"Thanks."

"Haven't seen much of you lately, Tom," she said, coming around to the real reason for the visit.

"Been pretty busy. Spending Saturdays on that tractor throws me behind."

"Tom, you can't work all the time. Even Dad relaxes after dark. There are other things in life. You could at least spare an evening now and then for—well, for relaxing. Mom wants you for supper tonight, and we won't take any excuses. The apple pie's in the oven now."

"But I'm—awfully far behind."

"You could at least spare an hour for me once in a while!" Teressa snapped. Then she kissed him and said, "Tommy, how do you think I feel, you trying to kill yourself on my account? You don't have to prove anything to me. I know you better than you know yourself. Why don't we get married right away? I could at least tend the chickens for you. With two of us on the place we wouldn't have to kill ourselves. We might even have some time to have a little fun, like we used to."

"I sort of made an agreement with your dad."

Teressa sighed. "That's one thing about you—never any halfway measures. We'll see you at supper, then."

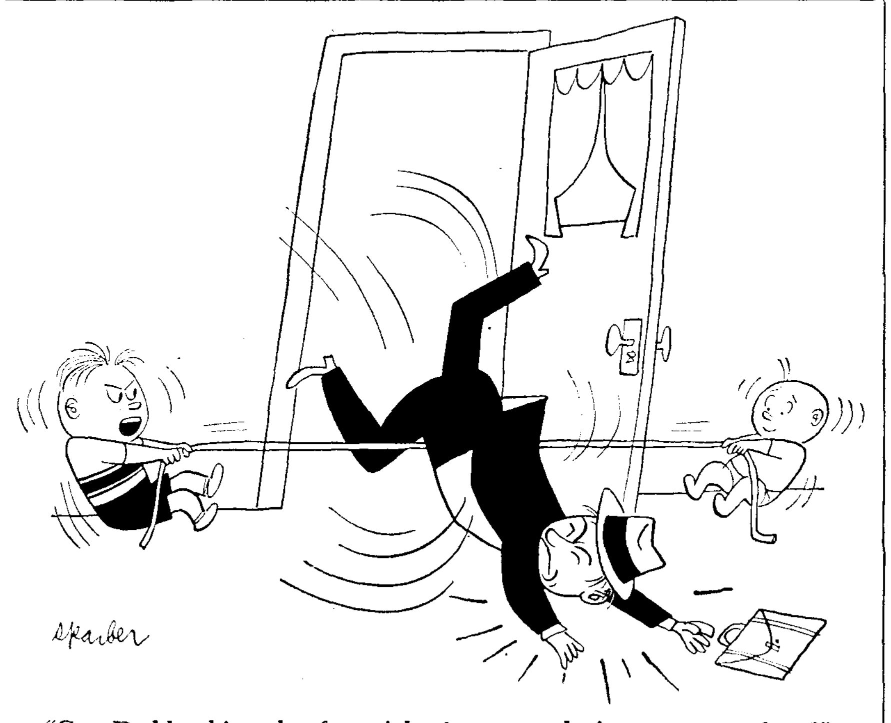
Watching her walk gracefully down the lane, Krebil held his head in misery. He'd had his chance. . . .

"Tom," Dwight Williamson said after supper, while Teressa and her mother were doing the dishes, "what's the deal on that tractor?"

"Well, we're—waiting on a part."

"I ain't said nothing because I wanted to see how you took it. You got a right to be plenty sore. I told you the equipment was in good shape when you took over. But you never beefed about the tractor busting down. I like that in a man. Make a bargain and stick to it. But I'll tell you what. I'll go in with you

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



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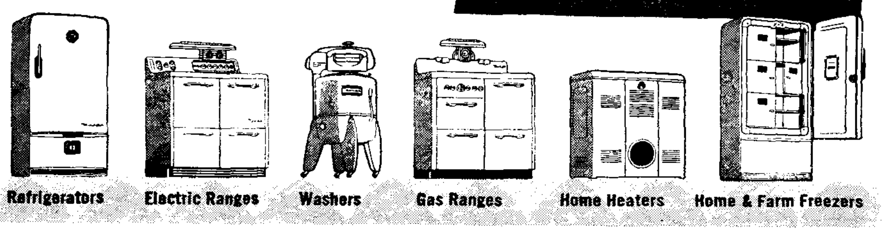

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Saturday and we'll find out about that tractor."

"I—the part was supposed to come this week," Krebil said desperately. "I guess I'll bring it home Saturday."

Dwight grinned. "What I meant, I'll go in and have the tractor appraised and make a dicker on a new one. Won't cost you another dime on the price of the place."

"But I couldn't let you do that! That wouldn't be right. We made an agreement and I don't want any favors."

Dwight chuckled. "Good boy. Have it your own way. I won't force nothing on you. But," he added, confidentially, "when the time comes I guess there's no law against a man giving his daughter what he wants to for a wedding present."

That did it. Krebil knew he couldn't betray the trust of such people. He'd go in Saturday and get rid of Daisy. He was used to watching planes being chopped up, anyhow. What was the difference, one plane from another? Sell her for junk, take his loss, buy a tractor, and hope the Krebil curse would henceforth leave him alone. A lesson to him.

Dwight Williamson came over next morning. "Phone call for you, Tom," he said quietly.

Dwight hesitated. Krebil said, "Who was it?"

"The Atlas Wrecking Company. They said to come and get your airplane."

Dwight turned on his heel and walked away. His hands were clenched tight. At the foot of the lane he stopped and turned. His calmness exploded in a yell. "And when you've got it, I'd like a word with you!"

When Krebil reached the wrecking yard a crew of men were clearing it off, loading everything into trucks. Daisy was the only plane remaining.

"Taking everything back to the old yard," Red said. "Just took this field for space. What do you want done with Daisy?"

"I'll take her home. It won't matter, now."

"Look, I know how you feel, but just what the hell can a man *do* with a bomber?"

"Might make a chicken coop," Krebil suggested.

"You want us to take it off your hands, I'll see the Old Man. Get a crew on it, we could whack her up today into hunks small enough to truck away."

"I'll take her home."

"Then get on your bicycle. This place costs us ten bucks a day."

Krebil drove to the Williamson place. Teressa came out as he pulled into the lane. "Did you get rid of her?" she asked.

"I'm bringing her home."

"Dad's fit to be tied. He got the whole story on the phone. He knows about the tractor."

"I figured he did," Krebil said miserably. "What I came about, I wondered if I could borrow his tractor to get her home."

"Don't ask him. Just take it. He's out in the orchard, cussing."

THAT night Daisy moved out of the wrecking yard with Thomas Edison Krebil in the pilot's seat and Red on the tractor with a tow line. Krebil had the necessary permit to move one bomber a distance of eighteen and three-tenths miles along the county road between the hours of midnight and dawn.

The first fourteen miles were without incident, except for a couple of tight squeezes with electric poles, an impasse at a *roadside fruit stand (which* was solved by dragging the stand aside temporarily with the tractor), and some palaver with a suspicious patrol cop in a police car. But then came Burton Corners. *Burton Corners had a* service station on each side of the road and squarely in the center of the road a statue of Burton himself. Krebil had hoped the wing tip would clear Burton. It didn't.

"Well?" Red asked, eying Burton and the tow rope speculatively.

"I guess we'd better not," Krebil decided. "Maybe we could cut the fences and go around through the fields."

"What about the railroad embankment?"

"That's right. Well, that leaves the state highway."

"That permit says to keep off the state highway, except the stretch from the lot to the county road."

"It can be changed," Krebil said.

"Brother," said Red, "how did you come out of the war only a master sergeant?"

By the time they reached the state highway it was very late, and there was no traffic. They moved along swimmingly, the tractor chugging ahead and the bomber rolling behind, until they came to the railroad overpass. Red stepped off the width of the opening and then the width of the wings. "Nope," he reported.

"Oh, hell," Krebil said.

"You better park this thing in some field and let the crew come out tomorrow and chop it up."

Thomas Edison Krebil considered. "We passed that all-night gas station couple miles back."

"Ever play poker?"

"Sure."

"Brother, how I'd love to get you in a game. You're one of those pigeons who never knows when it's time to throw in a bad hand."

The attendant of the gas station seemed surprised when a bomber pulled up before the place and the pilot called down, "How about a little gas, Mac?"

But business was business. "Sure thing," the attendant said.

"How much you got?"

"Dunno. Couple hundred gallons, maybe. Why?"

"I'll take it," Krebil said.

"No, you won't."

"You're here to sell gas, ain't you?"

"Sure, I am, but people depend on me being open all night. Ain't five o'clock yet. My best business is between five and six. I sell it all to you and what about my regular customers? Chances are I'll *never* see that airplane again."

"You got something there, Mac," Red said.

Krebil said, "It's the law if you've got gasoline for sale you've got to sell it."

"Okay, sue me."

"How much will you let me have?"

"Maybe it'll run me short, but how about a hundred gallons?"

"It'll have to do."

The gasoline was poured in the wing tanks with a bucket.

"Check the oil?" the attendant asked.

"No, that's all."

"That'll be twenty-three dollars and a half. Make it even twenty-three for volume purchase."

After a silence Red said, "He said it would be twenty-three dollars."

"We'll leave the tractor here for security."

"But you've got to get that airplane away from here," the attendant said.

"We'll get it away."

A POLICE car pulled in. It contained the suspicious cop. "I thought you went out the county road?"

"Changed my mind," Krebil replied.

"Well, get moving!" the cop ordered. "We don't want this thing balling up the morning traffic."

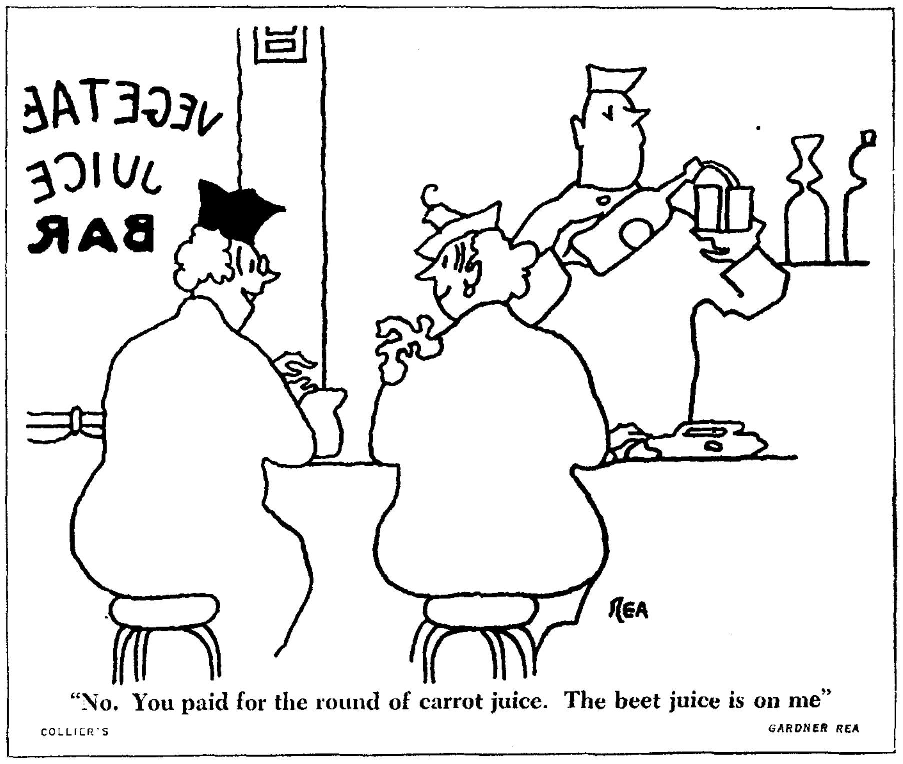
"Okay. I'll be off in practically no time."

The suspicious cop drove away. Teressa drove up in her father's car. "I've been watching for you, and then I remembered Burton Corners. What are you going to do?"

"We're taking it along the highway."

"What about the overpass?" Teressa asked.

"I'll take her over the overpass."



"No. You paid for the round of carrot juice. The beet juice is on me"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Tom!"

"What?" the attendant said.

Krebil said, "It's a straight stretch of road on both sides."

The attendant hurried inside the station.

"Tom, can you fly this thing?" Teressa asked.

Krebil shrugged. "Asking a crew chief if he can handle his plane."

Red pointed through the station window at the attendant. "That guy's phoning. If you're going to, you'd better do it now."

"Drive down to the overpass," Krebil said. "Give me the high sign if the road's clear. Take your flashlight, Red."

"Okay."

"Tom, you'll break your fool neck."

"You better hurry, lady," Red advised. "That guy's not phoning his girl friend."

Krebil started the engines, swung the plane around, and waited. When he saw the flashlight waving from the overpass he began taxiing down the highway. As he reached the straight stretch to the overpass the flashlight waved more violently. He gave the engines the coal and the plane surged forward. Daisy was an airplane, surplus or no. The flashlight was waving wildly. He was reaching fly-

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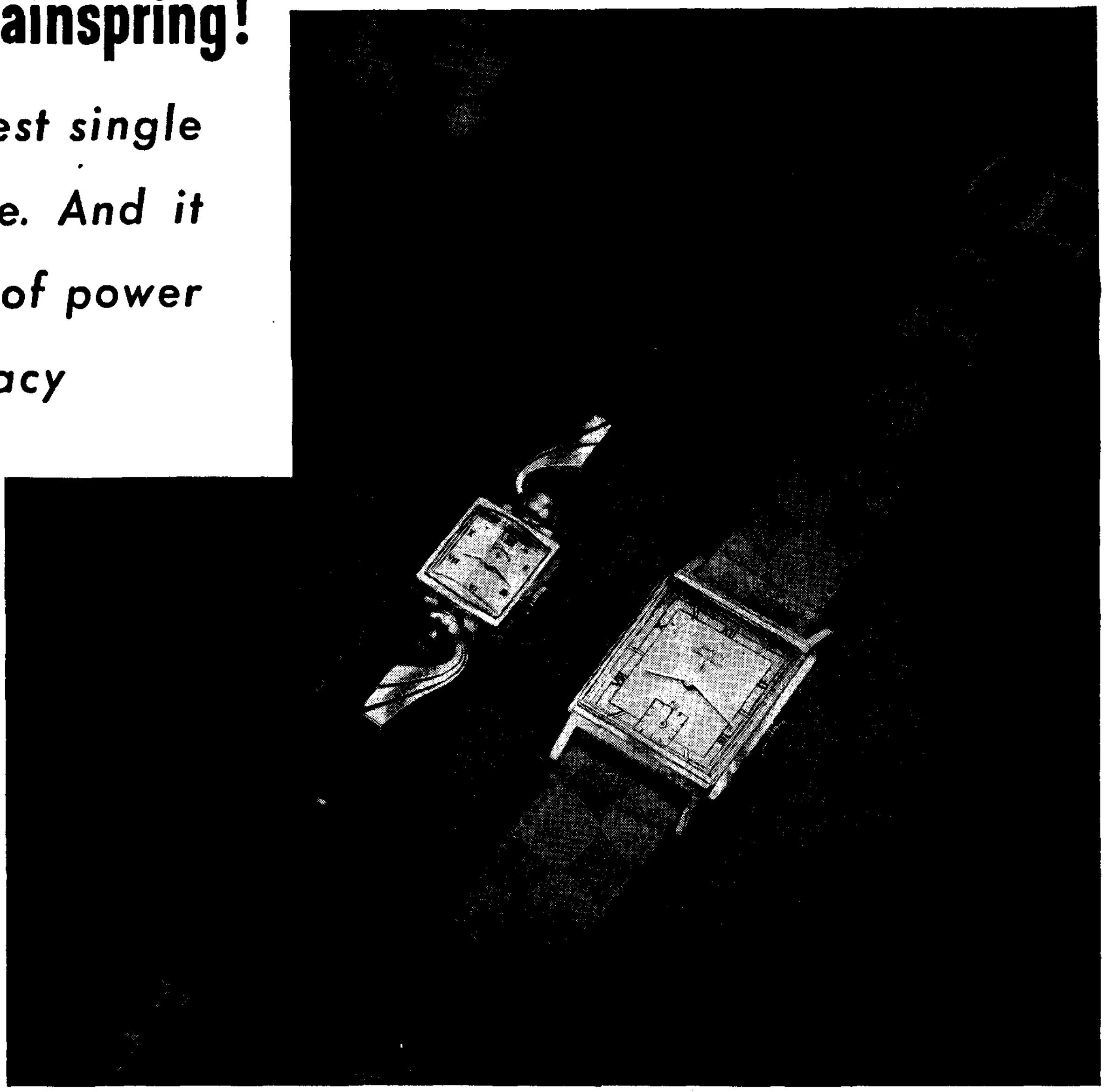

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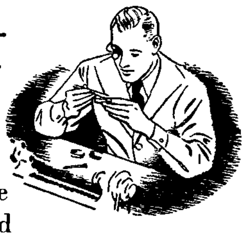

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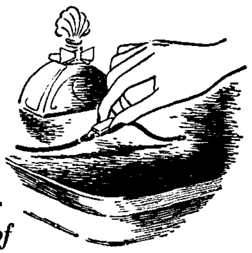

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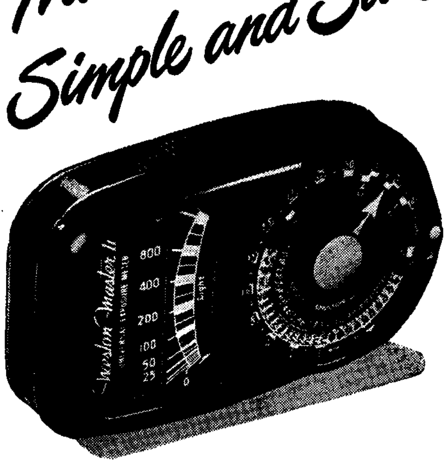

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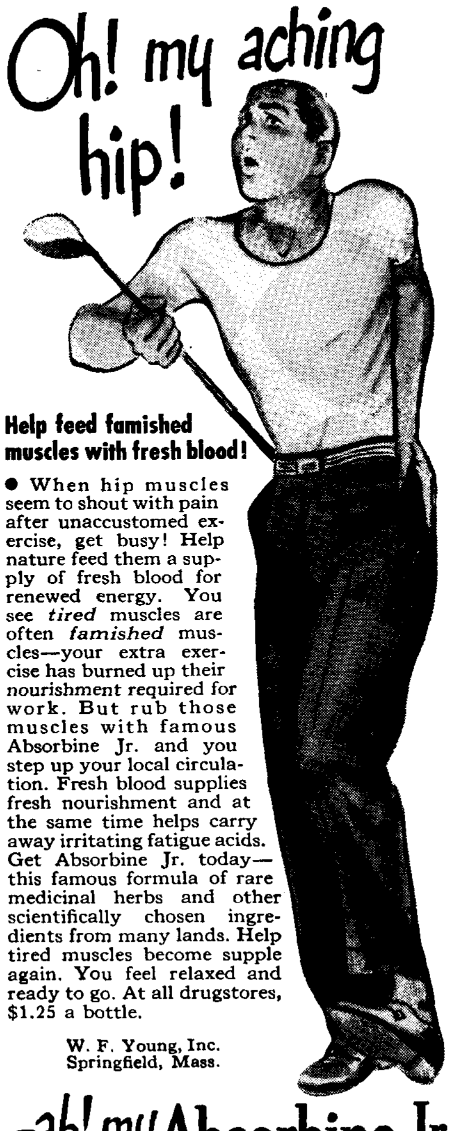

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ing speed when he understood why. Through the overpass he saw the headlights of a car approaching from the other direction. Above the white lights was a red one that blinked. It was, no doubt, the suspicious cop. There is no changing your mind on a take-off; Krebil took off. And then as he rose above the overpass he saw that the suspicious cop was doing his duty as he saw it. He'd stopped his car right in the middle of the straight stretch of highway beyond the overpass. Beside the car his flashlight made angry motions.

Krebil got some altitude, circled, and came back. The suspicious cop not only was still there but he'd stopped a truck to make doubly sure no planes were landing on his highway.

Krebil's earphones crackled. "Hello, bomber. B-17 bomber. Hello, bomber. Come in, please. Come in, please."

"Okay, Mac," Krebil growled. "Leave me alone, will you? I got enough on my mind."

"Hello, bomber. Do not attempt to land on highway. Do not attempt to land on highway. Bring your plane to Hamilton Field. Bring your plane to Hamilton Field."

"Hamilton Field? I ain't got the gasoline. Anyhow, all I'm trying to do is get home with this boxcar."

"Do not attempt to land on highway. Do not attempt to land on highway," the impersonal voice droned. Then it added, "Say, Mac, just what the hell do you think you're doing, anyhow?"

KREBIL shut off the radio. He circled the overpass again. Cars were lined up on both sides of it. Headlights were streaming along the highway from both directions and pouring in from side roads. The news was out, and the amazing American public was demonstrating, as only it can, that there is no hour of the twenty-four when it can be caught napping.

Krebil circled the fields, trying to make out the black terrain below. The ribbon of the highway was visible at night, but not the fences of the fields. Which were soft, which were firm? That hundred gallons of gas wasn't much of a drink for these four great engines.

And he thought, well, what have I got ahead, anyhow? Take her high, crash her into the ground. Daisy deserved something better than to be chopped up for saucepans. A hero's death. Killed in action. And then he felt foolish. That was okay for Daisy, but it made him out a chump. Daisy was a thing of metal, a machine made for a job. The job was over and the machine was useless for anything but reconverting to the machines of peace. Her job was over and the war was over, and just what was he doing up in this airplane? It was the ridiculous climax to a ridiculous impulse.

But feeling silly didn't get him down on that ground.

Then he saw the fire on the benchland, and headed that way. He passed over the fire and recognized Dwight Williamson's pasture. The haystack in the middle of the pasture was burning, and in the firelight Dwight, Teressa, Mrs. Williamson and Red were signaling him to come in for a landing.

He circled and brought the plane in. It smacked the earth as he misjudged the landing in the tricky light, bounced, hit an irrigation ditch, turned in a ground loop and crashed over the fence around the haystack and into the fire. Krebil began scrambling, and he was away from the plane when the tanks exploded.

He found Teressa clinging to him, crying a little and making crooning sounds. Red said, "Brother, you're lucky." Mrs. Williamson said something about coffee and hurried away, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"Teressa," her father said, "people are coming."

"Oh, Tom, you crazy fool," Teressa said, drawing away. "You might have been killed."

Krebil watched the great plane melting down in the fire, the skin and the ribs falling away incredibly into nothingness.

"There goes a lot of saucepans," he said.

Dwight Williamson tapped him on the shoulder. "I'd like a word with you, Tom."

Krebil went with him behind the barn, and Dwight said, "It was a silly thing, boy. But I know how you felt. Your old plane. All the memories you had. I know how you felt. Maybe it was a mistake. But we all make mistakes. Let's shake hands and forget it." Dwight held out his hand. "Tomorrow's a new day. You've worked too hard to let a thing like this ruin it all."

Krebil didn't take the hand. "I'm sorry, but—well, I'm through farming."

"What? You're shaken up. You'll feel better in the morning."

"There's no use kidding myself. I knew it when I was up in the air. It wasn't Daisy. Yes, she was my old ship, but she was a way out. She was good for a pat on the nose and a couple of bad hours. From then on she was escape. I knew as I circled around up there that I was so utterly sick and tired of farming I couldn't stand another day of it."

After a silence Dwight said, "What about Teressa?"

"Maybe you can explain to her better than I can. I'm pulling out. You can have the farm back. I guess my interest is worth the tractor."

"I guess there's no changing a Krebil." Dwight went toward the house, swearing softly to a climax on the word "trashy."

Krebil went around the house to where he'd left his car when he borrowed the tractor. Teressa was beside the car.

"Well, goodby," he said.

"Running away?"

"A lifetime isn't enough to live this down. Your dad's a swell egg, but he never would forget. And—well, I'm no farmer."

"I've been wondering when you'd wear out this on-the-ball farming phase. Tom, you're exactly like your father, from the stories I've heard of him. You get wound up in something and it's the only thing in life. And then you get tired of it and it's something new."

"I guess you're right. Well, goodby." He climbed into his car and started the engine. Teressa slipped into the seat beside him.

"Now wait a minute."

"Tom, are you tired of me, too?" she asked.

"You know that's one thing I'll never change on. But you can't go along. You'd never know when you put your head on a pillow if I'd sell it out from under you by the next night." He kissed her. "Goodby, Teressa." She remained in the seat. "Look, I'm no good for you. A girl wants security. She's built that way. That's one thing I could never guarantee."

"Well," she said, "there are girls and girls."

"Don't be a fool. Don't be crazy enough to hook up with a Krebil."

"A fine thing, Tom Krebil, to say about your mother. You know, Tom, whatever else, her life was never dull. Not for long. And, Tommy, dear, I don't think you ever did understand your father. With just a little luck, and except he died so young, he might have hit the jack pot and been a rich man and an example for all boys to follow. You're a chip off the old block. Maybe you'll hit the jack pot with some crazy scheme. It'll be a lot of fun trying, anyhow."

"But it's no life for you."

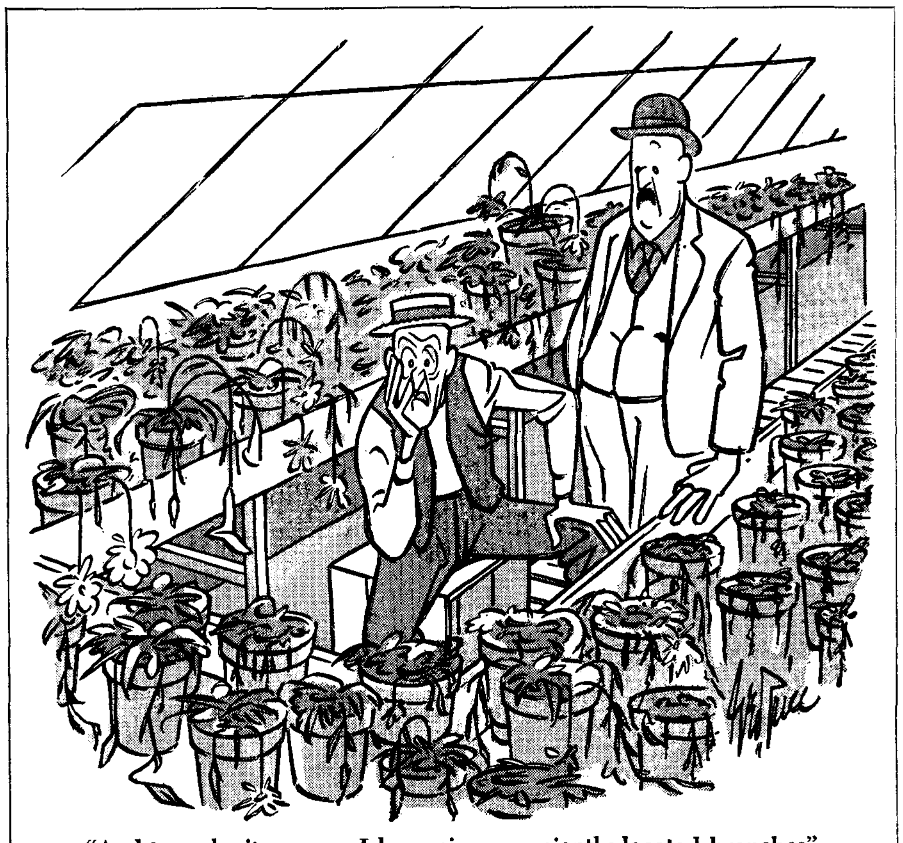
"Why do you think I joined the Wacs and went overseas? Why did I go overboard for the biggest big-time operator in the ETO? Tom, it's been a little wearing, sweating out this farming phase. But I understood it would just have to take its course."

He kissed her again, a rather long kiss, and drove away. "Say," he said after a while, "got any money?"

"Certainly, darling. Enough to get married on and keep us in chow and gasoline a few days. Until something turns up. Say, remember the time you scrounged that case of shell eggs and parlayed it into a two-week furlough for us as guests on the duke's country estate?"

"Yeah, but he wasn't a duke," Krebil said. "He was only a sir. Sir Alfred. The duke came in on that deal with the oranges. You know, I wonder whether my Uncle Harry might not have something in that atomic doodlebug for finding gold mines. Have you ever been to Los Angeles?"

THE END



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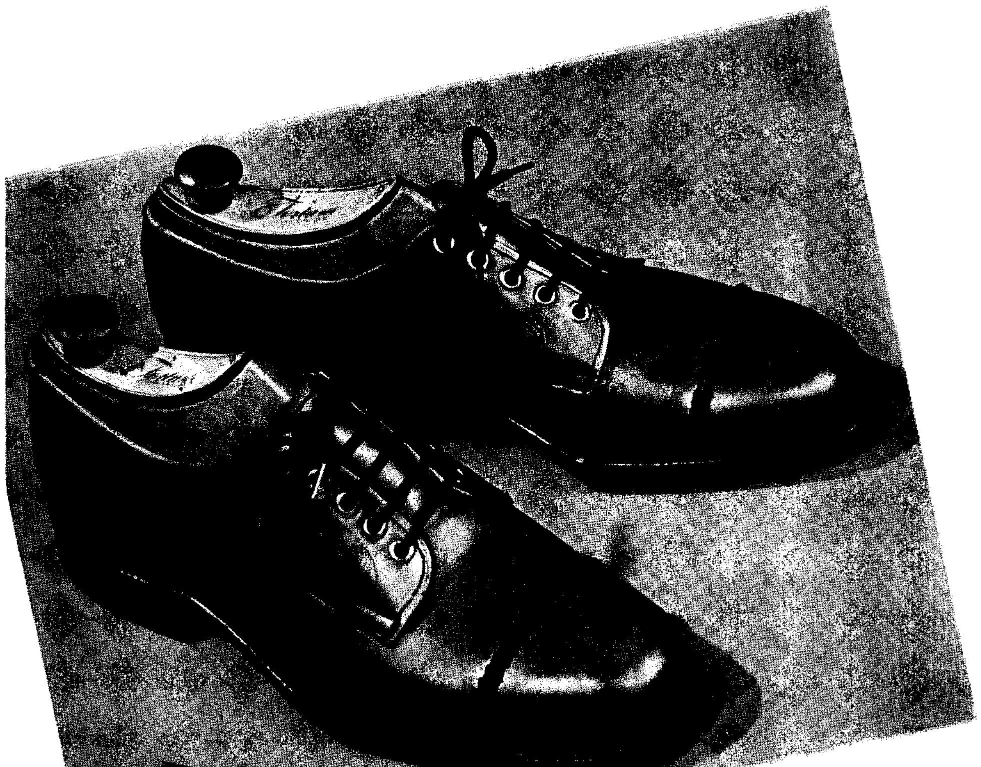

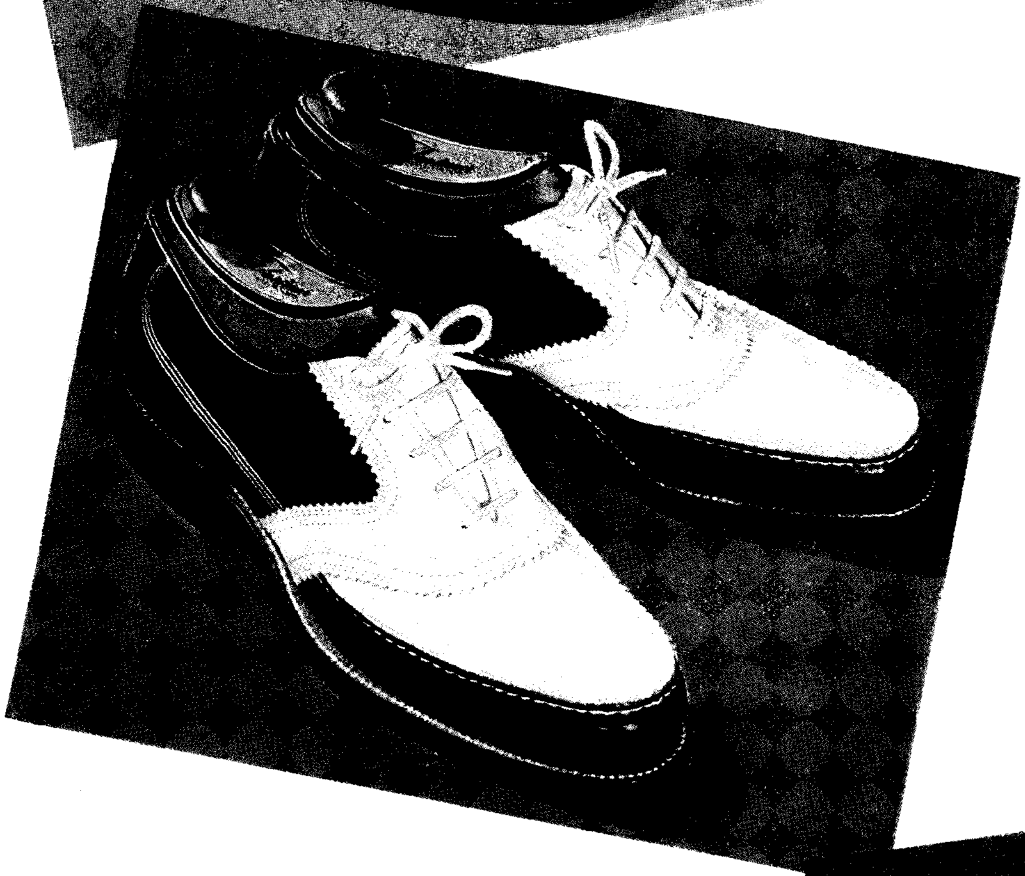

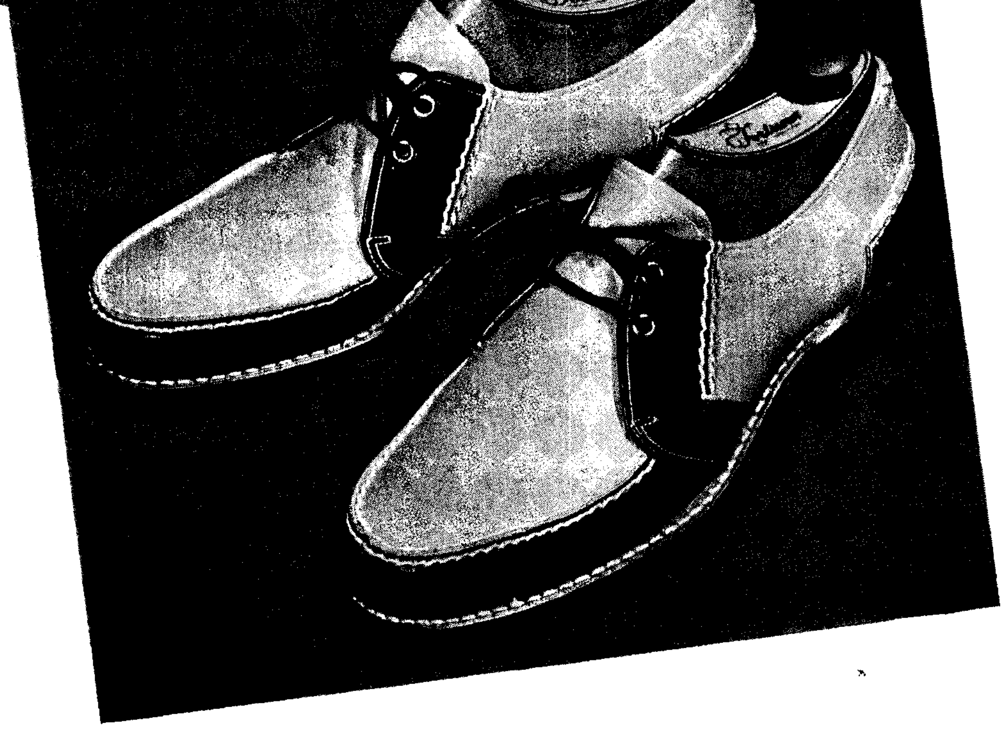

- TOP: Style 6137. Handsome, husky blucher, brass eyelets.
- CENTER: Style 6560. A smart tan and white saddle moccasin.
- BOTTOM: Style 6572. Two-tone tan, heavy-duty red rubber sole.

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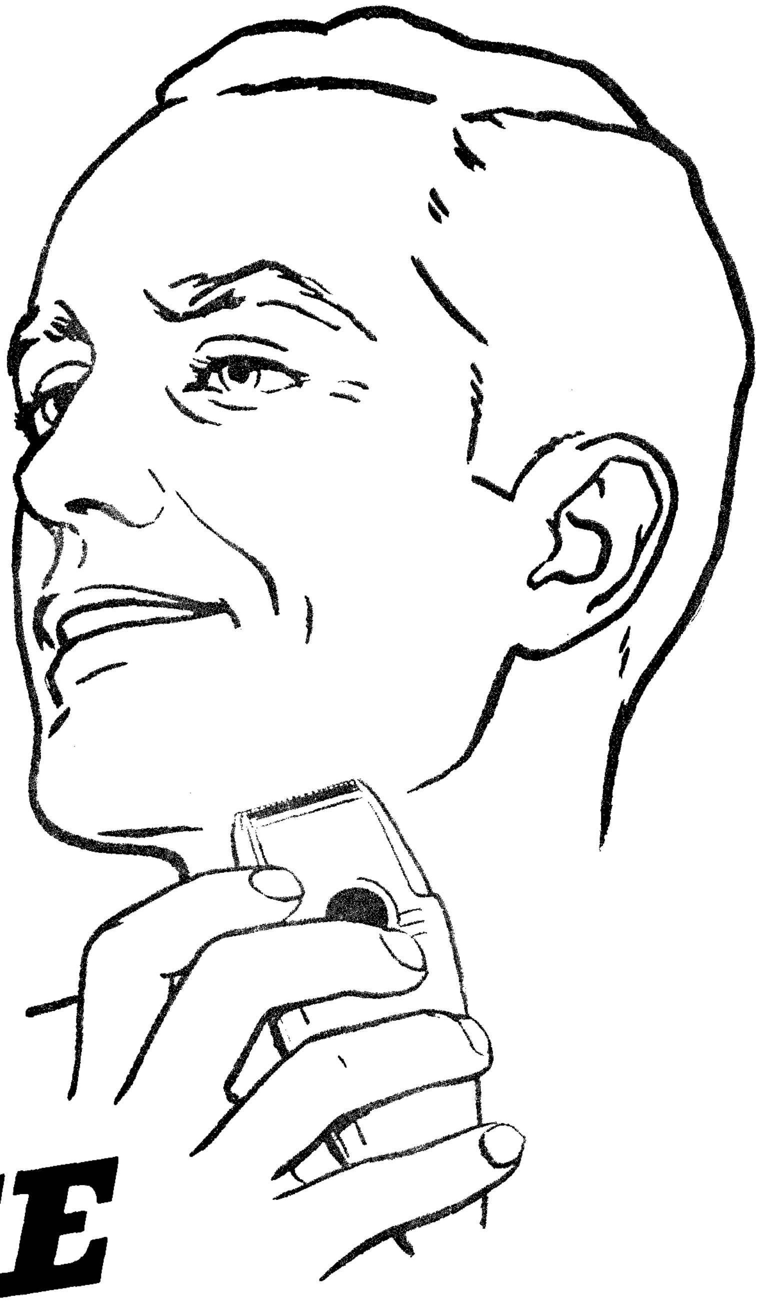
NEW SUPER SCHICK
SCHICK V-6
Schick



SHAVING'S FASTER WHEN YOUR SHAVER FITS YOUR FACE

Upstroke, downstroke, every stroke is a shaving stroke with the new Schick Super

TAKE a good look—and you'll see why this new Schick means close, quick shaves from the very first try.

This shaver *fits your face.* Its compact shaving area gets at the whiskers easily—upper lip, neck, around ears, *wherever whiskers grow.*

And wherever it goes it gives you *twice-over shaving action* from heads that shave both ways. Heads that are always on the job—never in your way.

Long hairs, short hairs, stubble—these heads get them all without nick or burn—without any "learn-how" period. Just glide a Schick Super up and down across your face—and off come the whiskers!

Easy to handle—because this shaver is so beautifully balanced. Easy to clean—because its handy Whisk-Its (which catch all beard clippings) are *permanently hinged on.*

Best of all—this Schick Super fits the sensational new Schick Shaverest, the electric wall-holder with the automatic cord roll-up. See both—and see why more men want Schick.

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THE AMAZING NEW SHAVEREST

- **Fits any Schick ever built**
- **Holds shaver safe on wall**
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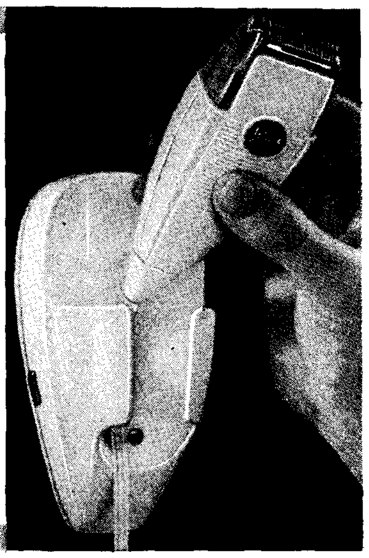

No nick • No burn • No tricks to learn

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER
AND SHAVEREST

THE HAPPY GENTLEMAN

Continued from page 38

he determined to stand by a pledge which he thought inviolate.

Although Crowninshield has been one of the busiest of men for five decades, since Vanity Fair was merged with Vogue some ten years ago his pace has increased so much that he has had to give up night clubs and theater first nights, where he was long a center of attraction. Today, as critical writer and editorial adviser to the Condé Nast Publications, publishers of Vogue, Glamour, and House and Garden—among other enterprises—he feels a measure of responsibility for three magazines, instead of one.

As the final authority on New York society his reminiscent articles—principally concerned with the Nineties—are in constant demand, and a score of publishers nag at him for his memoirs. "I'll get around to doing them in a few years," he says. Meanwhile he has been working assiduously on a two-year task, a monumental and elaborately illustrated volume entitled The Art of the World Today.

For fifty years Crowninshield has with gentlemanly tact eluded the snares of women, but his status as a bachelor was constantly threatened. He had the happy faculty of making the women he met believe he was on the border line of being in love with them, a situation which for psychological reasons women inevitably find intriguing.

On his return from frequent trips to Europe, a day or two after docking in New York, ladies he had met on shipboard would sometimes call at his office. Informed that he was out, as he often was, they settled themselves to wait among the assorted writers, actors, barefoot dancers, artists with their works piled high about them, flash-powder-stained photographers and impresarios who seemed to be fixtures among what Robert Benchley once called the "red aphrodisiac tapestries of his reception room." Observers once noted as many as three ladies from a single boat waiting for him at the same time.

Retains the Santa Claus Habit

By retaining an ascetic state of bachelorhood—probably the second most significant single factor in his success—Crowninshield incurred social obligations which, in the days before cocktail parties, he found difficult to discharge. So he gave presents on birthdays, anniversaries and at Christmas. He no longer is under obligations as of old, but the Christmas habit is with him, and his preparations for the holiday are most elaborate. For weeks his apartment is a litter of presents: Books, prints and framed reproductions of the great modernists are stacked all over the place as Crownie and an assistant endeavor piecemeal to get them wrapped and out of the way. Last Christmas he sent 120 presents and more than 1,000 cards.

During the past thirty years his Christmas cards have become collectors' items. In Paris, Glasgow, Rio de Janeiro, New Orleans—and probably even in Minsk—they are framed and hanging in the homes of writers, opera singers, actresses, dowagers, pugilists—people who are his friends. They are superb reproductions of modern French paintings and highly prized by the recipients.

Recently Crownie gave a similar but full-size reproduction of a Segonzac painting as a wedding gift to Elizabeth, daughter of Chase Banker Winthrop W Aldrich and niece of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. Almost immediately he began to hear of great excitement in the Aldrich household, and people began phoning him to murmur remarks about his munificent generosity. The Aldrich family—no amateur dabblers in art—had mistaken the reproduction for the original painting which Crowninshield once had owned.

Crowninshield is a gay spirit, tall, pink-faced with a busily wrinkled forehead and quiet, wrinkle-wreathed eyes. His head, pink too, is overlaid with thinning gray hair. A small untrimmed gray mustache parts his face pleasantly across the middle. He peers, uncomically, over half-moon reading glasses while dictating to his secretary in his six-room terraced penthouse on New York's middle East Side. Unconcerned about his clothes, but clinging to stiff collars, many women have found his elegance in white tie and tails breath-taking.

Boredom he avoids like a pox, and in doing so his friendships and interests have been so varied and enthusiastically pursued that May Wilson Preston, the illustrator, once toasted him: "Here's to Crownie—the victim of a profound, constant but ever-changing sincerity."

Once, as a gag, Clare Boothe Luce sent him from Florida a twenty-five-dollar seashell statue, a horror made into a lamp of the type purchased occasionally by tasteless tourists. The moment she did so she regretted it. "I worried about it for a year," she recalled recently. "How awful it would be if Crownie were to take up shell lamps and make them fashionable."

TOM HENDERSON

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

No joke is Crowninshield's capacity for making things fashionable. It became highly efficacious among Vanity Fair readers, because of his unusual capacity for picking winners. He first published in this country the work of Noel Coward, Robert Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart, Willa Cather, Richard Sherman, Margaret Case Harriman, Gertrude Stein, Gilbert Seldes, Colette, Hendrik van Loon, Harold Nicolson, Paul Morand, Thomas Burke, Philip Guedalla, Ferenc Molnár, Lord Dunsany, Dorothy Parker and perhaps fifty other writers now of importance.

Although internationally celebrated for discovering, encouraging and advising some of the most gifted writers of our time, Crowninshield today is bored with this part of his career. He enjoys, instead, recalling his mistakes in judgment, which he feels are more lively and amusing. He missed the boat on the excellent stories of the Englishman, Saki, for example, and rejected the popular, These Charming People by Michael Arlen. He also at first failed to recognize the possibilities of two great humorous pieces by Robert Benchley. One of these was The Social Life of the Newt, which, when Benchley proposed it to him, he thought was as dull a subject as anything he had ever heard. Later when he finally published it, it became one of Benchley's most popular pieces.

The other error occurred when Crowninshield asked Benchley to speak at a huge benefit he had undertaken to arrange. On the evening of the affair Crownie was receiving bushel baskets full of regretful cancellations from people who had promised to perform. He was frantic for fear he might not have any program. Just before curtain time Benchley came to him and also asked to be excused. He had tried to write something, he said, but what he had was just a flop. Ordinarily Crownie would have sympathized. But in the emergency bad Benchley was better than no Benchley at all.

"Did you bring it with you?" Crownie asked.

Benchley handed it to him miserably. "It's no good. Read it yourself."

Crownie read it hurriedly. It was poorly typed. Numerous penciled notes made it indistinct. But it looked like a very bad job. Quality was no longer an issue, however. He turned to Benchley. "My dear boy," he said, beaming, "this is the finest thing imaginable. It is positively inspired. Go out there and thrill 'em to death."

Benchley read it, stumbling over the penciled notes and obscure typing which made him hem and haw more than he'd planned. In half a minute the house was in an uproar. He was reading The Treasurer's Report for which he was later paid $500 a week in the Music Box Review for 36 weeks; $750 a week for 15 weeks in vaudeville, and which was broadcast, reprinted in a dozen anthologies and made into a movie besides. Through it Benchley became a nationally known figure.

Without great effort Crownie has managed to keep himself well insulated from the complexities of international relations. No one, therefore, was more surprised than he when in 1935 he found himself the mainspring of an international incident and front-paged in newspapers all over the country. He was the target of a bitter attack by the Japanese Ambassador, Hirosi Saito, who protested to Secretary of State Cordell Hull that Crowninshield had insulted the Emperor and humiliated the people of Japan. At that time the Emperor of Japan was taken somewhat more seriously than he is today and the tender feelings of the Japanese people were of some concern to our government.

The offense was committed by a William Gropper cartoon in Vanity Fair, which showed the Japanese Emperor, horn-rim glasses, teeth and all, pulling a gun carriage in which was the Nobel Peace Prize. The cartoon was one of a series of "Unlikely Historical Situations." What offended the Japs was their interpretation of the gun carriage as a ricksha. Pulling such a menial conveyance was beneath the dignity of so august a personage; and to depict him so, an insult of serious proportions.

Japs Are Appeased. So Sorry

In a formal letter to Saito, Crownie expressed regret for the Japanese misinterpretation but said flatly, "The wagon is obviously that of a military carriage . . . was so intended and appears so in the drawing." Since at that time the gun carriage was a vehicle of singular honor in Japan this explanation made everybody in Nippon happy. "Now," a friend mused recently, "they probably wish to hell it *had* been a ricksha."

Like the Emperor, Crowninshield is not underprivileged in his ancestry, his forebears having attained respectability in Boston several generations before the American Revolution. By the time of the Civil War the Adamses and the Crowninshields had intermarried, placing his antecedents practically on a par with the Cabots and the Lodges.

His great-grandfather, Benjamin W. Crowninshield, was Secretary of the Navy under two presidents, Madison and Monroe. But none of the family, until Crownie himself came along, had more fun than his great-great-uncle, George Crowninshield, a onetime privateer who tried unsuccessfully, in co-operation with the Bonaparte family, to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena. Uncle George had leanings toward leisure and built, at Salem, the world's first elaborate yacht, named Cleopatra's Barge, in which he sailed European and Mediterranean waters in a style to which the elder J. P. Morgan was eventually to become accustomed. The ship was finally sold to King Kamehameha I, ruler of the Sandwich Islands, who enjoyed its splendor until he ran it on a reef.

Crownie has a handsomely bound volume which contains a complete record of Uncle George's life on the yacht. Beautiful book bindings interest him as much as beautiful women, and he has a library full of specially bound books to which he is sentimentally attached, including copies of two of his own works, Manners for the Metropolis, published without fanfare in 1908, and The Bridge Fiend, which came out, also very quietly, a year later.

His father, Frederic Crowninshield, long the director of the American Academy at Rome, had a small income which enabled him to live where he pleased while engaging in the career of painting. Like many artists he chose to live in Europe a good deal, and, consequently, Crownie (Francis Welch Crowninshield) was born in Paris, June 24, 1872. His early life was divided between Paris, Rome, Boston and New York. Most of his education, particularly his facility in languages, he received from private tutors here and in Italy—the Jesuit priests at Mondragone taught him to speak simple Latin—and he wound up his formal education at the University of Rome.

At eighteen he was in New York looking for a job, armed, by rare good fortune, with a letter of introduction to George H. Putnam, the publisher, from

The Aristocrat of Bonds

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AMERICAN
TRADITIONS
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
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KENTUCKY TAVERN is not just another bourbon . . . it's a Kentucky tradition. Made by Glenmore, an old one-family distillery for three generations, KENTUCKY TAVERN is the personal whiskey of those everywhere who take pride in the quality of their hospitality.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON BOTTLED-IN-BOND 100 PROOF

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William Dean Howells. This was about the equivalent of having a letter today from Sinclair Lewis, or Somerset Maugham. Putnam asked the young man what he wanted to do. "I want to read manuscripts and meet authors and suggest new books," was the prompt reply. Since Putnam thought this was his own province, Crownie didn't get the job, compromising on the position of clerk in Putnam's bookshop at $8 a week.

His determined ambition to meet authors and read manuscripts (in which he was to become so eminently successful that when he ran out of established authors to meet, he made new ones) was advanced when he was selected by Dodd, Mead & Co. as publisher of their new literary magazine, The Bookman.

A Job Where He'd Meet Authors

However, this involved few authors, since a publisher's duties are mostly concerned with buying paper, paying bills and trapping advertisers. So in 1900, when he was offered a job as assistant editor of the Metropolitan Magazine—an open sesame to authors—he accepted it.

By this time Crownie had become something of a man about town. In 1898 he had joined the Knickerbocker Club, a step which he regarded as of great importance to his career, and was being entertained as an eligible bachelor, though a somewhat elusive one. He came to the attention of Frank Munsey, who was looking for a capable young assistant editor for his successful Munsey's Magazine, the first to be sold for ten cents. Munsey hired him and soon sent him to London to buy stories and persuade prominent authors, with which England then abounded, to write for the magazine under contract.

Crownie liked life in London so well that he set himself up as a literary agent, representing writers there for nearly two years, before returning to this country to become assistant editor of the Century Magazine.

Although he did not go to Condé Nast until three years later, he began the techniques on the Century which made him a noted editor. His father had been a Harvard man, and Crowninshield eagerly studied the Harvard student magazine, The Lampoon, to discover new (and inexpensive) contributors to a humorous department of the Century called In Lighter Vein, which he conducted. In that way he located Benchley and others who were to become invaluable to him later in building Vanity Fair into the most influential magazine of art and belles-lettres which the country has known.

The editorial offices of most publications are usually busy and occasionally frantic but differ little from offices of other business organizations. Under the benevolent reign of Crowninshield, however, the editorial offices of Vanity Fair had a flavor which would have been a credit to any circus; if they could have been booked for the road they might have saved vaudeville.

It surprised no regular visitors at Vanity Fair to find in one office Bull Fighter Sidney Franklin, nimbly leaping about with chair and cane expertly demonstrating the finer points of his art, in the next Raymond L. Ditmars, of the Bronx Zoo, showing an admiring group a large python he had brought in a wicker basket, while in a third, Gypsy Rose Lee was preparing to strip and be photographed.

Next to boredom Crownie is almost allergic to tension. His efforts to avoid tension among his staff included such diversions as impromptu juggling shows and amateur magic. Crownie, an amateur conjurer, frequently turned up at the office with a hatful of tricks. All work stopped at once and everyone gathered in a semicircle about him. Although his legerdemain was occasionally faulty, Crownie's patter was so diverting that his clumsiness was forgiven.

One of the games he found relaxing and which he introduced to Vanity Fair was playing seal. He would step out of his office and say, "It's time to feed the seals." Then Jeanne Ballot, his onetime secretary and all-time balance wheel, would throw pieces of peppermint candy into the air, and Crownie, crouching and turning and barking in a startlingly realistic imitation of a sea lion, would catch the peppermints in his mouth while the stenographers cheered.

Another game which the office found even more relaxing was called The Rape of the Sabine Women. When Crownie thought office morale was in serious danger he called for a couple of his editors, Edmund Wilson and John Peale Bishop, to help him attack the Sabine women. The three of them would then grab the nearest complaisant young women, toss them over their shoulders by means of a Crowninshield-taught lifting trick and rush about the office as the crowd roared. The business manager of Condé Nast, whose support of such goings on was somewhat reserved, once surprised them by barging in when a "rape" was in progress. The business manager discreetly retired.

The "rape" routine was discontinued when Bishop dislocated his shoulder while endeavoring to place a 120-pound bundle of stenographic femininity on top of a high filing cabinet. This was the only casualty though, and the final all-time score was Relaxation 100, Tension 0.

The Vanity Fair office developed this atmosphere of informality in the early days when its principal editorial assistants were Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Robert E. Sherwood (who was paid $25.00 a week) and P. G. Wodehouse. Wodehouse was glum and never once in his years with Vanity Fair did anyone hear him make a clever remark, or any remark at all, if he could avoid it.

In his youth Crowninshield was an ardent figure skater as well as a golfer, swimmer and tennis player. Golf is his principal physical pastime today, and he is an active member of the Links Club on Long Island. Each winter with a group from the Artists and Writers Association, which includes James Montgomery Flagg, Grantland Rice and Rube Goldberg, he spends a couple of weeks in Florida golfing, and follows this in March with a trip to Georgia for the Augusta Nationals, where he plays with Gene Tunney and an assortment of executives and, on occasions, with Bobby Jones. In the summer he plays on Long Island and at Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

But his other principal pastime, bridge, gives him little relaxation. He is strictly a money player, being keenly interested in his winnings of several thousand dollars a year which his complete abstinence from alcohol helps him to clear.

He has long been president of the Cavendish Club, which is a shrine to the axiom that all bridge players are not created equal. It is only during a bridge game that Crownie's status as a gentleman becomes clouded. He grows testy when cards are inequitably distributed to his disadvantage and has been known vehemently to reprove his partner over a misplay. In revealing this anachronism, his friends hasten to add protectively, "But it's the only time he ever gets angry."

Condé Nast warred constantly with him over the publication of modern French art, which, he correctly maintained, the readers couldn't understand and against which advertisers complained bitterly. Although Nast and Crowninshield were the closest of friends—for years they shared a duplex apartment on Park Avenue—and he was accustomed to Crownie's guile, Nast, in 1917, made a serious effort to get tough about that order of painting. When asked about a picture, Nast would often explode his condemnation of Matisse or Picasso and other French painters.

During these sessions Crownie's calm would remain unruffled—no associate ever heard him raise his voice—and when Nast's vehemence eventually ran down, Crownie would say, "Well, now I understand what you mean." There would be a long pause. Then Crownie would say softly, "But don't you think we might make a cut of it and paste it up in the dummy, just to see how it would look—not by itself but as a part of the whole . . ." The picture would eventually be published.

In Who's Who, Crowninshield manages to brush off his eminence in the art world with one brusque line, "formerly secretary of the Museum of Modern Art," of which he was one of seven founders. There is, in fact, considerable speculation over his proper position in the field. Almost everyone agrees, however, that he is probably as responsible as anyone else for the extraordinary popularity of the French postimpressionists—sales of reproductions of whose works have climbed 900 per cent in recent years.

Surprising Lack of Recognition

His invaluable service to French art, as collector, enthusiast and critical writer, has never been recognized by France. Although the French on occasion have given visiting firemen Légion d'Honneur ribbons as if they were campaign buttons, he has never received so much as an official thank you.

Society has keenly interested Crownie for half a century. He doubtless is the best-informed man in the country about the people who once were called the 400—a figure set because it was the number which could be accommodated in Mrs. William Astor's ballroom. With 23,000 names in the New York Social Register, there is no longer any real society, he says, because nowadays the only qualification for membership is to own, or rent, a dress suit.

But while he sometimes longs for the serenity, elegance and moderation of the old order, he doesn't mourn for the old days, not being given to impractical daydreaming. He has only one major regret to which his status, described by Clare Luce as "the last of the gentleman species," makes him particularly sensitive.

"The individual man is passing," says Crownie dolefully. "In another fifty years we'll all dress alike, talk alike, smell alike and love alike. It won't be any fun."

But maybe, if we could all be like Frank Crowninshield—and earn $1,000,000 too—it wouldn't be so bad.

THE END

SUGAR AND SPICE AND EVERYTHING

Mother, of course, was a wonderful cook,
Of that there can be no mistaking.
Her cakes and her pies
Weren't like those that one buys
Or that daughter is currently baking.

Mother had genius at cooking, no doubt,
Yet to truth I still owe some obedience:
Mother had art
In her hands, head, and heart—
But also she had the ingredients!

—Richard Armour

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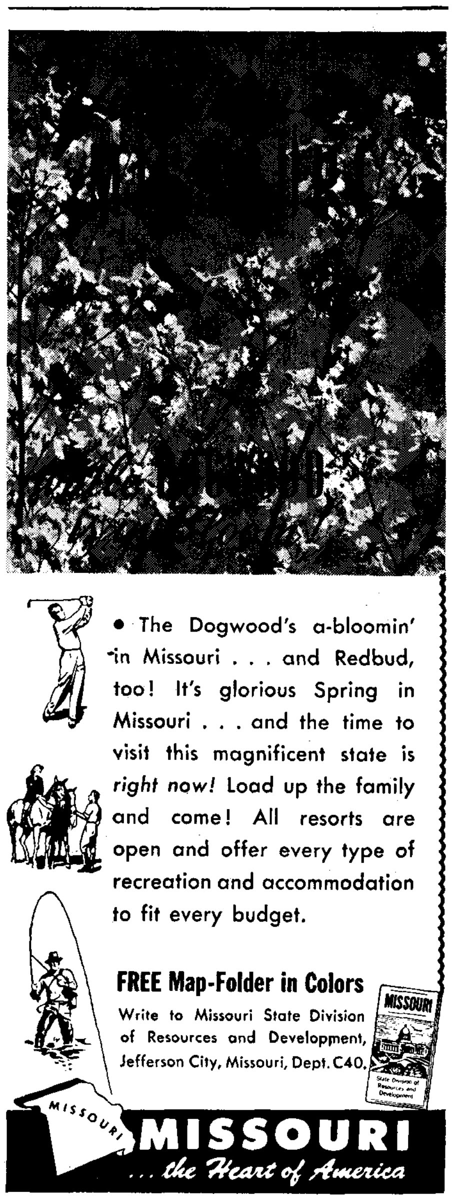

• The Dogwood's a-bloomin' in Missouri . . . and Redbud, too! It's glorious Spring in Missouri . . . and the time to visit this magnificent state is *right now!* Load up the family and come! All resorts are open and offer every type of recreation and accommodation to fit every budget.

FREE Map-Folder in Colors

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MISSOURI
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Boon for boys and girls

"For fixing kites or model planes
Old Tex knows just the thing:
Some Texcel Tape eliminates
The need for glue and string.

"To mend torn pages in a book
Or dolls or other toys,
Use Texcel Tape, the mender that
Your Mother Dear employs".

"Yes, Mother knows that Texcel Tape
Has uses by the gobs,
For labeling, for sealing, and
For countless other jobs.

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"Your Texcel sticks with just a touch,
Won't wriggle loose or slip;
The 'stickum's' bonded to the tape
And has a mighty grip.

"So buy the roll marked 'Texcel Tape'—
And keep it right on hand,
For Texcel Tape is so improved
You cannot beat the brand!"

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Texcel Tape
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

irrigation water is limited. He will not be given water for excess land. Therefore, the Bureau of Reclamation is buying this property at appraised, dry-land prices. It will be divided into family-size farms for sale, without profit, to veterans and others. The Bureau is preparing plans under which veterans of World War II will have priority in purchasing these government-acquired lands. THORALF TORKELSON, Land Officer, Columbia Basin Project

HELLO, CANADA!

DEAR SIR: In your Feb. 22d edition, an ad on page 41 states that Alexander Graham Bell tested his telephone in Boston. This is not true. He lived and tested his invention in Brantford, Ontario. And the credit does not go to the U.S.A. but it goes to Canada. I would be very pleased if in your next edition you would make an apology to the Canadian people.

GEORGE SMITH, JR., Ottawa, Ontario

We'll share the honors with Canada to this extent—while Bell got the idea for the telephone during a visit with his father in Brantford in 1874, authorities seem to agree he made no apparatus until some time later in Boston. And there the human voice was first carried over a wire.

WEEK'S FEMAIL

DEAR EDITOR: I was thrilled when I saw my best girl friend's name in The Week's Mail (Feb. 22d):—Jerry Setton, from Cairo, Egypt. She was writing you about Headwaiter, Esq., and how surprising it is that waiters in New York make so much money. I am from Cairo, Egypt, too; came to the United States last February.

No wonder waiters make so much money in New York! Foreigners often do not know the value of American money. I tipped a porter a five-dollar bill and thought I was a miser. I guess now Jerry Setton will understand.

Jerry and I grew up together and my one ambition is that she would join me over here. I am a working girl and I live with 10 other girls in an apartment. I am sending you a picture of Jerry. I think she is real cute. RENEE KENT, Houston, Tex.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: Re Red Hunt, 1947, and Turn the Light on Communism (Jan. 18th; Feb. 8th). Do you believe you'll get anywhere in calling the "Reds" and their friends fifth columnists and Quislings!

Though I don't think there's anything to be criticized in Factories Are Fortresses (Feb. 8th), the title implies that Russia is anxiously planning World War III! So the big news is that reconstruction in a country that suffered more than any other, and that lost more than 10,000,000 citizens in the common fight for freedom, means war!

A. DELINTE, Brussels, Belgium

. . . I read in your issue of December 28th, 1946, which reaches just now my sunny town of Cannes, your article, The Sweetest Town on Earth. The matter is very right, but W. B. Courtney is wrong as far as the number of the Paris-Nice express is concerned.

It is the *Cinquante-neuf* and not the *Soixante-neuf* which is the number; the W. B. Courtney qualificative "old" is wrong, too. In my opinion it was a feat of strength to rebuild the railway network and traffic working now almost like before the war.

Therefore, the qualificative "old" is wrong because nowadays this train is one of the better in France's traffic.

ROGER GRISON, Cannes, Alpes-Maritimes

SNORE POWDER

DEAR EDITOR: Bedlam in the Boudoir (Feb. 22d) brings horrible memories of two weeks spent in a deer-hunting camp last fall with the champion snorer of all time.

This bird kept twenty men in mortal fear of going to bed for the whole two weeks. No sooner would we hit the hay nights, when the wailing of all the lost souls in hell would be begun by this monster. One routine ended in such violent spasms that in the uncanny silence that followed some distressed hunter would mutter hopefully, "He just died." Then a moment later, as the champ got into full cry again, another disgusted voice would hopelessly shout, "He didn't, damn it!"

Pillows, boots, bottles and clubs thrown by irate members gave but momentary relief, and the dead silence that followed a direct hit would only leave us in dread anticipation of the renewal of the ordeal. A handful of table salt was poured into the erupting volcano of his mouth one night, but the result was disastrous, as this fellow is known as Bruiser.

Weary members crawled about daytimes, dead tired after a frightful night, and Bruiser was offered fabulous sums to sell his share and depart, but he was having a fine time. He was sleeping nights.

We have two hopes of capitalizing on this calamity in our camp:

1. We hope that a National Championship for Snore Masters can be arranged, in which event we will bet our all on our man, and become rich, or
2. We hope that some ingenious future Edison devises a way to harness this wasted energy, and then perhaps we can cut our wood, light our camp, cook our meals and wash our dishes by snore power.

BILL HAZEN, Matamoras, Pa.

TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA

DEAR SIR: I went from Lódz, Poland, by way of Moscow, to Odessa as a hospital patient. If your readers saw the "ordinary" Russians as I saw them, there'd be less misunderstanding about these people.

Russian boy soldiers—with arms or legs missing—were cheerful and always ready to sing for an audience. Russian country girls have beautiful teeth, rosy cheeks, songs on their lips, and are inclined to be big. Russian farmers have markets at railroad stops, sell the products of the area (Ukraine)—apples, eggs, roast chicken, sausage, hot cakes, vodka, milk, sunflower seeds, brown bread, tomatoes and cheese.

The streets of Moscow remind one of Middletown because of the Fords, Buicks, Packards, Chevrolets and Cadillacs in strength. Many Russian men are proud of their silver-colored and gold teeth which they flash often with a smile.

Russians—boys and girls—are eager to learn, learn, learn.

Russian girls are masters in the art of backbreaking work. In some army hospitals they'd work 20 hours a day—always helpful, always kind. They tried so hard to understand the Amerikanets.

MARK WARREN, Cincinnati, Ohio

THE BLAST

Continued from page 14

Red Death appears to have been general all over the civilized world.

The news of the period, naturally, was garbled; but there was some news. A few radio hams were able to receive messages. Ships at sea relayed frantic, and conflicting reports. Naturally, within hours of the disaster, our air fleets set out for Europe and in a series of retaliatory raids blotted out many centers of military and industrial strength. Every big town in England had been blown up at the same time that ours were: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, all had ceased to exist. But fortunately the United States, anticipating the possibility of such an attack, had the foresight to be ready for it and had several fleets of immense bombers, complete with atomic bombs and personnel hidden in secret underground hangars not only in vast deserts of the Southwest, but in the depths of the Louisiana swamps and in the great isolated plains of the Northwest. These fleets were manned by men who had signed articles that subjected them to punishments of the greatest severity should any information about their work leak out. Even anticipating the destruction of central authority, the commanding officers of these areas had sealed instructions that they were to open if communication broke down.

WHEN the attack came, the wings of retaliation were soon in the air and within hours of the first blast our world was gone. There was never in anyone's mind, apparently, the idea that any country other than Russia could have been responsible for the attack upon us. Ever since the end of the great Thirty Years War—which raged openly or secretly from 1914 through 1945—we had been barraged with stories of the Russian menace. It was an improved model of the old "yellow peril" danger.

What was forgotten was that Germany was our enemy—the enemy of Russia and America and England—and that nothing would please Germany better than the mutual destruction of the U.S.S.R. and the Western democracies. The Germans hoped this would happen and, in my opinion, engineered it—perhaps even by setting off the explosion in America, knowing that we, in our fear and bewilderment, would attack Russia in a retaliatory reflex. What the Germans did not foresee (or perhaps they did not care) was that such a war would extinguish them with the rest of mechanized mankind. Or again they—the Germans—may have had such confidence in their Spenglerian myth that they assumed their blond beasts could survive any terror.

And so, perhaps, they could have—until the plague came along. Then they died along with others, as far as one can make out.

The Red Death was a contagious fever with an incubation period of seven days. The first symptom was a high color which gave the appearance of great health. With this went high spirits, a mad gaiety which made the victims dance and sing, even in the streets, so that we ran from people we saw singing or dancing, as if they were the plague, which indeed they were. They next fell into a coma from which they awakened with their skins scarlet in color, in a state of berserk fury, with the strength of maniacs—attacking anyone they saw, striking at them, scratching and biting like mad dogs. Then, their energy exhausted, they fell to the ground and died in a few hours, fully conscious of what was going on around them. I believe direct contact was the commonest cause of infection, though there must have been others: through dust in the air or, perhaps, the contamination of water. Escape was virtually impossible; the disease seemed in the end to have struck down everyone.

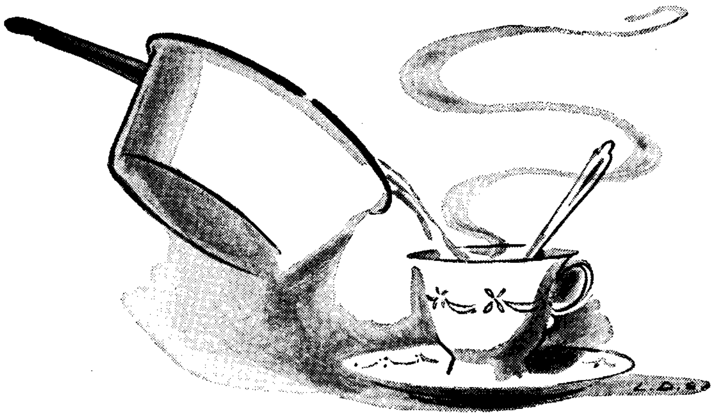
This, then, is the approximate sequence of events: the explosion; the reign of terror; the exodus; the temporary reorganization; the civil war between escaping city people and the rural population, which finally turned into a States' War as refugees were stopped at the state lines; the illnesses that we called radioactive; and, finally, the pestilence that till today I thought had killed every living human being in the Western Hemisphere with the exception of myself and perhaps some Indians in the forests of the upper Amazon or Orinoco. Some of the last news that we got through was that the same disease had broken out in both Buenos Aires and Rio. This makes me think now, looking back on it, that the bacteriological war the attackers planned for us got completely out of control.

What happened in the Far East, in Australia and Asia, I have no idea. We never heard anything from there, and perhaps they, too, survived. Perhaps a new empire of Orientals arose. I doubt it, though, because I feel that they would surely have established some kind of communication with the East coast of the United States. I think it is safe to assume that sickness and death overtook everyone in the Far East as well, except for isolated tribesmen and perhaps the inhabitants of such a remote place as Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet. It would be interesting if Lhasa alone were left as the last center of learning, since it was probably the first.

At one time some of us considered it possible that Hitler, whose death had never been actually proved, had had the bombs placed and had followed them with bacteriological warfare in his mad plan of revenge. But when we found the disease had reached Europe, where the population, weakened by famine, would certainly not have been able to resist a sickness which had struck us here, where we were in our full strength, and exterminated us, this idea seemed less likely, though Hitler had said that if he fell, the world would fall with him.

It is here that the theory of something having gone wrong comes in and the possibility of a certain poetic justice enters the picture. And I for one return to the theory that the Germans, acting as *agents provocateurs,* incited the military titans of the world against one another, and then, having started the war, found themselves ground between the upper and the nether millstones of the Lord God, Who is not lightly mocked.

THE two girls I had seen were standing on a small hill on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 23d Street. I saw them clearly silhouetted against the sky line. They had long spears in their hands and were leading horses. One horse was a bay and the other a chestnut. The girls were staring north, shading their eyes with their hands, while the horses cropped the grass beside them. Both girls were blond. Their hair was knotted on their necks and they wore what looked like buckskin shirts and trousers. I had trouble with the dogs, Vixen and Bodo; the girls were upwind and the dogs had never smelled a woman before—or any other human being but me, for that matter—and they probably thought of me as one of themselves, since I had bred them and their parents before them and they were never separated from me, even sleeping on the same heap of skins in the cave I had constructed in the ruins of the Chelsea Hotel. It has always seemed to me that the great secret of



You make it like this!

Make it right in the cup—just add boiling water—takes only an instant!

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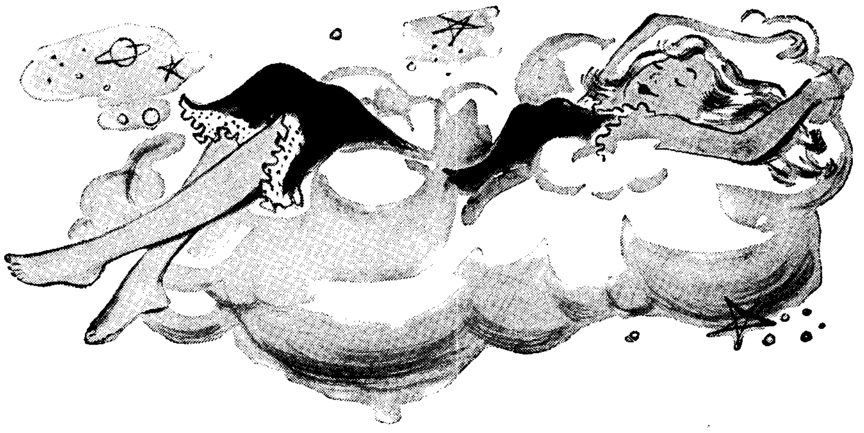
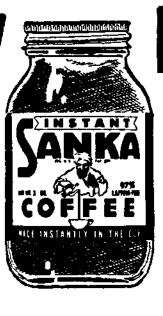
It's such delicious, full-bodied coffee, you can hardly believe it. You never tasted finer, richer coffee.



-and you sleep like this!

What a glorious dividend! Even if you're affected by caffein, *this* superb coffee can't keep you awake! For Instant Sanka is 97% caffein-free!



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The only instant coffee that's caffein-free.
Drink it and sleep!

Oh! my aching arm!

Help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● When arm muscles seem to shout with pain after unaccustomed exercise, get busy! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see *tired* muscles are often *famished* muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for your work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed and ready to go. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

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-ah! my Absorbine Jr.

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training and handling animals is identification with them; and my years alone with them have fully confirmed this belief.

Having described the girls, I suppose I had better describe myself, for if, as it now seems, there may be other people in the world, I and my kind are certainly all but extinct.

I WAS born in Paris in 1897, just in time to serve in the first World War. I was severely wounded and went to live in South Africa, where I farmed cattle for ten years. I then took to writing, returned to England and came from there to the United States, where I remained, apart from a few trips to England, France and the Bahamas, till the second World War, when I married a charming American girl, an artist, and continued writing while I waited for the war to end. My age and disabilities prevented my doing anything more active. Among others, I wrote and talked of the dangers of our Anglo-American retention of the bomb secret, maintaining that manufacture should cease and control be given to the United Nations. I also said that our civilization, as we knew it, was finished; and that as others were saying and writing at the same time the future presented only two alternatives: the liberation of man through atomic power or the destruction of our civilization, either by great nations in an undeclared war, which was what we feared, or by—and this was more or less in the realm of "astounding fiction" stories — atomic bandits or nihilists.

My wife and I lived in a small studio penthouse on the eleventh floor of the Whitby Apartments on West 45th Street, opposite the Martin Beck Theater. I was over there yesterday and it is still almost intact, having been extremely well constructed sometime in the twenties. As a matter of fact, I shot a mountain lion that my dogs had driven into a basement apartment which had, when we lived there, been occupied by a drummer. Hunting big game in old apartment houses is the most dangerous form of shooting there is and makes any African safari look like child's play, because the animals are likely to attack from the immediate flank—that is, from any apartment—as you move down a passage. Hunting under such conditions would be quite impossible without dogs that first investigate the building and bay up the den of any animal that is lurking there. The losses in dogs are heavy; but I am continually breeding new ones—huge animals of mixed Saint Bernard, Newfoundland, great Dane, Irish wolfhound, bloodhound, mastiff, police dog and Husky blood—which generation by generation become larger, fiercer, and better hunters by the Darwinian process of survival of the fittest. The feral dogs —the wild stock that has survived and bred itself by mongrelization—are not much bigger than jackals or coyotes, but are of a broken color. The wild cattle, too, are often strangely colored—red and black, or brindle and white—and in many other animals the pigmentation has been changed, with the result that most animals are now pintos or piebald rather than red or brown as they used to be, while albinos have been almost completely bred out among both cats and poultry that have gone wild.

When I am out for a stroll, as I was today, I usually take only a couple of well-trained dogs as guards to inform me of any danger that I do not see myself, which was lucky for the girls and their horses. For had I been hunting with my pack, as I do every second day or so, the girls would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces, since this is my way of feeding my dogs. They are trained to pull down any living thing and, having done so, to break it up as English hounds did a fox. Of course, when hunting the mutations such as the giant wolf and mink and a kind of wild ox that resembles the extinct European aurochs, I use a rifle—a 450 express that I selected at Abercrombie and Fitch—which has immense striking power. The dogs, instead of attacking game that is too big for them, merely bring it to bay and hold it till I come and then, as I fire, run in upon it. It is impossible for anyone who has not seen them to imagine the strength of these dogs, standing over thirty inches at the shoulder; or, for that matter, to visualize the animals against which they are pitted.

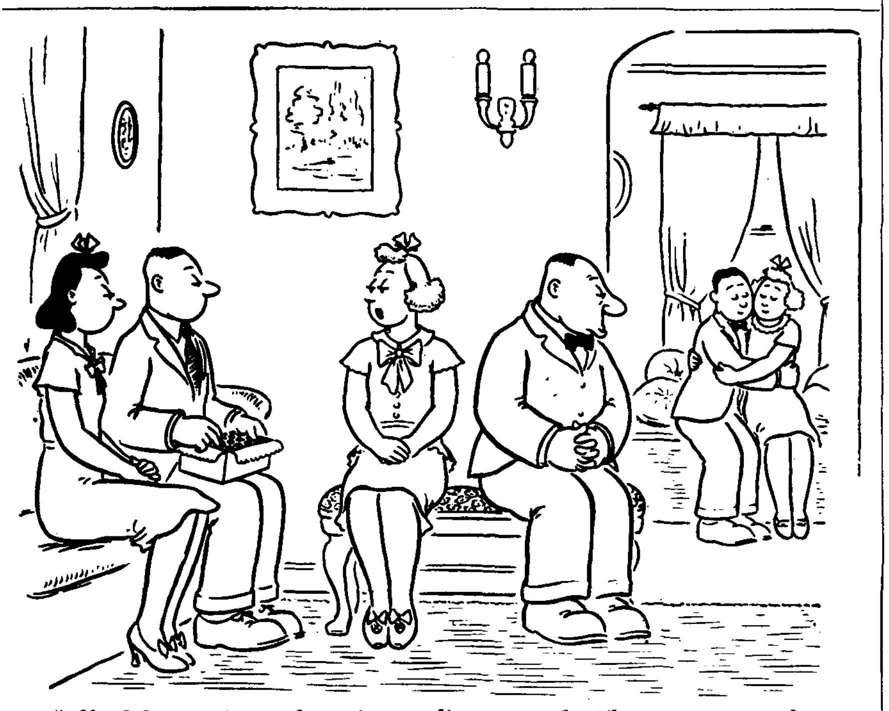
From my point of view, there is a certain interest in the change in my own character because, when I first went to Africa as a young man, I was an ardent hunter. Then, at the age of thirty-five, I gave up shooting altogether. Now I, like my dogs, have reverted atavistically, and hunting is my only pleasure. My mind is less disciplined than it was when I used to write for the magazines—for the Saturday Evening Post and Collier's and Cosmopolitan. It drifts along strange paths. I can imagine what an editor would say about this manuscript, but where are the editors now? Dogs and hunting have become my passion. For at least ten years, I have done no thinking beyond following the spoor of a gigantic bear or looking for the sign of a moose. So the shock of seeing people again has disturbed my mind and, like one of my own dogs grubbing for a buried bone, I dig among my memories seeking for incidents and examples that will elucidate or explain what has happened. This is not a story. It has no plot. It is a testament, a form of history, a literary curiosity written for myself as a form of justification, as a debt that I, the last man of the past, must owe to an unborn future.

My narrative must drift back and forth to catch memories that are like butterflies as they flick through my mind, for I am an old man and cannot be certain that they will ever return. So I use what used to be called the technique of the throwback, or flash back. I editorialize. I evade issues. I return to them. How, for instance, can I write about the death of my wife? I can't. But the description of her death will be there, threaded like every twentieth bead on the string of my life. I cannot coldly discuss killing and eating Annie, my pet dog. Nevertheless, I did kill and eat her. I also killed many other pet dogs for people who at first reviled me and then, finding they had no means of feeding them, begged me to do what they could not do themselves.

We also ate Edward, the kinkajou we had had for four years, in a stew. There was no food for pet animals, and it was necessary to dispose of them all. I have never had a nicer pet than a kinkajou, a South American animal resembling, though not connected with, a lemur. It has a long prehensile tail, a soft fur, and charming snuggly habits. It is about the size of a cat and is more or less nocturnal. We never took to cannibalism, though both cannibalism and infanticide were widely practiced and probably, under such conditions, to be condoned. Morality can exist only in a social framework. Once the framework has gone, there can be no morality and, for that matter, no immorality. I, for instance, alone in the world, cannot be immoral. There is no subject for immorality and no one to declare any act to be immoral. A man alone cannot be good or bad. He cannot steal, fight, lie or murder.

NOW I return to animals because it is among animals that the last twenty years of my life have been lived. There were, as I have said, several animal mutations: the giant wolf, the great mink and the aurochs. In addition to these, there was an immense increase in the wild animals indigenous to New York State, such as the timber wolf, beaver, black bear, lynx, mountain lion, deer, moose and bobcat. There were even some bison and caribou. There were, of course, packs of wild dogs descended from such domestic dogs as survived, and feral cats which looked like big tabbies. There were also many game birds: pheasant, ptarmigan, grouse, and a new kind of American jungle fowl which evolved from ordinary poultry. There were a great number of wild goats in the ruins of New York City. They came from the few domestic goats that were here at the time of the disaster. There were also some ibex, white Rocky Mountain goats, mouflon and other wild sheep, and a herd of Shetland ponies, descendants of those which escaped from the Central Park Zoo. Some lunatic, very shortly after the explosion, had thrown open every cage in the zoo, and since no one had time to deal with the liberated animals, a number of them survived and became acclimated. Now there are tigers in New York, which, in their long winter coats, resemble the great tigers of Manchuria. There are also leopards, jaguars and a wide variety of

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred hopes Gertrude isn't too disappointed. The young man he brought to meet her doesn't seem to be much of a conversationalist"

COLLIER'S

Speaking of red letter days . . .

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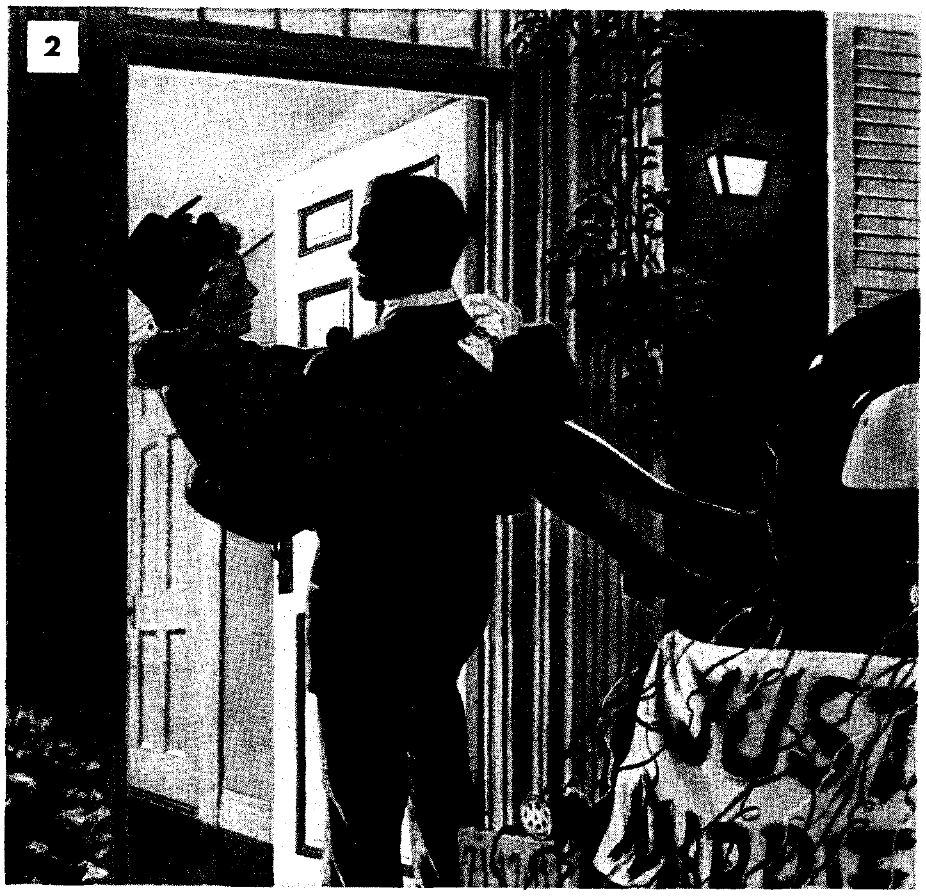

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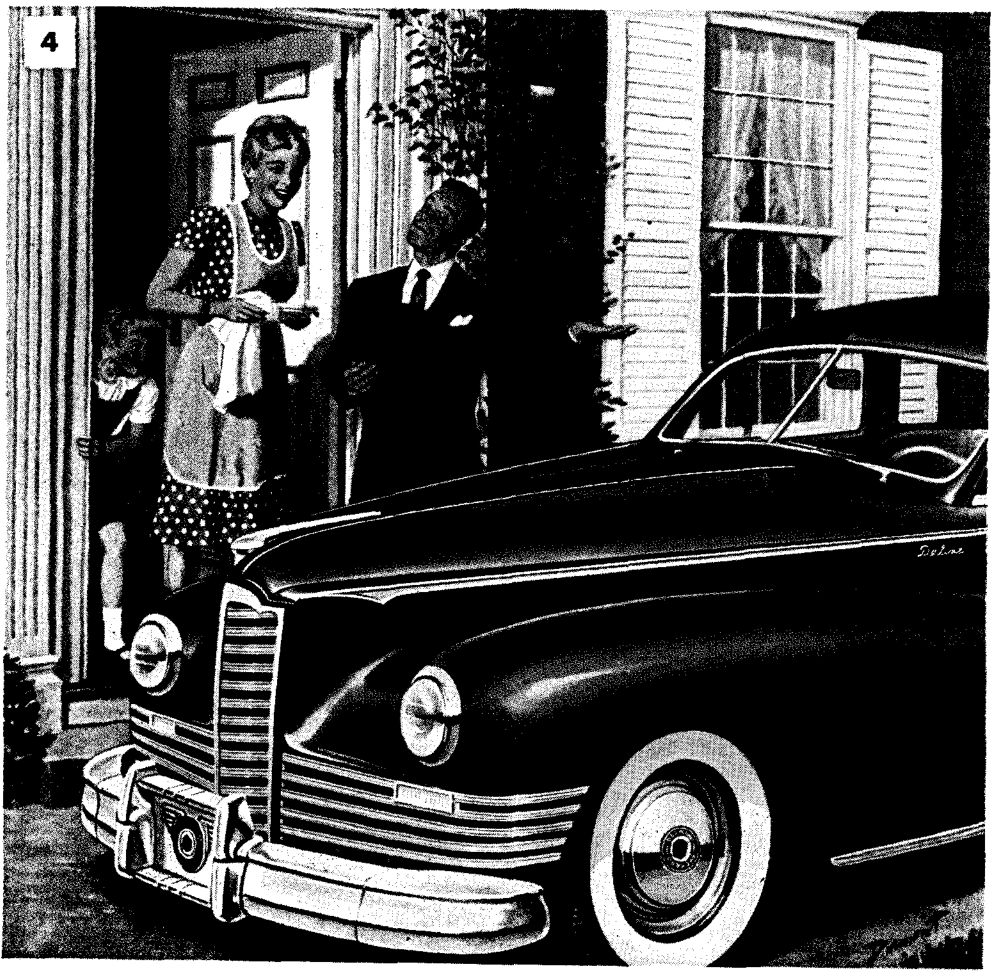
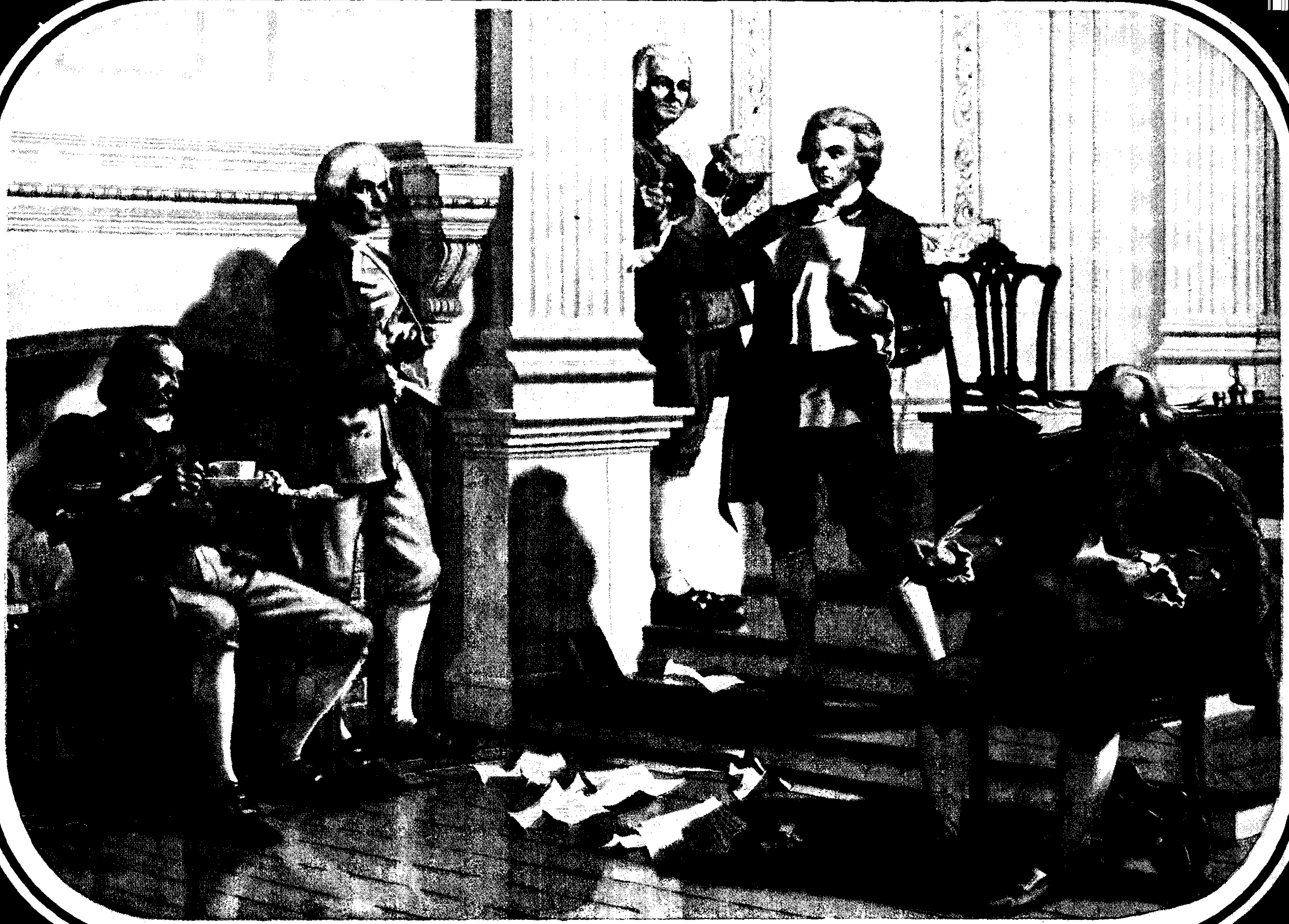


Packard

● *"Ask the man who owns one"*



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The Heritage Whisky

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buck and antelope which, despite the severity of the winters, have managed to survive. As happened elsewhere where their ranges overlapped, the lions were soon exterminated by the tigers. There is at least one herd of zebra and another of donkeys. Occasionally they hybridize. There are no horses, and the two that I saw today are the first I have seen for twenty years. Grizzly bears have spread from the West and are very large—even bigger, I should say, than the Kodiak bears. I have seen marks where they sharpened their claws against a tree in Central Park more than twenty feet from the ground. There are several families of polar bears living along both the Hudson and East rivers. There is a great colony of seals at Ellis Island. This gives a picture of the fauna of Manhattan Island and the vicinity today.

The great bald eagle now nests in the abandoned cliffs of every skyscraper. There are pigeons by the millions; and ducks, wild geese and swans in all the ponds and rivers. Buzzards and kites circle everywhere. House mice are almost extinct, since they are dependent on man.

MANY of the larger carnivora live in the drains, which is probably how those from more tropical countries survived their first winter. It is of course for the same reason that I live in a cave, where the temperature is more or less stable, rather than in an apartment, of which there is certainly no shortage. It occurred to me when I moved in here that, after all, a cave was man's natural habitat, and that a house was only an artificial cave. A cave is a space in a rock; a house is a rock constructed around a space.

At least one more thing is necessary to supply a picture of this area as it is now. New York was always famous for its sky line. This sky line is now vastly changed. There are a number of large buildings—blocks of flats, hospitals and hotels—more or less intact. Rockefeller Center stands; so does the pinnacle of the Empire State Building, an eagles' aerie now. The Chrysler Building stands, but its pinnacle hangs from it at an angle, like the Virgin from the church at Albert in the first World War. I should note here that though some of the larger structures stand almost intact, many others, particularly department stores having fewer interior walls, have crumpled into great rounded hillocks, each of which contains a thousand Aladdin caves. Most of the old brownstone houses have fallen down, and, of course, the bomb blast area is completely bare and almost as flat as a polo field. A curious thing, however, has occurred. The debris that landed on the housetops, combined with the guano from the countless birds that took to roosting on them, has formed a soil so fertile that trees and shrubs cover the flat tops of higher buildings. Countless sea gulls, herring gulls, kittiwakes, and great black-backed gulls nest on the ledges and in this scrubby vegetation; while on the ridges of the lower-level, collapsed houses there is a thick layer of excellent grass growing on the newly formed topsoil. It is my opinion that, though at first much of the debris and the land exposed to the explosion was radioactive (indeed, some of it glowed at night and we took precautions to avoid such areas), the soil and dirt later became almost incredibly fertile, so that no matter how much it is grazed down, this grass carpet now appears to be indestructible. This fertility accounts for the amount of game, the several thousand head, that is to be found here.

The Washington Bridge is intact and so is the Brooklyn Bridge, these two being the main migration routes for those animals which leave or come to the island of Manhattan. The polar bears, moose and caribou seem to prefer swimming, as do the tigers in the summer months. But most animals use the bridges, and very good sport is often to be had near them.

As there have been animal mutations, so there have also been mutations among the plants. There are some great ferns as big as trees, and there is a new elm which creeps along the ground, one tree covering as much as an acre. Everything grows with great rapidity; and if it were not for the goats that prefer young trees and tree shoots to grass, the place would soon revert to forest. However, a natural balance seems, after the first few years, to have set in. There are enough goats to keep down the trees and enough herbivorous animals to graze the grass till it is like a thick lawn, and enough carnivorous animals to keep the grazing animals from completely destroying the herbage.

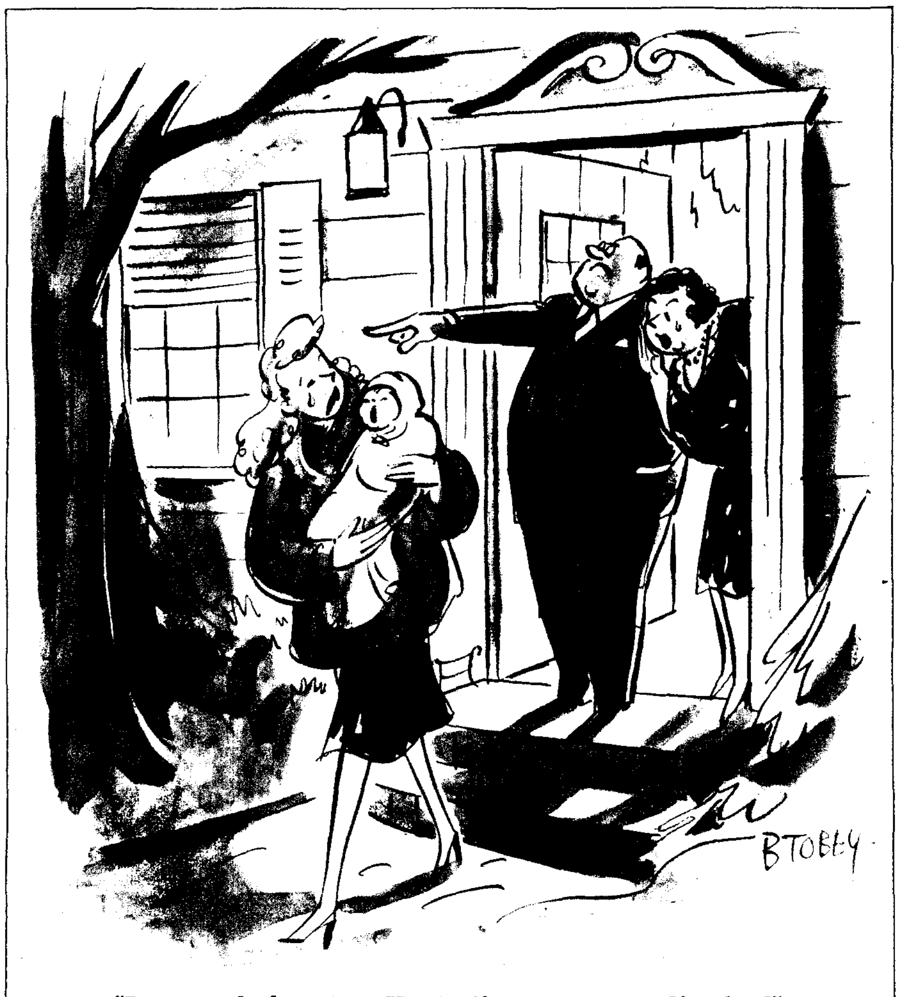
The scene from a hilltop or a ruin is of strange and almost incredible beauty. The game is so thick that it is reminiscent of the Sabi game reserve in the Transvaal. Standing out above the rolling greensward that covers the fallen buildings, great towers of masonry rise like ancient forts. Everywhere there are small woods, clumps of trees, and little streams and rivers. There are large numbers of flowers, many of them completely new, at least new as wild flowers. Varieties of roses which usually had to be budded now grow wild, as do gladioli, dahlias, tulips and every other kind of bulb. Hyacinths, daffodils and crocuses cover large patches in solid mats of color; they lie like scatter rugs on the green floor of the city; and nothing more beautiful could be imagined than coming across a great striped Bengal tiger asleep on a carpet of purple crocuses in the first warm afternoon of early spring, or seeing a red and white wild ox standing belly-deep in orange gladioli. There are ferns and mosses to be found wherever water drips or runs among the rocky gullies. And in no place are they more beautiful than in the natural grotto in front of the Chelsea Hotel, where a clear spring bubbles up and falls with a delightful splash into the small lake made by the subsidence of the ground in 23d Street. It is in this lake that I keep the black bass, rainbow trout and carp that I catch when I need a change of diet. They have become adapted to this way of life and are very little different from their ancestors.

I must say that after the hardships we underwent in the beginning while we were learning to adjust ourselves, I now live very well. I have fresh meat and fish, wine and whisky when I want it, and plenty of canned food of all kinds. I still miss bread and potatoes, but I have become accustomed to bottled spaghetti, and only occasionally dream about French fried potatoes or a loaf of good fresh bread.

I HAVE often thought about the question of luck—of my good luck in being left alive, for instance. But are we really sure about what is good luck and what is bad? Why was I chosen to be spared out of so many millions? Why was I so blessed, so lucky? What had I done to deserve so unique a reward as life?

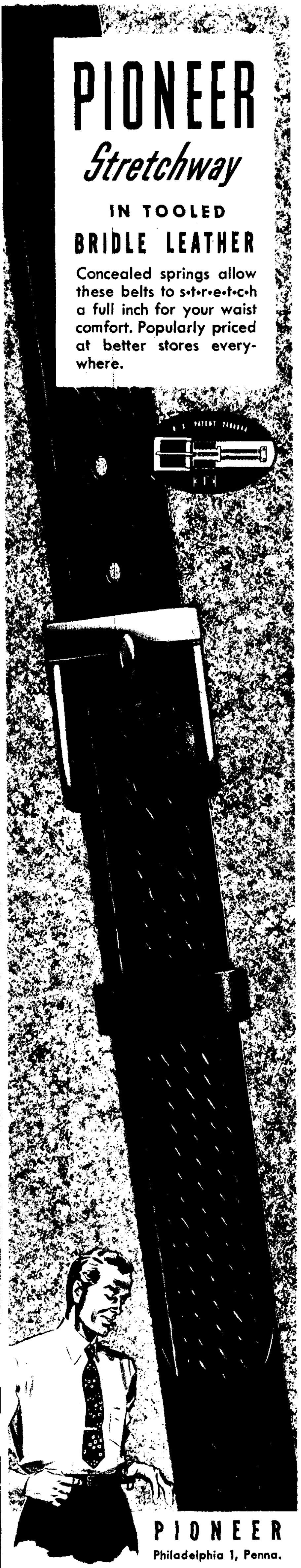
Or, on the other hand, why was I so damned as to be made to survive, to live alone in a world of death and putrescence—made to revert atavistically to a subhuman existence? What had I done to deserve a lonely hell like this, when all other men—as I had supposed until today—were killed quickly and mercifully, or at least relatively quickly and mercifully? Now that it is all over, and my adjustments are made—now that I have gotten over my loneliness and overcompensated to the point where, having seen two fellow human beings, I hide like an animal—I go over it all again in my mind.

It was naturally a great shock for a modern man to be thrust back into prehistory, and to see how, having misused our means, we had lost our ends, which should have been, not the search for a life of more and more comfort and the possession of more and more things, but the integration of the personality—man



"Be sure to look up Aunt Harriet if you ever get to Cleveland"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



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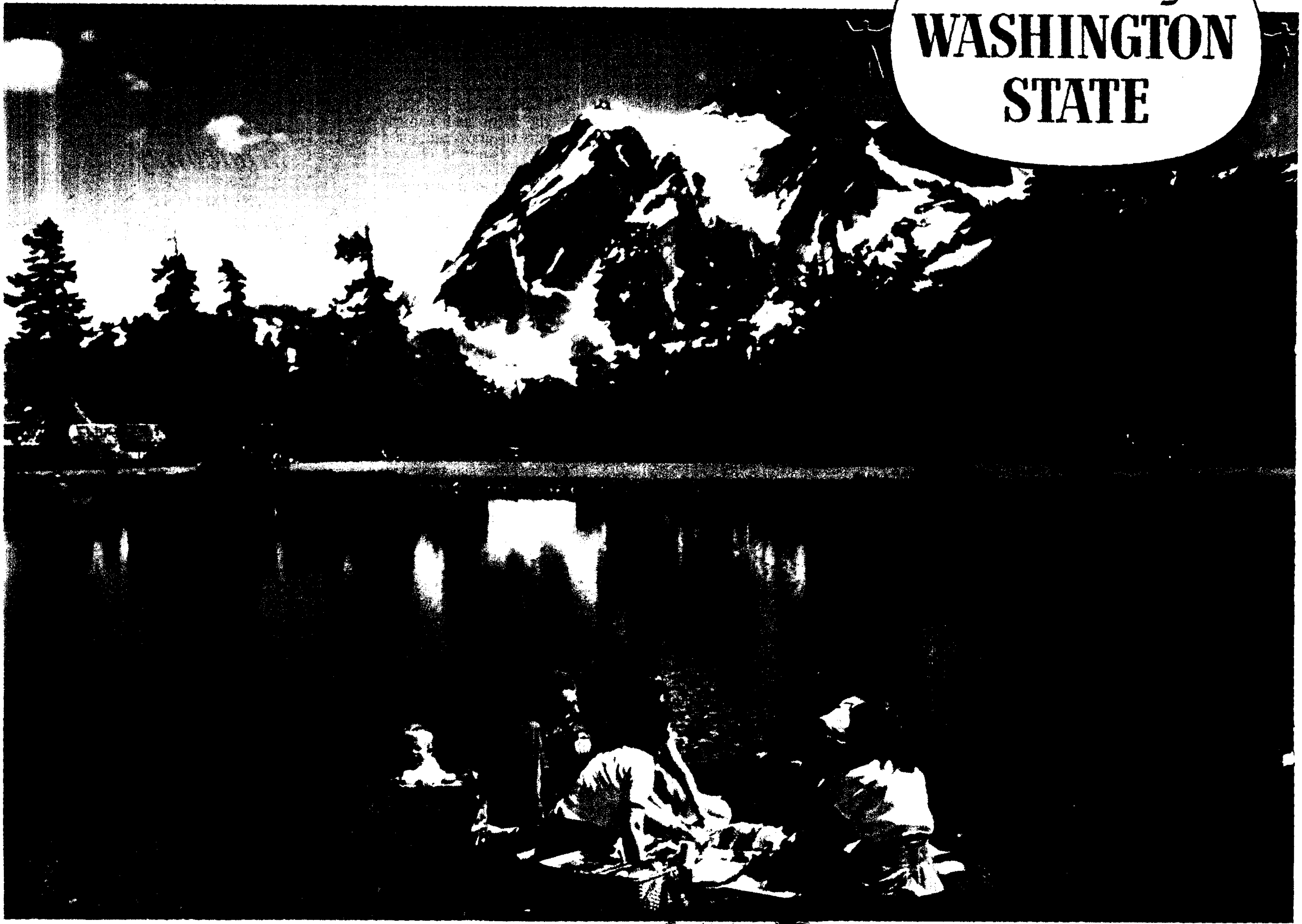
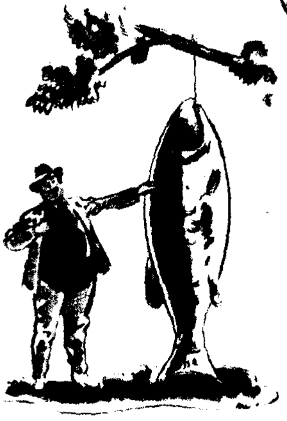
Such Grandeur is not Rare in ... Fascinating WASHINGTON STATE



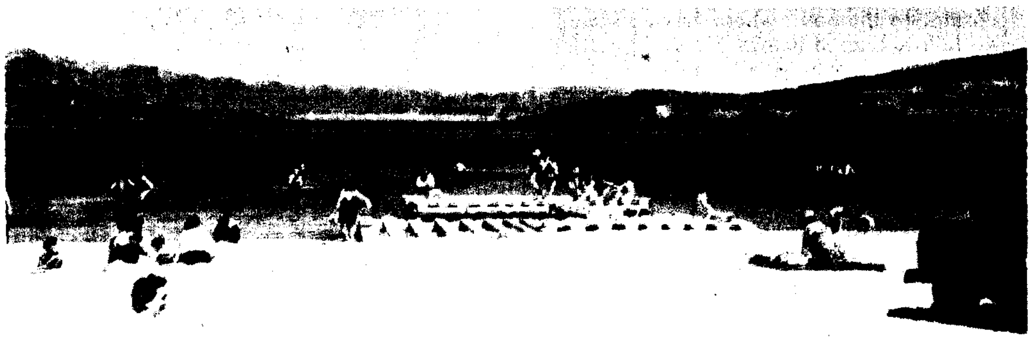
Mt. Shuksan (9,038 *ft.*) *near Mt. Baker* (10,750 *ft.*). *Hundreds of such beauty spots are easily accessible.*

Wenatchee apple orchards and the mighty Columbia River in beautiful eastern Washington.



The many and varied scenic beauties in Washington State are not far away and remote; they are easily accessible—beauties to be lived with intimately and enjoyed to the full. Everywhere broad, smooth highways lead to recreation areas of incredible charm: quiet mountain lakes at the feet of snowy peaks; trout filled streams murmuring through hushed, primeval forests; sandy beaches along the mighty Pacific Ocean; and quaint coves and inlets in the sheltered salt-sea waters of glorious Puget Sound. All these and many more varied natural delights are set in a climate so mild and equable that golf is played the year through. Here are all the creature comforts of a rich and cultured civilization of modern cities, thriving farms, great industries, cosmopolitan seaports, splendid schools and churches. Plan to see all of Washington State. You'll find every accommodation for your comfort—every courtesy to make your stay enjoyable.

Soap Lake, one of a chain of shining blue lakes in central eastern Washington near Grand Coulee Dam.



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Name ________________________________

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City ____________________ *State* __________ becoming man at last. I had visualized in the last years of our era a new type of co-operative, nonpredatory man living at peace with his fellows in a world of plenty made possible by modern technology. This aim of man, as I saw it, was unemployment—was goods and services without work as such, or with very little work. Man would have employed his newly acquired leisure time in study, in the arts and crafts, and in the enjoyment of amenities rather than amusements.

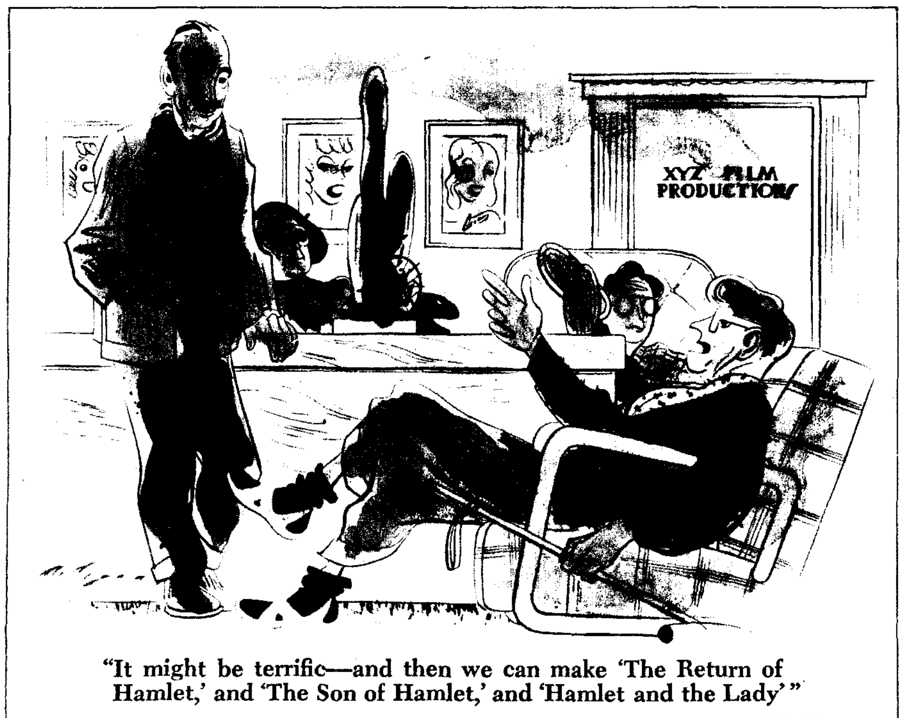
Nothing, of course, could be easier than this philosophizing when it was all over, than being wise after the event, and shouting "I told you so" to the echoing hills. Never was a horse more stolen, or a stable so destroyed. There was not even a door left to lock. Still, there were some prophets, wise before the event, who cried havoc. Why had they not been heeded? What was the matter with mankind that, having reached the end of its tether, it refused to face the fact and change before it was too late? Had men weighted themselves down with a way of life, with a system that corresponded to the armor of the prehistoric reptiles and, like them, unable to change, been forced by the very extent of its development into self-destruction?

LOOKING back, I see I have written that I had not thought seriously about anything for ten years. This is approximately correct. Obviously, in the first rush of events and difficulties of adjustment there was little time for thought; it was hard enough just to stay alive. But about five years after the disaster, for a period of several years, I thought and read a great deal. I still have a very fine library that I collected at that time, and sometimes on a sunny day I sit and read in the grotto with my gun and dogs beside me. But I read mainly poetry now, stuff with a ringing meter, that I learned as a child: Tennyson, Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, Kipling, Swinburne, and Hood. It is what critics used to call the best bad poetry. I think that unconsciously I have gone back to it so as to keep the song of words and the power of simile functioning in a mind that was becoming atrophied from disuse. For I had stopped thinking in words and was only feeling things, like an animal. I had even stopped speaking to my dogs, and controlled them by gestures and sounds: *sah* to attack, *ah* to check them, *hi-lorst* to hunt, *er* to warn, *hup* to jump. So, to regain the use of my tongue and vocal chords, I went back to the poems of my school days, taking an almost childish pleasure in watching the development of my own defense mechanisms, laughing wryly at the devices of a so-called cultured mind as it strove to fight madness alone in lovely wilderness.

Perhaps in a way these neoclinical symptoms, tricks, alibis, and fantasies are the most important part of this narrative, since disaster is unconstructive, and even the very greatest can be imagined by multiplying the smallest to the required degree. The real fight was not, as might be imagined, with wild beasts. Indeed, as must by now have become apparent, this war with the wild game was both my way of living and my pleasure. No, the real fight was with loneliness and boredom. Alcoholism was a way out, and for a while I tried it, reeling drunk and singing through the ruined, empty streets, through the reek of putrescence. I tried it till I fell and came to with a pack of starving mongrels sniffing and growling round me as I lay in the gutter. Another few minutes—if I had taken one more drink and had been just that much drunker—and the boldest of the dogs would have been at my throat. But alcohol was a great temptation. There were so many wonderful wines to be found: Château Ausone, Château Climents, Bel-Air-Marignants, Chambertin, Nuits Saint-Georges; Burgundy, claret, port, Rhine wines by the cellarful; and it took time for me to learn to drink with moderation, as I do now.

At one time I contemplated suicide, and here, oddly enough, I discovered a great truth: A man alone, unless he is in great pain, does not commit suicide if he still has the means of living. Suicide is an act, when it is not done in a panic of fear which is a more or less unconscious running away, that is committed in order to impress, astonish, and dismay those who cause it. It is committed as a final act of annoyance, a kind of blackmail by which the dead hope to make the living pay. Either this, or it is a way for someone who has never been important in life to become important in death. Thus it was impossible for me, once I had made these discoveries, to kill myself.

It was about this time, and probably a part of the same mechanism—the opposite side of the same psychological penny—that I decided to collect and breed a pack of dogs as a distraction and as a means of hunting. There were a number of large dogs roaming about, some of which showed a tendency to follow me. I shot game for them, and even shot other dogs for them to eat. Some dogs had gone completely savage and, having lived on cadavers, were much more dangerous than any wild animal, for it is the half-wild animal which has lost its fear of man that is the



"It might be terrific—and then we can make 'The Return of Hamlet,' and 'The Son of Hamlet,' and 'Hamlet and the Lady'"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

How to make

COUPE BILTMORE
as served at the
Palm Beach Biltmore
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

COUPE BILTMORE

1 pint vanilla ice cream
1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
1 cup diced canned pineapple
1/2 cup raspberry preserves
2 tablespoons canned pineapple syrup

Sprinkle maraschino juice over pineapple and toss lightly. Chill. Whip raspberry preserves with fork until softened. Add pineapple syrup and blend. In serving dish place spoonful of ice cream. Top with pineapple and then another spoonful of ice cream. Pour raspberry sauce over and top with whipped cream if desired. Serves 4.

You'll glow with pride when serving this dreamy delight, originated by a former Delmonico chef. It's so easy . . . using your preferred local brand of quality ice cream—the kind usually packaged in the sanitary Sealright container.

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most likely to attack him. There were some terrific fights between my dogs and these wild dogs, but by degrees the larger of the wild dogs died off and were replaced by the smaller coyotelike animal which skulks in the scrub and ruins today.

But I must go back to the disaster, and to the events, as far as I can remember them, that preceded it.

IN THE summer of 1946 there were bomb tests at Bikini, a coral atoll in the Pacific. A great fleet was assembled there and bombed. A man called, if I remember, something like Truelove was President of the United States at that time. He was the last President; an Englishman by the name of Washington was the first. This Truelove was a good man but no more up to the times in which we lived then than any other statesman. We had concentrated on making Time, on saving Time, and then the Time we had saved turned on us and destroyed us, along with, and in spite of, all our little statesmen.

The funny thing to me, as I look back at it, is that the atom, the smallest thing in the world, should turn out to be the biggest thing in the world.

Everything went wrong about that time. It was, if one had been clever enough to see it, the beginning of the end. There was fear on every face—fear and anger. There was no kindness anywhere, because fear and kindness cannot live together. All over the world people were hungry, and their anger, born of fear, became fury. I saw it only in New York, and there I withdrew myself, seeing fewer and fewer people and losing myself in the ivory tower of my storytelling, a trick that I had taught myself when I first found it necessary to escape from life—a trick at which, as life became progressively worse, I became progressively better, able to live more and more within my dreams, to love women I created in my mind, to ride horses that I bred in my brain, to gallop in the company of beauty through the wild meadows of desire. I disdained the films that were the national pastime; my dreams and inventions were better to me than anything Hollywood could do; besides, Hollywood was realistic compared to me, and without the thousand subtleties that I needed as a defense against a future that came nearer every day, stepping silently on synthetic rubber-soled feet, a giant who carried death in his hand—a giant only a few artists, some columnists, and a senator or two seemed to know about.

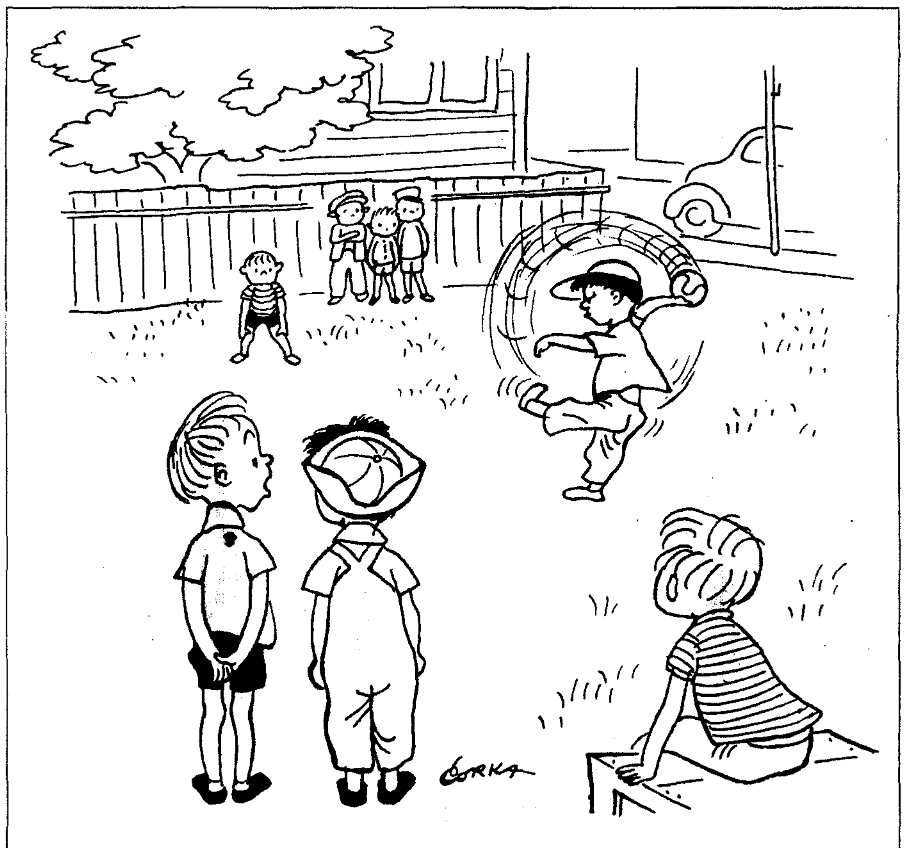
This idea of mine must have come from the time I encountered a battalion marching down Eighth Avenue on rubber-soled boots. In a terrifying silence, a thousand-odd young men, armed to the teeth, moved unheard through a city. That was the way the future was coming, and there was no one to stop it. Only a few men were crying in the wilderness; others, like me (I had given up trying to warn people) were hiding, knowing it was coming but pretending it would be all right, pretending that it would never be twelve o'clock—thinking, if it could be called thinking, that because we had replaced God with the Horatio Alger and Cinderella myths, everything must work out all right in the end.

One sign of the times was these atom tests. We moved a lot of natives out of this atoll—this pink, palm-frilled ring of coral that enclosed a blue lagoon—so that we could play our prelude to the great death game there; but at that same time, when land was wanted for a Palace of Peace no one would give it. The real estate was too valuable—and who wanted a society of all nations in his vicinity? All nations meant all colors, all religions; and no one seemed to understand, or even care, that there is no man who is not a hundred per cent human. It seemed that no one cared, no one stopped to think: No one but a man named Rockefeller.

But to get back to the experiment: There were stories about it, the best one being that some goats on the battleships had survived the blast. There are goats in New York City today. I can see goats any time I go out, and I hardly ever shoot one because their taste is too rank even for the dogs. But where are the people?

There has to be this background of politics, a rough description of the world as I remember it in its final flowering, not merely to give a picture of those feverish times, but, for my own sake, to drive my mind back into the unaccustomed paths and recapture past moods by trick and stratagem.

In those days, there was a world famine. Men had increased tremendously



"He's got a murderous fast ball, but he can't get it as far as the plate"

COLLIER'S

JON CORNIN

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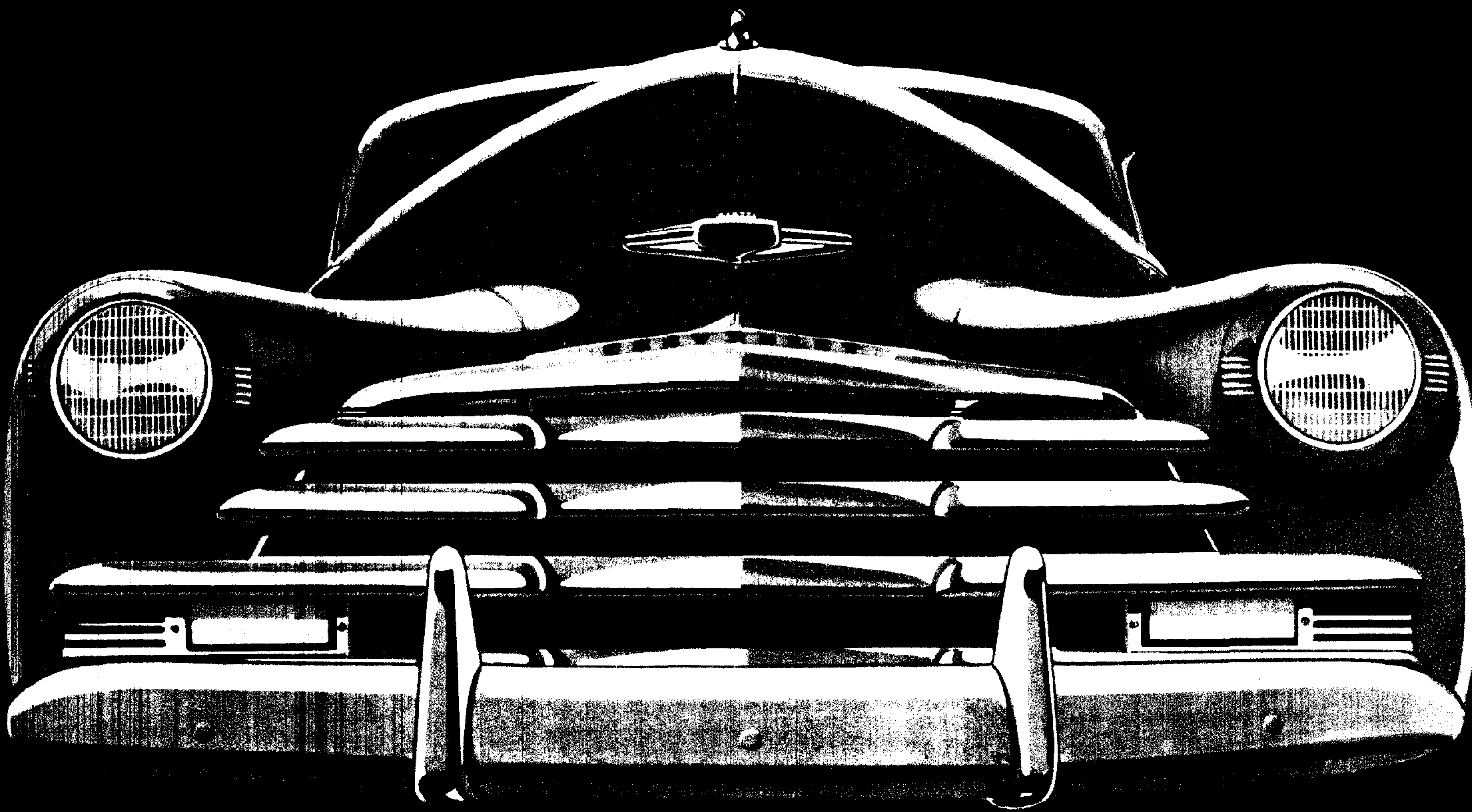

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Some other guest-time, set out a thick juicy beefsteak, smoking hot and sizzling on its platter—and with it serve glasses of hearty red California Burgundy or Claret. Then, as folks fall to, watch for the nods and smiles that say, "This is *real* eating!"

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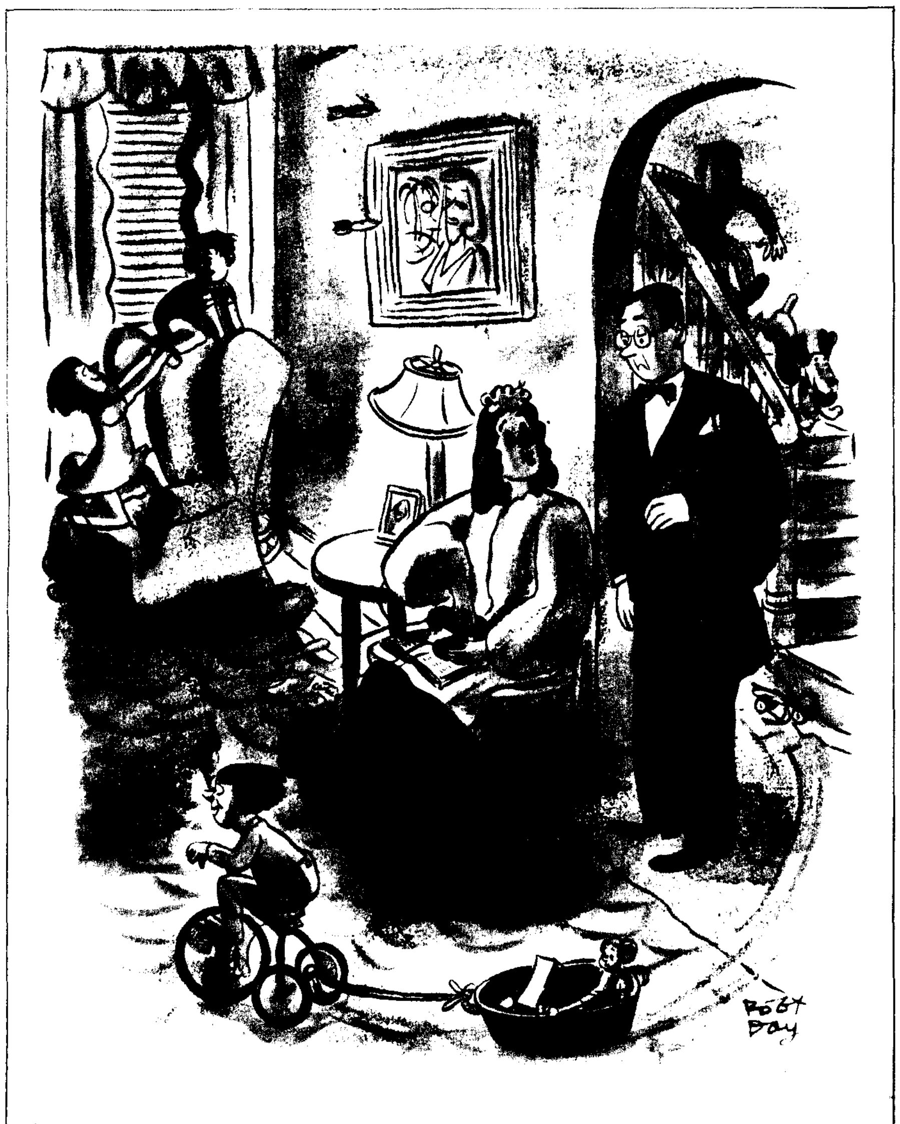
in numbers despite wars and disasters and the safety margin of nutrition was gone. This margin had never been very wide, and a world drought, combined with the effects of war, had closed the gap. And those who talked of a continually rising standard in American terms of eating were, whether they knew it or not, talking also in terms of reduced population, for the billions who were on earth then had to live on grain rather than meat except such meat as could be grass-fed. Here is another odd paradox, for now in this savage world of animals it is grain that is the luxury—grain and fat, because most animals do not carry fat, except a little around the kidneys, and I get most of mine from bears and porcupines. I melt it down and save it in airtight jars.

BUT I was trying to describe those times—the hate and fear and the little love. There was not even much love between men and women. There was marriage, of course, but only three marriages in five lasted. Some children got out of hand at the age of three or four and became unmanageable—the world fear having infected their infant minds. Other children, older ones, became criminals.

It is easy now, so long after the event, to be wise and see that probably we should never have employed the bomb at all—not even on Japan. Instead, we should have brought Japanese observers under safe conduct from Ireland or other neutral countries to witness the first trials in the New Mexican desert and then said, "Give up or we will do this to you." How else could we expect the confidence of the world? We said: "We will never use the bomb. You can be sure of that." And the world answered: "But you have used it twice and you are still experimenting with it." To which we had no reply.



"We may as well face it, Fred. We're on the black list of every sitter in town"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

But perhaps not even this would have saved us, because it appears now that we suffered, not from those we feared most, but from our late enemies, whom we thought we had utterly crushed—though why we should have been so certain that our victory was permanent is now beyond me. Since we knew the furious hatred of Hitler, and since we had seen the effects of Goering's cleverly contrived martyrdom, it is astonishing that we did not put two and two together and perceive that the followers of Nazism were preparing to wreck what they could not conquer. And here is another paradox: The Nazis, having now destroyed the civilization of the West, including their own, have spared only those primitive cultures which have always existed in the "backward" sections of "unenlightened" continents—peoples whom they once ridiculed as "colored." For now that Indians appear to have survived here, I am sure that they have survived in South America, that Eskimos have survived in the North and that Chinese and Russians of the more primitive types are still living as they did five thousand years ago. It is, however, curious that the two girls I saw were blond. I have no recollection of fair Indians. There is, of course, the possibility that their hair was dyed.

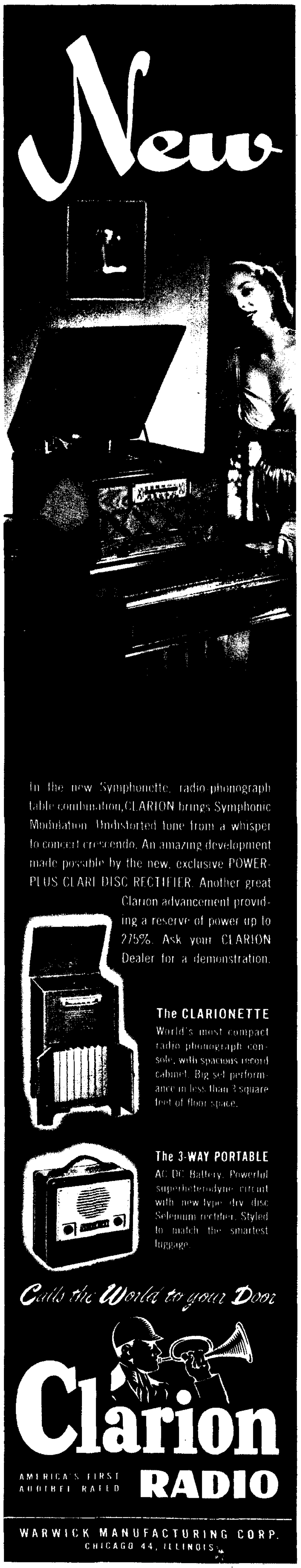
But this is all surmise and, having described the times of President Truelove and the general feeling in the air before the blast, I must tell something of my own personal life. This brings me to my home, and my wife, and the life we led together before it ended, and its end—a difficult and painful thing to do, but one which must be done as a duty, for this phase, too, is coming to an end. I feel it in my bones and heart. Even the dogs feel it: At this moment Bodo, who was sitting with his head on my knee, has gone toward the door and stands there growling, with his hackles erect and his tail stiff. Vixen, more dangerous but more restrained than he, is backing him silently; her eyes are on him and on the door. My hand is on the rifle at my side. I lay it across my knees and watch the dogs.

The dogs that have been growling by the door have quieted down and come back to me. Whatever had been outside has gone and I have relaxed. I can now go on with my narrative again, continuing where I had left off.

My wife, Mildred, was an American, a very small and beautiful woman who hailed from the swamps of New Jersey that are now inhabited by every kind of savage creature. She was an artist, and our small and unpretentious apartment in the Whitby Apartments was decorated with her work. She painted and I wrote, and we amused ourselves with our pets: a miniature pinscher called Annie; a kinkajou called Edward, which was a female but did not know it; a South American bugle bird or troupial, called Sam; a golden hamster by the name of Stompie; and some sixty-odd tropical fish of various species whose names still come to me without difficulty: zebras, platties, angels, neons, moons, swordtails, clowns, guppies, gouramis, Siamese fighting fish, miniature catfish, and many others. The fish lived amid water plants in a large tank which, when lighted by a fluorescent light, looked like fairyland. My wife, who was filled with imaginations and fantasies, always said how wonderful it would be if we could only be very small (and able to breathe under water) and therefore able to walk about in so lovely a garden, sitting on the rocks and strolling over the silver sand which covered the bottom.

We had three rooms in the apartment: a studio sitting room, a bedroom, and a small study. There were, in addition, a kitchen, a bathroom, several large closets, and a terrace garden with plants and trees in pots and boxes, chairs, swings, and a striped awning which could be lowered or pulled up by means of ropes. The apartment was, in fact, an ordinary small New York penthouse in the theatrical district, chosen for a combination of privacy, economy and delight in the situation—this being in what was known as Times Square and corresponding in this city to the grand boulevards of my native Paris. This was Metropolis, Sodom and Gomorrah, Byzantium—the art and amusement center of the world, since the Old World capitals had ceased to function. In Times Square then, and around us each time we took the air to buy a pack of cigarettes or a bottle of beer, were the cream of the world's artists, actors, playwriters, musicians, dancers, singers, prize fighters, cowboys. There were also pimps, gamblers and prostitutes—and their prey: the curious and the rich who sought on the West Side those diversions which the West Side sought on the East. The strange woman or strange eating place, even within the bounds of a city, always seemed better than the local product. This, then, was the atmosphere in which we lived.

I WAS shaving. I had been ill, and to interest myself had grown a beard which each day I marked out like a tennis court, shaving up to the soap mark. The immense white beard which now sweeps my belt buckle was thus simply born. My wife was in the kitchen washing up the things which would be needed for breakfast, and which in a more meticulous household would have been washed the previous night (when we had made tea on coming in from the theater). It was fortunate that she had left the dishes until morning; if she had not, she would have been in the bedroom and exposed to the direct rays of the blinding flash of the explosion. It is hard to recall with exactness what I felt, or heard, or to differentiate between what I have recon-



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structed and my actual memory. My first conscious act was to run from the bathroom to meet Mildred running toward me from the kitchen. She was followed by the dog, which jumped into my arms. With one arm around my wife, and carrying the dog, I went toward the bedroom. I do not think we spoke. I do not think we even said: "What was that?" It was obvious that something had taken place that was beyond both question or explanation. I cannot even remember if the sound—an incredible, dull, slow explosion, if such a thing is possible to imagine, like the bursting of a shell which takes minutes instead of seconds to explode—or the unearthly light came first, or if they came together as lightning and thunder come when they strike near by.

It seems almost certain to me now that we both knew what it was. That it was *it*—the atomic bomb, the "new god" that we had talked about for so long and whose name, like that of older gods, we feared to mention, calling it *it*. Saying: *It* can't happen here; *it* can't happen to us. Saying: *It* is not so dangerous as has been supposed because the Navy tests at Bikini have proved that *it* is not fatal to every living thing. Few of us realizing that the officers of the Navy were unlikely to render themselves obsolete by any experiment over which they had full control.

WE MIGHT have guessed this, when a year later certain admirals regretted the fact that the bomb had ever been used, saying that it had not been necessary and that the war would have been won without it almost as quickly. Did these gentlemen regret the hundreds of thousands of unnecessary dead, or the fact that the bomb and its implications had jeopardized their professional security? What were a hundred thousand kimono-clad dead compared to the loss of their authority? Or am I cynical? Or again, is it possible for a man in my position to be cynical?

I do not know what I felt when it happened. Fear certainly, then perhaps an odd kind of relief. *It* had happened, and we were still alive. This was the worst that could happen—that was what we thought, then. In a way, it was like walking through a barrage. A thing that seemed impossible had taken place; we had passed through a wall of death and fire. We had survived. In us then, consciously or not, was the terrible selfish joy of the survivor. Only the dog had more sense. She trembled so much that when I put her down she could not stand but fell on her side. And the kinkajou in the kitchen was uttering loud screams.

The glass from the bedroom windows was on the floor and window sill. Since some of it still stuck to the frames, it was obvious that it had not been smashed the way glass is usually broken by an explosion, but that it had been bent, like a plastic, by inward pressure and then had fallen, instead of being blown into the room. Thus all laws of physics were shattered; everything that I had learned of what, at school, we had called "heat, light, and sound" was now reversed. We and all mankind were dwelling in a vacuum universe where even Einstein must find himself a child spending his first day in a cosmic kindergarten. But this thought did not come then, as I stood with my wife in my arms, as she clung like a small bird to the only safety that she knew. We stared, not out—for we dared not—but at the familiarity of our bedroom which was bathed in an unearthly light. Only a true artist would know what I mean when I say it was a *cold* rose. Only he would know that this is not an impossibility—for by the rules all reds and pinks are warm, and it is the blues that are cold. Only he would know—and it makes me laugh as I write, for there is not an artist left alive today, not a damned soul who can understand this message from the damned. I write alone—the last of my time and race—and describe the finer points of color for people who no longer exist.

My wife's dressing table was intact, its mirror unshattered, her comb, brushes and other accessories as they had always been in that woman's disorder, that asymmetry which always appalls a man. There was a lipstick lying open. There was a scattering of powder. A cut-glass perfume bottle was unstoppered. It occurred to me to ask her how she expected the perfume to retain its strength if she did not put the stopper back—a thing I had done a hundred times, to no effect. And I smiled inside my mind at the thought and turned my eyes to the bed. There we had lain. There were the marks of our lying. The sheets crumpled, the bed no doubt still warm; and *this* had happened. *This* had taken place. Still looking, my eyes moved to the bird cage. At night we brought Sam into the bedroom so that his chuckling and calling would wake us slowly in the morning. (That was one advantage of my profession; I was no servant to time or to the shattering effect of an alarm clock. As it is to every man, my belly was my master, but I could choose my time to make the wherewithal to fill it, and use, if I so desired, a bird to wake me.) At the bottom of the cage my bird lay dead, a crumpled ball of black and yellow.

Apart from the curious cold pink glow in the room, there was a smell of hot iron. Mixed with this smell was a faint odor of ozone, a sort of seashore smell. There was also a feeling of warmth—not heat, just warmth, like that felt from the short-wave diathermy treatment that doctors used to give sometimes for a strained back. I had the feeling of being enveloped in a blanket of powerful, almost palpitating warmth. I remember thinking: Are these the fatal radioactive waves that we read about? A writer whose name I cannot recall had written a magnificent description of the bombing of Hiroshima in a magazine called The New Yorker, which, though it was a magazine of sophisticated humor, devoted a whole issue to his report. His description gave us a standard of comparison. It is odd how it all comes back, how details of the story, but not the name of the man who wrote it, spring into my mind.

WE NOW dared to look out of the window. The McGraw-Hill Building was still standing, and so was the Holland Hotel, but beyond them there was only an incandescent orange redness against which they were blackly silhouetted. This redness was the center of what can only be described as a frightful, cream-colored, cauliflower-shaped cloud. Branches of white and butter-yellow broccoli seemed to grow writhing out from this center in mushroom layers. The whole thing was vegetablelike, a vivid, livid, mushroom-cauliflower-broccoli that formed great branches which grew, changing into white trees growing out of the scarlet central heart, against a background of thick brown smoke. Everything writhed and churned, the branches becoming intricate tendrils of marblelike delicacy—orange-pink, scarlet, amber-yellow, citron; and then the veins thickened into arms so that the vegetable simile failed and one thought of the writhing arms of an octopus.

An octopus is what it was—an octopus that was throttling all that we knew and loved. It was incredible to stand there watching the end of the world. Each man who watched was a modern Nero—for it was we who had set this thing going, who had by our apathy set this final blaze, and fiddled while the preparations for it had been made. All this naturally comes easily now. I cannot describe fully what I felt then. What we felt was without precedent, and the most we could hope for was the strength to disguise our fear and, by so doing, prevent

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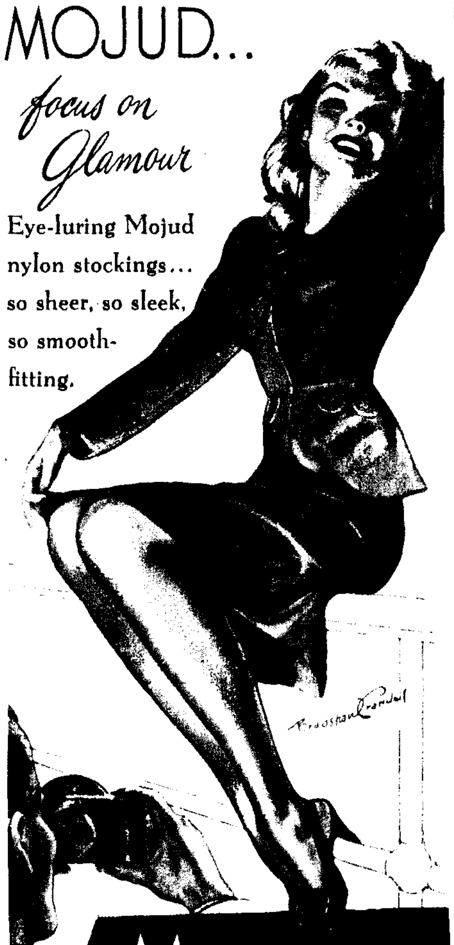

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the personal panic which would be fatal.

Having watched this tree of death grow, having seen it mount into the firmament, break into two parts and drift in majesty toward the west, we turned our attention to our home, which we knew already to be shattered, cracked like a mended cup which seems, as it is dropped for the last time, to retain its shape for an instant so that a memory of it can be fixed before it breaks into tiny shards.

Now we looked for signs. Now I wished that I had not forgotten how to pray, and thought: If more had prayed, this would not have happened. God is not lightly mocked, and this was the answer of a God mocked.

Meanwhile, other things had happened, as we found out when we looked around more carefully. The kinkajou had stopped screaming and had gone to sleep. This was her answer to all problems and corresponded to our method of anesthesia by means of drink, drugs, or women. But some of the tropical fish were dead, floating with their white bellies in the air; and the plants which filled the big studio window had their leaves browned on the edges. Why only the edges? Why had only *some* of the fish died? I forget which now, but all of two or three varieties were dead while the others swam at ease, seeking food in the corners of the tank. We picked out the dead fish to feed to Edward when she woke, as was our habit. We scattered some food in the feed ring and watched the multicolored fish cluster near the surface to eat. I said, "Put on the kettle and we'll have some tea"; a cup of tea being my answer to any crisis—tea and aspirin.

Then suddenly I felt weak. I saw how we were going through the motions of life: feeding the animals, making tea. Mildred must have felt the same, because she said from the kitchen, "The gas is all right."

I said, "And the water?" though I had heard her fill the kettle and knew that the water was still running.

"The water's all right, too," she said.

It won't be for long, I thought; and got up and put the plug into the bath and filled it. That would give us fifty gallons or so—enough for a few days anyway. I was trying to bridge the gap between a technological past of half an hour ago and the future, trying to think what would work and what wouldn't, and making decisions that seemed very wise at the time—conditioned reflexes to disaster brought out of the past from African droughts, from memories of the last war, from stories and letters I had had about London in the blitz. The next minute I was being violently sick. Lucky I'm in here, I thought. If one had to be sick it was a good thing to be in the place where it was easiest to be sick. It all comes back to me very clearly as I relive that day. Again I hear my wife's voice saying, "Are you all right?" And my answer: "Yes, I'm all right." The persistence of those words. Was the gas *all right?* Was the water? Were we?

And now I became aware of the smoke and the smell. Smoke was coming in through the shattered window of the bedroom. Fires must have broken out everywhere, I thought. Probably the destruction of the explosion, though it must have caused the fires, had banked them, as it were, with falling buildings, and only now were they breaking out with real severity. I heard a great crash as something fell on the flat roof and, looking out, saw it was a big wooden beam; more things fell, half bricks, tiles, dust, something that looked as if it had once been a man. I must get that away—overboard—before Mildred saw it.

I DID later, when things had stopped falling, and wondered as I handled the broken body if it was radioactive. I wondered how things had stayed in the air so long. Or was it not long; had it all happened so fast, in minutes—and what did it matter, anyway? I thought of what we had done, of filling the bath and the kettle, and decided that the debris falling on the roof was the result of a later explosion. There would no doubt be many of them. The kettle—it was one of those with a whistle on it—began to whistle.

I said, "It's boiling."

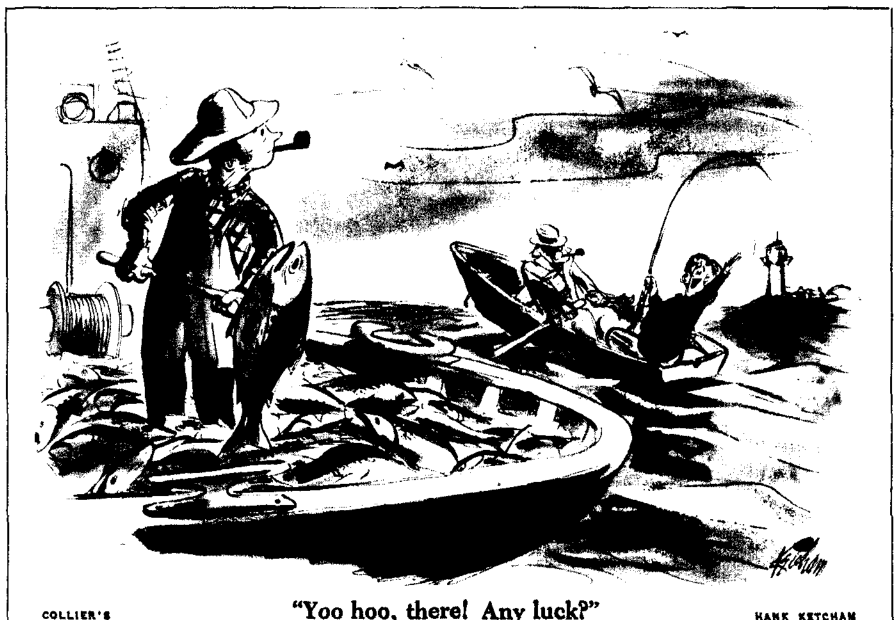
Mildred said, "Yes."

I said, "Let's make the tea. We'll feel better when we've had tea."

Mildred said, "Yes," and we went into the kitchen together with the dog between us, right on our heels so that when we stopped, she bumped into us. The very act of making tea was calming. I carried the tray into the sitting room.

Things still kept falling, and the air was filled with papers that rose sailing like kites on the currents between the high buildings. It was very dark and there was no light when I tried to turn on the table lamp. Neither of us said anything. The wind continued to rise, assuming almost whirlwind proportions. I began to be aware of the noise of sirens. Fire engines and ambulances and police cars were evidently out on the streets. We both said, "Listen to the fire engines." Then there was a shot and Mildred said, "Is that a shot?" and I said, "Yes." There were to be plenty more later. Then we heard a scream. The paralysis of fear was now changing to hysteria. Terrified people were rushing out to escape from themselves, to see, to do, to find out. We'd have to go out ourselves sometime—but not yet.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "Yoo hoo, there! Any luck?" HANK KETCHAM

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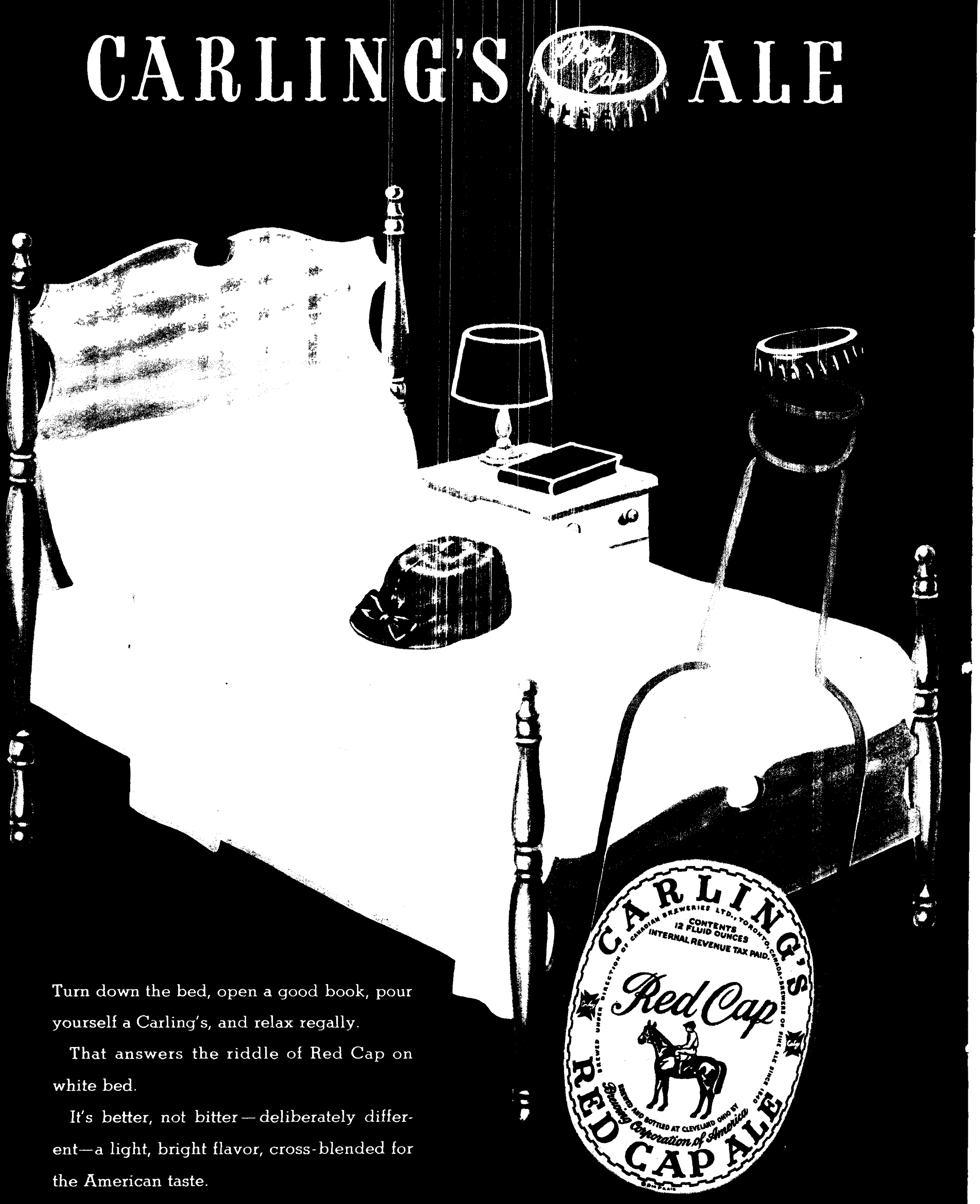
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JOHN BULL SEES RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Continued from page 18

"Funny, but we seem to have to be almost down and out before America can sympathize with us," several people said to me in one form or another.

When President Truman offered to divert coal ships to Britain, The Times of London, although duly grateful, felt that it would be the "final humiliation." Most Britishers felt the same way. The porter in my office building said: "People who don't think, don't mind where they get coal so long as they keep warm. They would steal it from our own yards. But most of us feel this country was built up on coal, and if we have to look for it abroad, that is the end."

The idea of "sending coals to Newcastle" after all these generations is monstrous to the Englishman. There was an elderly, gray-haired saleswoman in an unheated bookshop who said to me during the electricity restrictions: "Above everything else, this crisis makes us feel so ashamed. To think we should have let ourselves get so dependent!"

Many Emotions, But No Self-Pity

There is no desire for pity, and no question of self-pity in all this. It is an agglomeration in which you find envy, tiredness, apathy, resentment, fear, disappointment, discouragement. There are those who dislike "American capitalism and imperialism"; those who distrust American economic and trade policies; those who believe that the United States will lead Great Britain into a war with the Soviet Union; those who are hungry, cold and ill-clothed and who read of American comforts and see them through Hollywood's distortions.

Add them up and you get an Americanophobia that is in no sense a dominant characteristic of British feelings and that cannot outweigh the genuine friendship of the two peoples—but there it is. Sometimes you are furious with someone you like very much. It doesn't mean you want to rupture your old friendship, but meanwhile it hurts and it can do permanent harm. This is more than a lovers' quarrel and one ought to stand off a bit and analyze the reasons.

There is no need to go back to George III and Lord North. We can start with World War II. Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin never tires of calling attention to the fact that there was a period when Britain fought alone. Britons are inclined to feel that Americans forgot this all too quickly. They became convinced of it when one of the first things President Truman did after the war ended was suddenly to announce that Lend-Lease was over. More recently, it was a question of returning the ships chartered under Lend-Lease—ships that Britain needs to maintain her meager food rations and which she now sees going back to rust in American harbors.

In the political field the great expression of all these feelings came when the so-called "rebels" of the Labor party in Parliament, led by R. H. S. Crossman, revolted against Bevin's policies last November. Their criticisms of him inevitably turned into an aggressive anti-Americanism. The gist of the argument, as expressed by Crossman, was that "freedom cannot survive in a world of either American free enterprise or Russian Communism." At the same time he denounced what he called the "drift into the American camp," which, he asserted, would end by an Anglo-American war against the Soviet Union.

For Crossman and the other "rebels," the United States is the imperialist power par excellence. They point to our naval forces in the Mediterranean, our support for the Kuomintang in China, our backing of capitalism in Japan, our trade policies, our oil domains in the Middle East, and, of course, our demand for naval bases in the Pacific.

The feelings are not confined to parliamentarians. There was the 30-year-old, middle-class woman who was heard to remark: "The Americans are bloody hypocritical; they substitute our imperialism with their capitalism."

There was a scorching series of four broadcasts in December by the British author and fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, A. J. P. Taylor, in which, among other things, he denounced "the present imperialistic course" of the United States. The talks were so bitter in tone that Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, was constrained to tell the House of Commons that the government considered them anti-British as well as anti-American. However, the damage was done. Taylor had missed nothing in the military, economic or political line.

In his third broadcast, for instance, he regretted "our economic dependence on America, which compels us to mortgage our future prosperity and to commit our young men to America's military plans."

The conclusion he reached (and it is one that a vast body of left-wing and Socialist thinking in Britain shares) is that American capitalism and free enterprise is the world's great enemy of social democracy. "American policy," declared Taylor, "is the policy of Canning: 'Every nation for itself and God for us all!' "

One need not cite the British Communists on this subject, for their line is obvious. What matters more is the feeling of the Socialists who dominate government and politics in Britain. There is an honest opinion in Labor party ranks that American capitalism is out to hamper if not destroy British Socialism, and they interpret the cessation of Lend-Lease, the loan, the demand for the return of the chartered ships, and American trade policies in that light.

Labor Party Defines Capitalism

In its detailed statement of policy in 1944 the Labor party said: "Capitalism means everywhere the protection of the privileges of the few by the sacrifices of the well-being of the many; and in relations between States, capitalism means a power politics which is even more ugly and brutal."

There probably is not a Britisher, from Oxford professors of economics down to the trade-union manual laborer, who is not convinced that the United States is in for that economic process that the late John Maynard Keynes called "boom and bust."

Sydney Silverman, one of the leading Laborite M.P.s, recently said: "One remembers well how, in the period between 1929-1931, free enterprise in Wall Street brought down the whole economic fabric of the civilized world." Many Britons today expect and fear a repetition.

The left-wing weeklies, New Statesman and Nation and Tribune are naturally full of warnings and recriminations, about being "entangled in the mess of America's economic confusion." But even the careful, highly conservative London Times has been critical:

"Because of American inexperience and the exaggerated American Big Business opposition to any form of Socialism, nationalization and inevitable Leftward march of most of Europe, it is the Americans who are today helping to perpetuate the great European rift, so fatal for Britain, by their support of purely reactionary anti-Soviet elements."

It is the Americans, of course, from the British viewpoint, who have been making a solution of the Palestine problem impossible. That feeling received its

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most sensational expression when Bevin told the House of Commons on February 25th that Truman was to blame for wrecking the negotiations with Jews and Arabs. The resentment in that direction runs down from Bevin to the newly created anti-Semitism of the ordinary man and woman whose sons are being endangered and even killed by Jewish terrorists in Palestine. But whether it is Palestine, Egypt, India or Hong Kong, Britons see Americans egging on the British Empire to liquidate itself, while demanding bases for themselves and accusing the British of imperialism.

However, what really counts is the man in the street, who is not primarily interested in the British Empire or foreign affairs. There is where one reaches the truly serious feature of the growing anti-Americanism. The worker on his 1s.4d. (27 cents) of meat a week, the housewife in her coarse stockings, the demobilized soldier whose girl or wife fell for an American G.I.—these are the ones who count.

Food and clothes, after all, are vital things in the life of the ordinary man and woman. The mere fact that bread rationing is blamed on the United States is enough to engender a truly dangerous hostility (Britons generally believe that the maritime strikes in the summer of 1946 led British officials to doubt that sufficient wheat would be available for import and thus to institute bread rationing). Democratic governments must respond to public opinion. National necessities, statesmanship, diplomatic courtesies, historic ties all make their demands, but the votes come from Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

A Voice of the Pub Speaks

The war left its mark. When questioned about the war, in this year of 1947, an unskilled laborer, sitting over his beer at the corner pub, had this to say: "The British and Dominion troops were a damn' sight better in my opinion. They did all the hard fighting at the beginning of the war—and then the Yanks stepped in and wanted the credit, just like they did last time."

The effect of so many American soldiers being in Britain had its excellent features, but the inordinate amount of money they threw about, the girls they took, the ostentatious and obstreperous binges they indulged in, the way they swarmed everywhere were evidently exasperating and nerve-racking to millions of Britishers. And they have not forgotten.

"I didn't care much for their behavior; all they seemed interested in was drink and girls," said the man who was sitting across the table in that same corner pub. "Every time I saw an American soldier slouching along, hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched, chewing gum, I felt glad I wasn't an American."

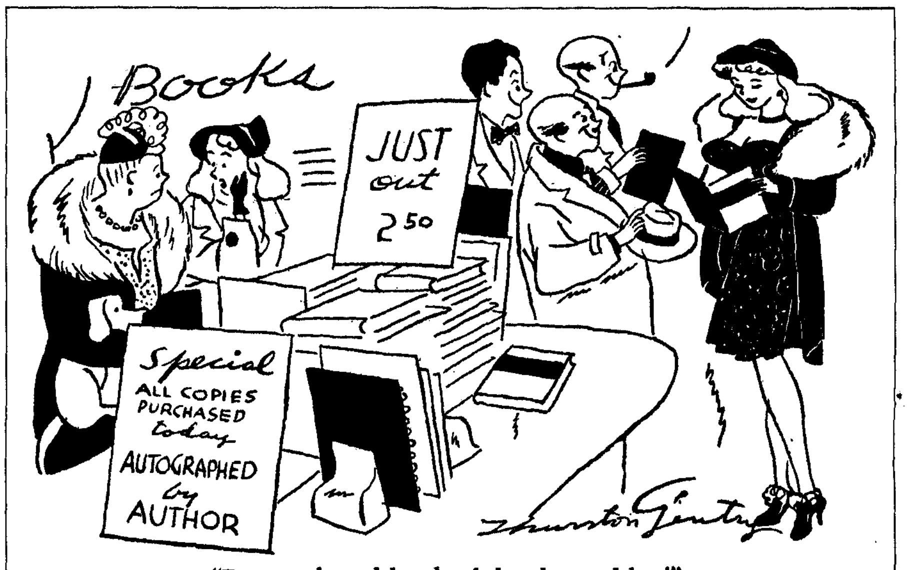
One gets it even now, with the G.I.s on leave from Germany who, say my British friends, make no allowances for the ravages of war in England and are contemptuous of the British way of life. They are prone to look at Britishers as backward, while they, in turn, strike the British as limited in their interests and education.

Yet nothing could be more misleading than to believe that Britons in general disliked or resented the American soldiers. The criticisms were, and still are, widespread, but the praise, the friendship, the admiration were far more widespread, and they, too, have left their ineradicable marks. Unfortunately, as so often happens, the grumblers make the most noise. The vast body of Britons, who were attracted by the kindliness, gaiety, simplicity and friendliness of the Americans are generally silent.

There is an unpleasant residue of envy about all this anti-Americanism. The envy of statesmen over the vast national wealth of the United States, the envy of the military and naval officers over our immense armed strength are of no great significance, but the envy of the cold, pinched, underfed, poorly clothed, drab and depressed man and woman reading about the luxury of American life, and seeing the distortions of Hollywood every time they go to the movies, is something to worry about.

An American woman going about London in her pretty dress, her fine, warm coat, her nylon stockings and fashionable shoes would drop down dead a dozen times a day if looks could kill. Even her best British women friends cannot resist stabbing looks and barbed remarks.

And now they have been told that austerity is not to be reduced, but increased! Someone we knew received two boxes of chocolates from the United States and nicely passed one of them on to her sister. It happened just after the announcement of a drastic cut in the supply of American dried eggs. The sister's comment on the chocolates in all their beautiful New York trappings was: "I wish you would ask your Americans not to waste precious shipping space on sending over chocolates; let it be dried eggs." And, although she must have been dying for chocolates, she sent them back.



COLLIER'S "Boston okayed her book but banned her!" THURSTON GENTRY

But because bitterness against America extends from the highest ranks to the lowest, it is important to give careful thought to the results of the latest Mass-Observation survey. The survey began in February, 1946, with a poll of 800 chosen in two contrasting localities—the working-class, leftist district of Hammersmith, London, and the agricultural, Conservative town of Shrewsbury, in Shropshire. It has since been followed up five times in order to get the trends and the results will be published sometime this spring. Other surveys concerning the United States go back to 1941.

At that time 45 per cent of those questioned said they were favorable to the Americans. The percentage rose to 47 the next year, slumped to 34 per cent in the dark year of 1943, returned to 45 the following year and hit the peak of 58 per cent in the victory year of 1945. Then came the crash. In March, 1946, only 22 per cent were favorable to Americans. By the end of the year the figure was 21 per cent and Tom Harrisson, who runs the poll, estimates that it is still lower now. He is one of those who predict a steady and dangerous deterioration unless something is done about it.

The outstanding feature of the recent surveys is that as favorable opinions of the Americans decline, they rise in almost similar proportions toward the Russians. As things stand now, for every two Londoners friendly to the United States, more than four are unfriendly. With regard to the Russians, there are two friendly to somewhat less than four unfriendly. Last autumn the figures were two to five.

In one panel in 1945, the subjects were asked to give their principal reasons for disliking Americans. In written, considered answers from people rather more thoughtful than the general public, the main reasons were given as follows: boastfulness 24 per cent, immaturity 16 per cent, materialism and commercial preoccupation 14 per cent, morals 10 per cent, accent and conversation 8 per cent.

"Seeing their individual arrogance, Teutonic massiveness and lack of courtesy and common decency," one sour individual remarked, "one is not surprised that as a nation they have immense supplies of food, do not intend to supply us so freely and are prepared to flood the world with their atrocious films, full of slop, bad manners, inaccurate history and the general marvelousness of the American people."

A forty-nine-year-old housewife, from the middle classes, fumed and sputtered: "Mention the Americans and my tackle is up. They irritate me beyond words. Loud, bombastic, bragging, self-righteous, morals of the farmyard, hypocrites—everything that makes me see red. . . . I hate the way they dare to patronize us, pity us, criticize us, and lecture us."

"I am sorry, but I have no time for them," said a middle-aged Tory. "I don't like their world policy. I think it is a case of the Almighty Dollar too much, and now, with the atomic-bomb business as well, I don't trust them either. As for the ones I have met—mostly G.I.—give me the good British lad every time."

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary these days to point out that a sharp distinction has to be made between popular feelings and strategic, economic and political realities, all of which drive Great Britain and the United States together. They would surely bring us as inevitably into partnership in a future conflict as they did in 1917 and 1941. On the fundamentals of life and the ways of the world we see alike and stand together.

The trouble is that the Anglophobes and the Americanophobes can cause a lot of temporary harm. They are doing so right now. Government and world relations suffer because the clerk's wife in any British city you please blames the United States in part for the meagerness of her food rations, the shabbiness of her clothes, the drabness of her home.

The statesmen reach their hands across the sea and most of the time there is a clasp of friendship. But much of the effect is nullified when a carpenter's wife in Hammersmith delivers this priceless dictum on the United States of America—as she really did:

"I have a brother in New York and he says it stinks and the Americans stink."

THE END

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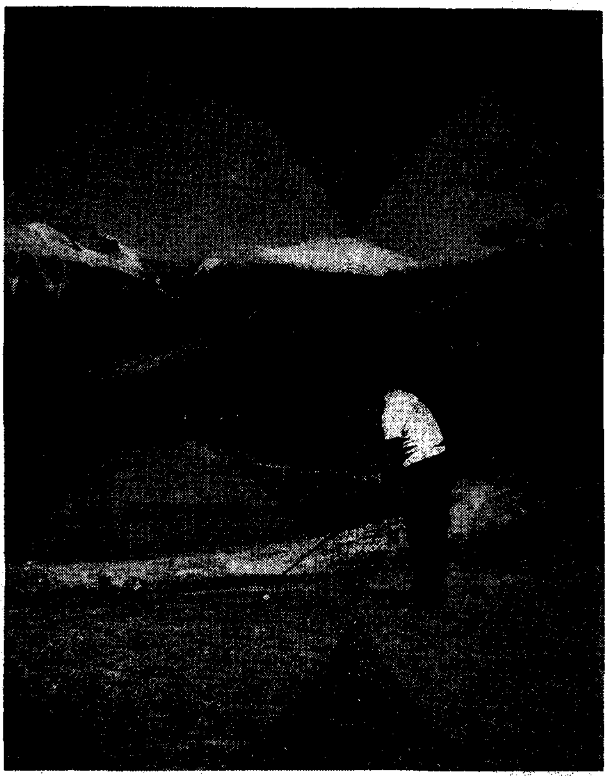

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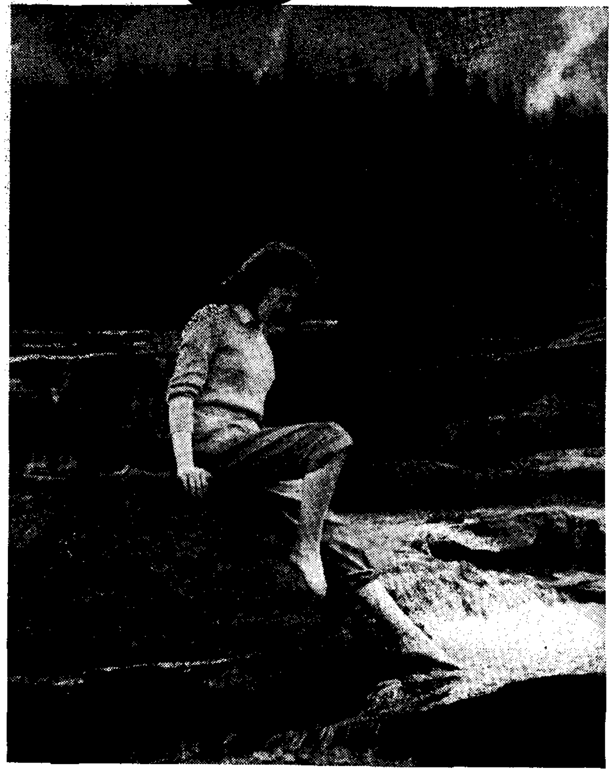

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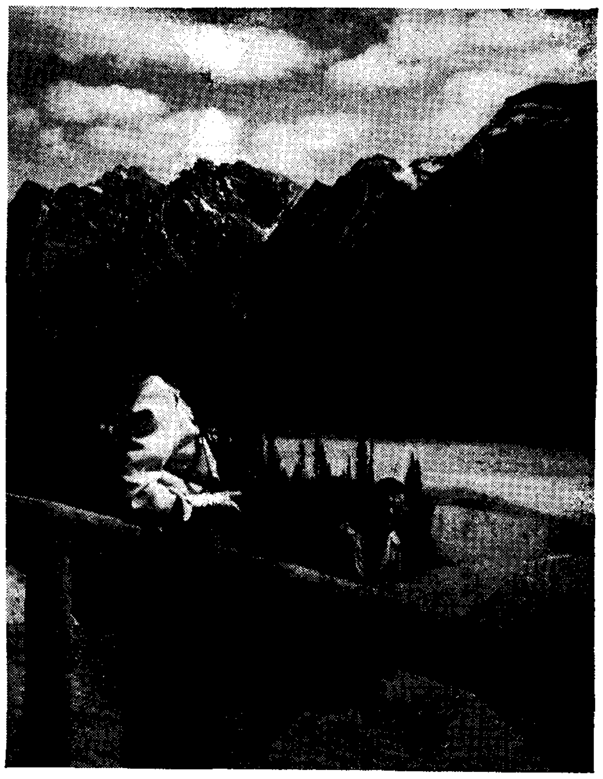

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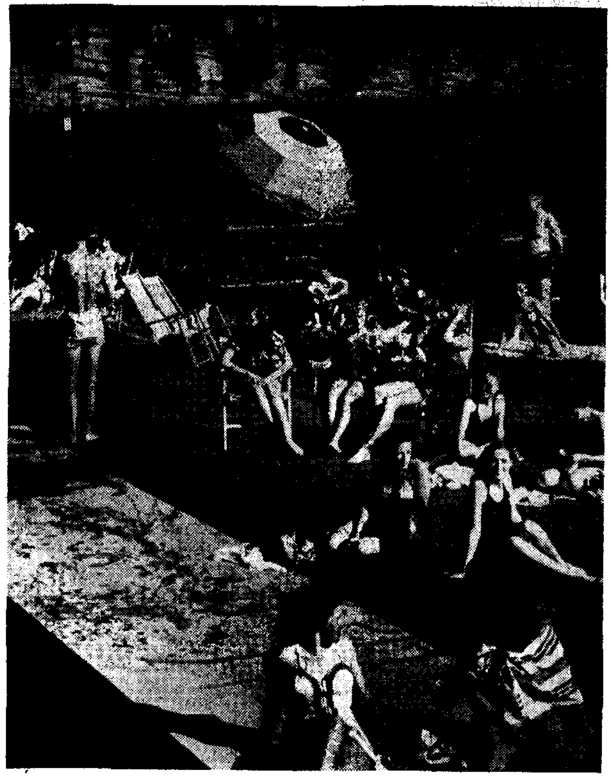

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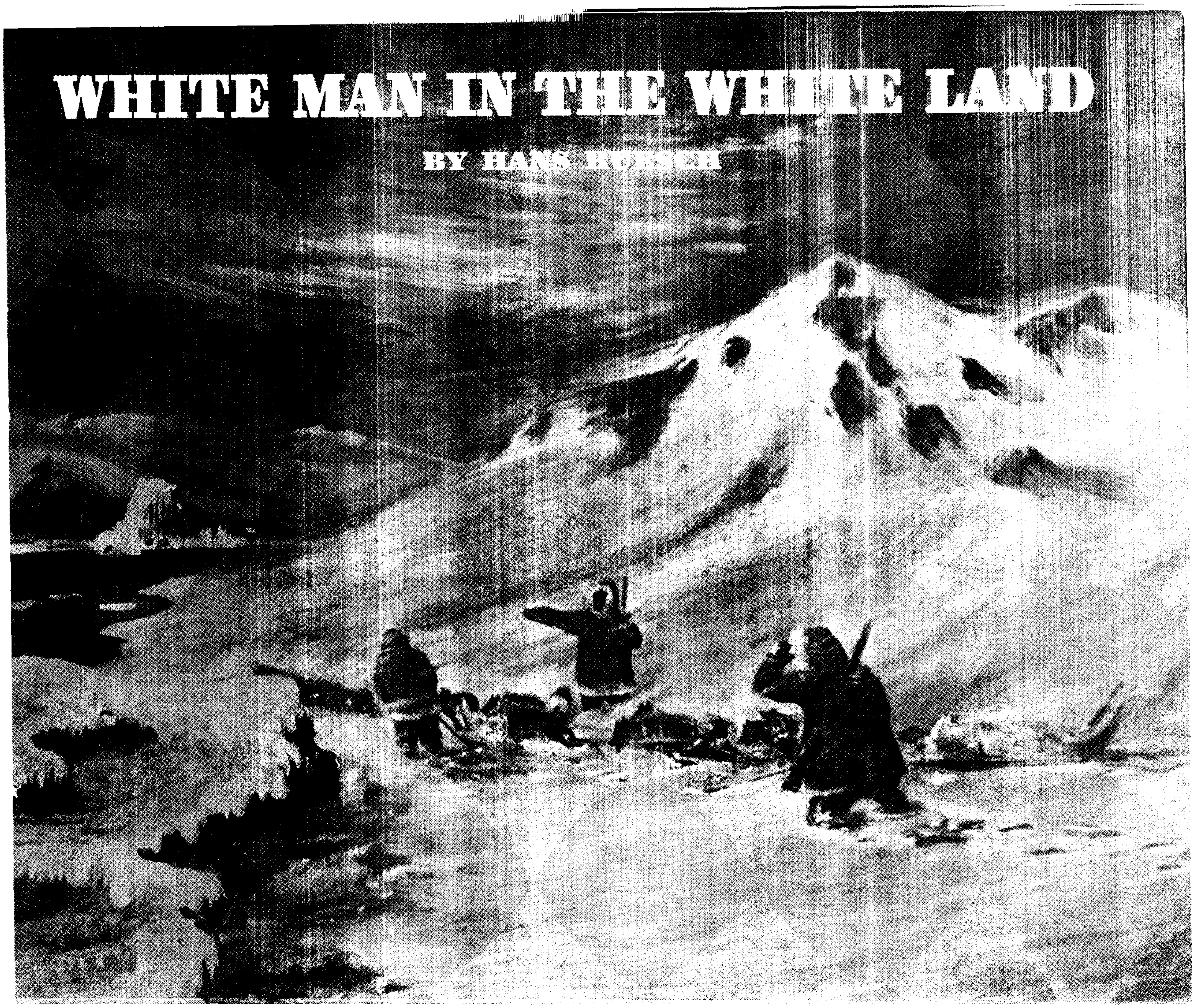
WHITE MAN IN THE WHITE LAND

BY HANS RUESCH



After you read this not altogether serious story you will know a little more about Eskimos—and a lot more about white men

ERNENEK was so intent upon his occupation that he failed to notice the two men approaching with leveled shotguns. With the jawbone of a Greenland shark he had sawed a square in the glacial ocean and now, kneeling on a caribou skin, he peered into the dark green waters, his behind pointing to the sky and his nose almost touching the surface of the sea which had rushed into the hole after the ice had been extracted. With his left hand he worked the bait—a small fish carved of bone, hanging from a line of sinew. When he jerked the string, the decoy flapped its fins. In his other hand, his horn-tipped harpoon lay poised to strike.

"Ernenek, get to your big feet," the older man called in the Eskimo language. He was tall, with watery blue eyes in a sallow face. The younger one was stouter. Both had beards.

Ernenek jumped up. He looked without guile at the guns and his big face broke into a smile that reduced his jet-black eyes to shimmering slits.

"We've come all the way for you, just for you," the tall man said darkly.

"I never saw you before, but I saw the other man once at the trading post," Ernenek said.

The younger man agreed solemnly.

"I'll lead you anywhere you want," Ernenek said, "but first you must be my guests. My tent is inland, not far to walk from here. I left my sled with my wife, Asiak, who is servicing the traps. We have a great heap of seal meat that's been rotting into tenderness ever since last winter."

"You must come with us right away," the tall man said. "We left our sled behind the island, lest you should suddenly disappear in the ice on seeing us come."

"Why should I want to disappear?"

"You've murdered one of us, Ernenek, and you must answer for it."

Ernenek prodded deep into his memory. Then he laughed, relieved. He belonged to that spare group of Eskimos who'd had but few clashes with civilization and didn't know how to lie. The white lonely reaches that to him were home had been seen by no white man except from the air.

"I can answer you right now," he said lightly. "I remember; it was the only man I ever killed. And not only was I right, but he was wrong."

"You'll tell that to the man who is to sentence you," the tall man said.

Ernenek frowned, quickly. "Is he a relative?"

"No, anyone who murders a white man gets a fair trial and is then strung up a tree with a rope around his neck."

Both men spoke the Eskimo language execrably and that must be why, Ernenek thought, they didn't get his point.

"I told you," he said patiently, "I was right in killing him. He insulted me and Asiak abominably."

"Save your tonsils for the judge," the tall man said. "We have a good team of dogs that will get us to him in less than three months, maybe. Then you may talk for a while. Those are our rules."

He'd heard that before, Ernenek had, that everyone was supposed to bow to the rules of the white men. He didn't ponder whether that was right or wrong. He only wondered whether they could get away with it. With him.

So long as they were two, and had guns, they could.

The younger man took the snow knife, which Ernenek had laboriously carved out of horn, the saw, the flintstone ax and the harpoon and dropped them into the fishing hole.

"Asiak is expecting me," Ernenek said. "She'll wait and wait. And then she'll worry."

The tall man grinned. "She won't worry long. A woman never does.

(Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG

MR. SECRETARY MARSHALL

Continued from page 24

hospitality. His Norwegian cook threatened to quit because Mrs. Marshall got credit in the papers for the scrambled eggs.

Attitude for Russia

This episode, while possessing none of the world-shaking quality of the general's current contact with the Russians, does nevertheless contain a number of significant indications as to how General Marshall is likely to behave himself in all his present and future relations with Soviet diplomats.

He will surely maintain the same manly regard for his collocutors as human beings. He will doubtless manifest the same alertness for detail in the midst of confusion. He will take decisive action when it is needed. He will express himself just as clearly through an interpreter. Being himself extremely guarded with respect to the press, he may, again, respect the Soviet taciturnity in press relations more than our papers will like. Just as he could then assess the military value of a frame building, he will now know the real value of U.S. and, so far as intelligence permits, of Soviet military factors in his discussions. Just as he sent a hot wire back to his Corps Area, he will talk back to his bosses—the President, the Congress, the people—when he thinks they are wrong. He will give unstintingly of his own resources.

What is not known, and cannot be, until the results of the Moscow conference have become clear, is how skillful he will prove to be, over the long haul, in the tactical give-and-take of negotiations. He has not had the long political training that apparently helped James F. Byrnes so much in his bargaining. The general also differs from his predecessor in a larger respect. Whereas Byrnes operated entirely as a flexible, political trader, always departing from and returning to the test of practicality, General Marshall has a way of measuring things by standards of principle, by what he conceives to be right and wrong. This may make him more successful in the long run; it is almost certain to make him less opportunistic, and perhaps therefore less obviously triumphant, as to detail.

There are three other incidents in the record of General Marshall's contacts with the Russians that suggest that he will find means of being firm when he deems it necessary, that he will not lack courage to do whatever he considers correct and just, but that he will treat the Russians to the same openness and candor that have become his norm in dealing with Americans.

The first of these occurred in 1942, when Molotov visited Washington to plead for an immediate second front. President Roosevelt was agreeing in principle, but putting the Russians off with general answers, when General Marshall, who was known to be a stubborn protagonist for the cross-Channel invasion, asked for the floor. The general then told Molotov exactly why there could be no invasion then: Ships were lacking. He told how many ships it would take to mount an amphibious expedition across the Channel. He reminded Molotov that the Russians were costing us sorely in shipping on the Murmansk run. He spoke bluntly, and several times he asked that both Russian and American interpreters should translate what he said, so that there could be no mistaking his words. He settled the discussion.

The second incident took place in China last year. According to the document known as the Soong-Stalin Agreement, the Russians had obtained certain rights in the port of Dairen, in lower Manchuria. There was some question as to how they would react to a suggestion that the United States should have a consular officer in Dairen. Instead of asking the Russians and inviting a negative answer, General Marshall put a consul on a naval vessel and just sent him there. The Russians made no objection.

The third event was also in China, shortly before the general's return home, when he called on the Soviet ambassador, Apollon A. Petrov, and told him with absolute frankness how he felt about the snarl in Kuomintang-Communist negotiations. He told Petrov that he was not pro-Kuomintang, and that he considered the reactionaries in the Central government just as responsible for the failure of the negotiations as the Communists. Any mental reservations Petrov may have had as to these claims must have been dispelled by General Marshall's public statement on China, in which he said exactly the same things for all to read.

The chances are that whatever General Marshall does, *vis-à-vis* the Russians, he will wind up personally just about where he did in Vancouver Barracks, after the Soviet fliers dropped in on him. Some of our press is sure to criticize him. The Russians certainly won't thank him. Our government will give him no exceptional rewards, beyond the $15,751 which is due him every year as General of the Army. And some of his subordinates are bound to quit because they feel they haven't had proper credit. If history thanks him for anything, it will be too late for him to get any fun out of it.

A Washington Democrat

"I'm assuming," General Marshall said to reporters the day he arrived in Washington from China, "that the office of Secretary of State, at least under present conditions, is nonpolitical."

The general was speaking in a narrow sense—to the effect that the incumbent should not be a potential candidate for political office in the United States. In a broader, international sense, it is one of the most political of all the top governmental posts. That being so, it is important to know the general's politics.

If a label had to be devised for General Marshall's position, it would probably be that he is a Washingtonian Democrat, though the parallel with the country's first President cannot be pushed too far.

Basically General Marshall's political orientation is as Washington's was, conservative. Marshall is conservative in the way a military man, a Kentucky-Virginia gentleman-gardener, and an elderly man is apt to be. He once expressed it well in a discussion of a "radical" French military experiment: "Whenever changes are proposed, modern theories advanced, or surprising developments are brought to my attention, I automatically search for the fundamental principle involved."

General Marshall's politics are rooted in early American history. He has read very widely in the lives and records of the founding fathers, and can quote the Federalist papers by the yard. In his study of history, he always looks for the force that brings a balance between extremes, for the middle-of-the-road lesson. Benjamin Franklin seems to him a model of an elder statesman, balancing the brilliance but mercuriality of younger men like Hamilton, Madison and Adams. General Marshall believes that more careful study of its own history would help to keep this country on a course of moderation, compromise and peace; his experience with the talented Hollywood director Frank Capra in turning out documentary training films for the Army makes him feel that every

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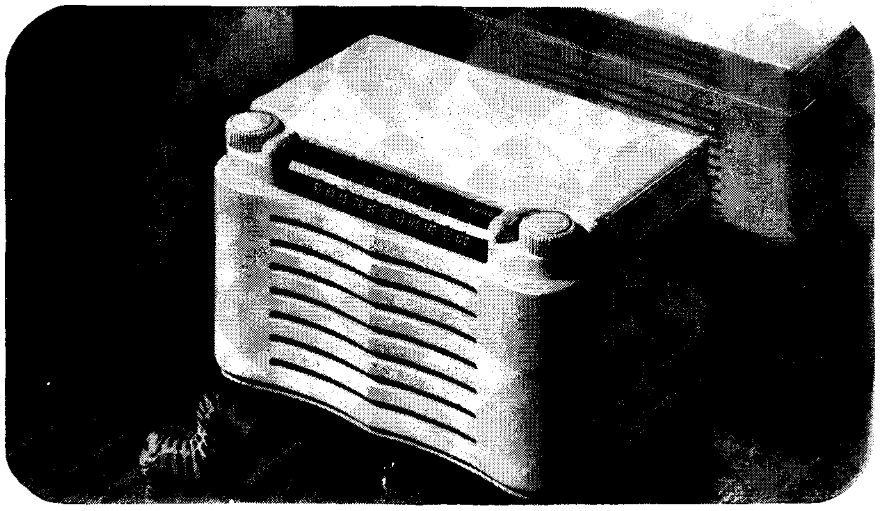

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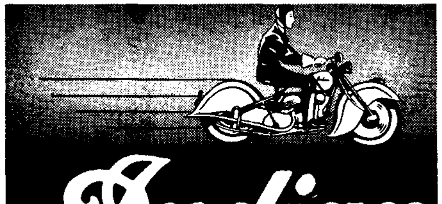

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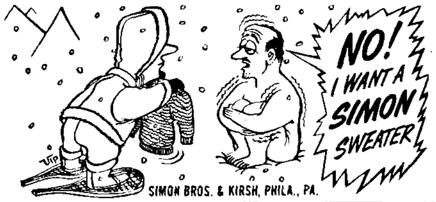
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high school should teach history through similar moving pictures, and he says, "If only every congressman on Capitol Hill were enough of a student of history to know all the things that were tried and failed in Greece and Rome!"

His middle-of-the-road politics are more intellectual than actual. It is hard to find, on the record, many clues to his real political position. Like many Army officers, he has never voted. His record on civil liberties—which, in principle, he naturally and unequivocally favors—is skimpy. He took the time, on the hectic morning of December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor, to make a speech to a convention of Negro editors in which he spoke of "our common destiny as free men." Very often, in speeches and testimony, he spoke of our "Citizen Army." He concerned himself very much with Special Services—the branch of the Army concerned with the well-being of its men. The only unfavorable publicity he had during the war was when, in an off-the-record press conference late in 1943, having returned from Teheran to find himself in the railroad business because of a strike, he made some carefully heated remarks about the strike, which, within a few days, the St. Petersburg Times attributed specifically to him.

There is an affinity these days between religious and political faiths. General Marshall might be called a practical Christian. He goes to church when he can, but it is doubtful that his religious beliefs will very much affect his function as a world politician, except in so far as they contribute to his general attitude toward his fellow men. During the busiest times of the war his religiosity was sometimes a little mixed up with more bellicose matters. Testifying before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on the Selective Service Act, on October 14, 1942, he said, "I presume all you gentlemen finish your day with the Lord's Prayer, as I do, but even then my thoughts involve ship tonnage and transportation. . . ." Probably the best summing of the general's spiritual—and also political—state comes from Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Franklin, who served as Marshall's secretary just after the first World War, and who says: "He has great regard for the solemn things of life."

"There's the bell. See who it is"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Soldier Into Civilian

The new Secretary of State rather indignantly denies that the Army is trying to take over the country's foreign affairs. When General Marshall's appointment was announced, numerous commentators pointed out that Lieutenant General W. Bedell Smith was ambassador to the Soviet Union, Lieutenant General Lucius D. Clay was in charge of this country's share in the control of Germany, that General MacArthur was the government of Japan, that the embassies in Belgium and South Africa had been given to military men and that the whole machinery of foreign policy was in the hands of the former Chief of Staff.

General Marshall says, first of all, that he neither wanted nor invited the toughest job of his life when he thought his work was all done. He cites the record of the Army in trying to extricate itself from civil affairs, especially in Italy. He himself has put some thought on the differences between military and civilian functions. In any case, he has said, "It is not with the brass hats but with the brass heads that the danger to our country lies."

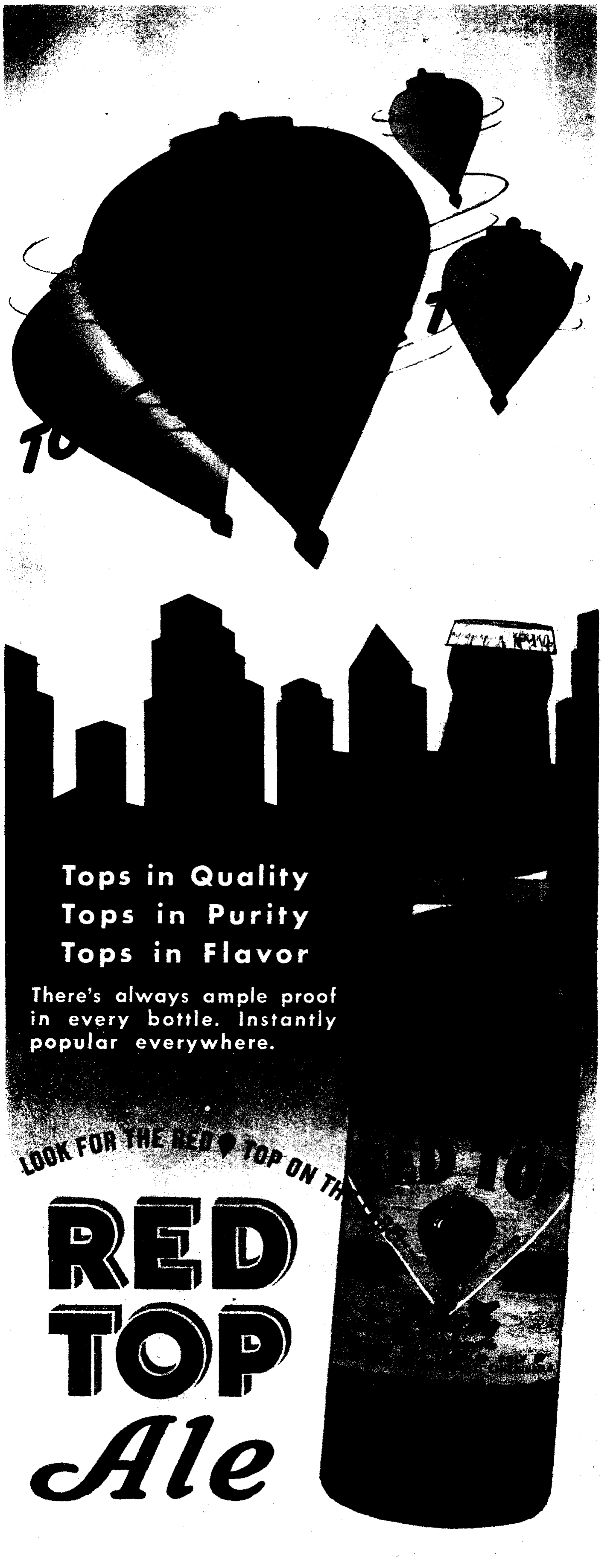
The Secretary has scrupulously made the transition, at least outwardly, from soldier to civilian. He has switched to mufti dress. The day after he arrived back from China, he let the protocol section of the State Department know that he wished to be addressed, not as General, but as Mr. Secretary. On the directory board in the front hall of the Department building, is the listing: "MR. MARSHALL—212."

The general bases his attitude toward his own changeover on his reading of history. He quotes, for instance, a letter written by Lord Cromer to Lord Kitchener, when, after the Battle of Omdurman, Kitchener assumed a civilian position. Cromer wrote of military affairs being "far less complex and in some respects less difficult" than civil government.

The general also quotes, when he speaks of his own firm belief that the civilian branches of the government should always dominate the military, from a letter written by Luke Wright, acting civil governor of the Philippines, to the military commander, in 1901, protesting against the way General Jake ("Hell-Roaring") Smith had usurped the civil government on Leyte. "It has always seemed to us," the governor wrote, "that a civil government which only existed and could be set aside at the will and pleasure of a military commander, however able or honest, was a delusion and a farce."

More importantly, the general has considered actual differences in execution of policy. In the Army, he says, a subordinate who disagrees with a superior on a matter of policy may throw everything he has into his opposition up to the moment of decision, but if the superior decides against him, then the subordinate must, and in fact does, carry out the decision with just as much enthusiasm as he put into opposing it. (The general had to knuckle under to just such a situation when, over his heated opposition, President Roosevelt decided in favor of the North African invasion.) On the contrary, in civilian operations, the general says, the subordinate usually doesn't even begin twisting his knife until after the decision has gone against him. Furthermore, he says he knows that military affairs are relatively rigid; decisions stick. But foreign policies shift and grow, as the general learned in China, and the words of the signed covenants stretch and twist around and will not rest.

It will take a long time to determine whether General Marshall will be able to put his understanding of these things into practice, since for half a century he has trained himself in the rigidities, the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forthrightness, the manliness, the unequivocality of military life. His straightforwardness, honesty, candor and good will (qualities sometimes confused with naïveté) may not always be answered in kind by his foreign opposite numbers. The obedience and loyalty he demands of his subordinates may not always be granted him. He knows what he is up against, anyhow. During the course of a discussion on the Nuremberg trials with Robert S. Jackson and others, not long ago, the general said, "In diplomacy, you never can tell what a man is thinking. He smiles at you and kicks you in the stomach at the same time."

Facts, Not Words

Military experience will at least be of great value to Mr. Secretary Marshall in running the State Department. He has proved himself as an executive. The way he presided over the expansion of the Army—from 187,893 men in 1939 to 8,291,336 in 1945, from maneuvers with wooden rifles and make-believe tanks, to battles on fronts all over the world with unimaginable equipment, toward its end—settled the question of his efficiency as an organizer beyond any doubt.

In the War Department, the general set a good example in the matter of paper work. He never allowed his subordinates to take pride in authorship, and always cut their reports to the bone; being unusually articulate, he was able to do so without offense. As Chief of Staff he insisted on getting such clear memoranda that he could write either, "O.K.—G.C.M." or, "No, G.C.M." and have the matters done with. His entire file of reports from a year in China reposes in the State Department in a Manila envelope not more than two inches thick. Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson says, "The Secretary makes a sharp distinction between the realities of foreign policy and mere descriptions of them. He is more interested in facts than in the words it takes to talk about them."

The machinery with which General Marshall worked as Chief of Staff was, for much of the time, his own. Memory of his spectacular reorganization of the War Department, in the midst of the fighting, into three entities—the Army Air Forces, the Army Ground Forces and the Army Service Forces—led to speculation, when he was appointed Secretary of State, as to whether he would try any such far-reaching administrative reorganization of the State Department.

Very soon after he took office, General Marshall decided against a hurried, extensive reorganization. He saw at once that merely ordering the State Department streamlined would not accomplish anything; he saw that it would be impossible to simplify the processes of international economics and politics by mere fiat. As one State Department official says, "This place is a box with a lot of things in it. Several Secretaries have shaken it around a bit, but it's still a box with a lot of things in it." However, Secretary Marshall found a number of small changes he could make so that the institution would work better and faster, at least with him.

The general discovered quite soon that nobody in the department seemed to know what anybody else was doing. A proposal on economics—a loan, say—would be put forward by an economic section, and be approved; and only then a political section would hear about it and object. The general did two things. He strengthened the position of Dean Acheson, his Undersecretary; henceforth everything would channel to and from the Secretary through Mr. Acheson. The general then organized a secretariat, responsible to the Undersecretary, which would see that all measures were properly co-ordinated, that everyone who should be informed of new developments actually was so informed. To organize this secretariat the general appointed Carlyle Humelsine, who designed the War Department's intricate communication center, and meshed it with those of MacArthur, Eisenhower and the Middle East.

The general thus introduced just two mechanical military features into his new machine: a deputy chief of staff and a good message center.

General Marshall did take into the State Department one other military idea: an insistence on clear definition of responsibility. He wanted this so that he could, eventually, detect individual failures. The corollary of defining responsibility is the taking of it. In this General Marshall at once set an example. He acted quickly on the foreign policy problems he inherited. He decided a controversy that had been rocking the whole Department for 18 months—whether or not to move from its dowdy building next to the White House. Traditionalists opposed the move. Efficiency experts argued it was absurd for the Department to have its main offices in such an old dust-trap, and to have other offices in 37 buildings scattered throughout Washington. General Marshall promptly elected to move—to the "new" War Department Building in Washington (not the Pentagon) and a cluster of six other buildings around it.

The Army has a special code of loyalty, a kind of clubbiness with respect to the outer world. General Marshall began at once to develop such an atmosphere within the State Department. He began building up the morale of his career men, and trying to get the press to lay off the Department's reputation for inefficiency. This institutional loyalty can work for good (it gives bureaucratic underlings great confidence) and for not-so-good. An unfortunate example of it in wartime, quite a few men who were then on the civilian side in Washington felt, was General Marshall's consistent backing of General Brehon Somervell, commander of the Army Service Forces, many of whose dealings with the civilian branches of government, notably on the Canol project and in certain conflicts with the WPB, were criticized for being arbitrary, militaristic and undemocratic.

A phrase in the Cromer letter to Kitchener on taking up civilian duties, which the general can cite, runs: "Pray encourage your subordinates to speak up and to tell you when they do not agree with you." This lesson the general does not have to learn. He has always operated with the utmost candor and humility. One of the first things he did when he returned from Nanking to Washington was to ask some of his subordinates what they thought he had done wrong in China. They told him.

Success in China

Although maintaining friendly relations with Russia is clearly the greatest problem the general inherited with the Department, there were—and are—others.

He brought the Chinese mess home in his pocket. About this question, after a year of hard work, he didn't think he needed any education, and on his second day in office, he issued instructions to withdraw from China the American components of the machinery he had created—the Committee of Three and Executive Headquarters. He had failed to achieve the ends for which he had been sent to China; he saw no sense in continuing a pretense of mediation.

He had failed in China—but he had failed to do something that had been just about impossible from the moment he had been asked to do it: to marry the reactionaries of the generalissimo's Kuomintang to the Communists of Yenan.

To have come as close as he did, and to have postponed open warfare as long as he did, was a brilliant success, not failure.

If the general had a failure in China, it was this: He declared, in his final statement on this mission, that the one hope in China lay with the liberals; and yet the record does not show that he succeeded, during his year of negotiation, in pushing those liberals forward and making their leadership a reality, rather than just an outside hope.

Middle Course in Argentina

The ugliest immediate problem that was bequeathed the general was that of Argentina. In the State Department, the visible and audible aspects of this problem consisted of a fight between George Messersmith, ambassador to Argentina, and Spruille Braden, former ambassador to Argentina, who had become Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American Affairs.

At the Chapultepec Conference, in March, 1945, it had been agreed that Argentina would be admitted to a military treaty among all the Americas as soon as the country (1) seized Nazi-controlled firms, (2) got rid of Nazi agents. These things Argentina promised to do. Shortly before Secretary Byrnes' resignation, Ambassador Messersmith came home from Buenos Aires to Washington to argue that Argentina's Juan Perón had good intentions and would really execute these promises; to call him "Fascist" was only to lose a potential friend. Assistant Secretary Braden held out for acts, not words.

TUG OF WEDLOCK

In married life
This attitude's his—
He wants his wife
To stay as she is—
But she—how strange!—
Wants him to change!

—W. E. Farbstein

While the fight was in progress, and just after Secretary Marshall took office, Ambassador Messersmith's position was somewhat fortified by an Argentine announcement, the timing of which could not have been wholly accidental, that some Nazi-controlled firms had in fact been taken over. General Marshall was called in to referee the contest. His decision was a characteristically middle-of-the-road one. He issued a statement (1) praising Argentina for doing what it had about the firms and (2) reminding Argentina that it hadn't done anything about the agents. Both Braden and Messersmith were satisfied—for the time being.

Friendship of Britain

General Marshall could anticipate that relations with Britain would give him no great trouble. During the war the general worked harmoniously with his British colleagues, and earned the respect and gratitude of Churchill. At the time of Marshall's appointment, a number of press stories, some originating in England and some here, suggested that the British did not feel too well about the choice, because of the way Marshall had rammed the American strategic view down British throats; the stories also said the British, preferring the easy-going Eisenhower, had blocked Marshall's appointment as commander in the European Theater of Operations.

This was without foundation. Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman, who, as President Roosevelt's personal emissary and later as ambassador to Russia, attended several wartime conferences and witnessed the arguments over the ETO commander, has put the record straight. In an address before the National Publishers Association this year, he said: "In the discussions regarding the selection of a Supreme Commander, Mr. Churchill urged the President to appoint General Marshall to that position. He had great confidence in General Marshall's abilities and he knew that the British people shared this confidence. Stalin also advocated the appointment of General Marshall . . . It was President Roosevelt who hesitated. He agreed, however, to reach a decision within ten days." He, and he alone, decided he could not spare General Marshall from Washington.

Briefing on Germany

The really central problem he had, however, the one on which the peace made after the first World War eventually foundered, was that of the place Germany would be permitted to take in the world. On this extremely complex problem, the general had, before he went to Moscow, a staggering job of studying to do. Much of our policy was already shaped, tactics planned, details worked out. To learn all he could about all sides of the problem, General Marshall said he wanted a minimum of essays, memoranda, and documents; he wanted to talk things over. Accordingly, he held conferences with a panel of briefing experts—men used extensively by Secretary Byrnes: H. Freeman Matthews, Director of the Office of European Affairs; James W. Riddleberger, Chief of the Division of Central European Affairs; Willard L. Thorp, Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs; Charles E. Bohlen, Special Assistant to the Secretary, the Department's Russian expert; and Benjamin V. Cohen, over-all policy adviser.

In the first rush of learning his job from these men, the general did not spend much time consulting with Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, the Republican spokesman on foreign affairs, who worked extremely closely with Secretary Byrnes and was very disappointed by Byrnes' resignation.

He repaired this omission, at least in part, by appointing John Foster Dulles, foreign affairs consultant of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, as his special adviser during the Moscow negotiations, but, considering the importance of Congressional relations in getting treaties ratified, he may have to deal more directly with Republican senators after his return.

Before he left for Moscow, Secretary Marshall spent hundreds of hours listening to his advisers, asking acute questions and looking, as he always does, for essentials. One essential kept obtruding itself like a refrain: With the condition of Germany rests a large share of the fate of Europe—which, in the Atomic Age, may be equivalent to the fate of mankind.

Already the general is deep into this terrible responsibility. He is a remarkable man, clear-minded, healthy, honest and of very good will. He has limitations: At the age of 66, he has taken on an entirely new line of work, and it is staggering work; he has lots to learn, and what he learns can only be as good as the men who instruct him.

He will be criticized. Once, in an address to the first graduates of the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Benning, he made a marvelously astute observation about Americans. "Remember," he said, "that we are a people prone to be critical of everything except that for which we are personally responsible." It will be easy for all the people who are not responsible for America's foreign affairs to find fault with the one man who is. It will not be so easy to do the job.

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WHITE MAN IN THE WHITE LAND

Continued from page 77

Just until the next man comes along."

Ernenek brooded about that as he walked miserably between the two, waddling pigeon-toed in his sealskin boots.

There was the muffled sound of the sea underfoot. The summer snow lay one foot deep on the perpetually frozen ocean, and progress was slower than in winter, when the temperature was too forbidding for snowfall or fog. Coast line, horizon, and the conical islands breaking out of the white expanse were partly erased by the haze rising in the watery sunlight. Not a wisp of vegetation grew in these parts and life was exclusively carnivorous.

The dogs were fastened to the sled anchor behind the foot of the island. The tall man seated himself on the front case and whipped the dogs who set off, barking and howling. Soon only the metallic sound of their panting broke the stillness.

Ernenek, sitting on a case between the two men, considered the team appreciatively. They were twelve, rugged, native-bred Huskies, toughened by hard work on the trail, answering to Eskimo commands. The runners of the heavily packed sled were of gleaming metal instead of bone and glided smoothly over the uniform surface of the sea.

They traveled swiftly under the sun that never set. Sometimes they had to deflect their course to circumvent a field of breathing holes which the seals kept open in the ice. Once a family of seals looked astounded upon the passing procession, till some of them lay hissing and flapping in their blood to the crack of gunfire, and the others, grunting and whining, ran around panic-stricken or plunged to safety into their holes.

Ernenek's mouth watered at the sight of all that fresh meat left by the wayside because the white men always spurned what was best. And when they called a halt and pitched their cloth tent, it was the food they gave him—beans out of cans and warmed over the primus stove—which depressed Ernenek more than anything else. He asked for some of the frozen fish that the Huskies were fed, and crunching them, heads and all, the snow grating between his teeth, he felt quite content—until the men prepared their sleeping bags. That's when they committed their biggest abuse.

They shackled Ernenek like a dog. They put a chain around his hands and one around his feet and fell asleep.

WHEN they awoke, Ernenek was good and sore. It didn't matter that he hadn't slept, for in summer he could go weeks without sleep. But the insult, the injustice of it all, was too much.

He had been unshackled before departing. The younger man was lashing the sled, and his companion had just thrown his gun over his shoulder and was marching Ernenek to the sled, when Ernenek whirled round and smashed his fist against his escort's head. The fellow began to flop and the younger man looked up. Ernenek snatched the gun from the falling man, brought it to bear on the other and pulled the trigger. But the gun failed to go off. Ernenek had twice held a rifle in his hands and fired one shot in his life, and there were lots of guns about which he didn't know.

The younger man was moving swiftly round the sled. Too late did Ernenek decide to use the gun as a club. The man had reached his own that stood against a case, aimed and fired it, and Ernenek felt a dull, benumbing tear in his left arm. Then he turned weak with pain and the weapon slid out of his hands.

By now the tall man had picked himself up. He kicked Ernenek from behind, making him fall, then kicked him in the face till day became night for him.

"You try that once more," the younger man said when light had returned to Ernenek, "and I'll shoot you through your throat." He pulled Ernenek's sleeve down. Blood flooded his arm and ran into his birdskin trousers, and the man bound the wound with strips of white cloth. Ernenek didn't bat an eye under the flaring pain. Then he was shackled again, and they departed.

The sun made several complete turns, nine or ten or eleven; Ernenek lost count. In his arm the pain burned, throbbed, seethed, radiating over shoulder and chest, and he barely touched the fish that was flung at him. It had been warm to date, slightly below freezing, which increased Ernenek's discomfort, and there had even been a snow flurry. Then the temperature dropped. He could hear the click on the surface of the snow blanket when he spat. The pain relented and, as he grew more cheerful, he fell back in his old habit of humming or mumbling to himself as the day was long—and the day was six months long.

SOMETIMES the ice crust, in its perpetual movement, broke open, forming long cracks through which the ocean rose, and the sled had to coast. The gale worsened, churning up the snow from the ground and filling the air with ice dust which lashed the men's faces under the shaggy hoods and reduced visibility so that the leader of the team disappeared in a milky cloud.

Then and there, Ernenek thought, he would have stopped and built a shelter of ice blocks and drift snow. But those men had nothing but tents, inadequate against the gale, tried to fight the cold with fire instead of fighting it with ice.

"If you unshackle me I'll build an igloo," Ernenek said.

The driver jeered something and spurred the dogs on, bent on reaching the coast and pitching the tent at the foot of some bluff.

Then it happened.

The team was panting ahead when the leader swayed and swerved, so abruptly that the second and third dog in the line went ahead, then also swerved, entangling their lashings, and the others stumbled over them pell-mell. Into the jumble of legs and bellies swept the sled and nosed clean into a crack brimming with water.

Ernenek had jumped off the sled first and the younger man had followed his example. But the tall man in front had understood too late and had gone down with the sled. Five Huskies, having broken out of their harnesses, stood on the brim, barking inanely into the lapping water. In the crack, eight feet wide and as long as eye could reach, dogs and harnesses could be seen floating around, and the blue, gasping face of the man whose arms flapped helplessly on the surface.

"Help me get him out," his companion cried.

Ernenek smiled at the foolishness of the idea. "He's a dead man," he said. A blow with the rifle butt reminded him that white men didn't listen, only told. He went down on his stomach, leaning out while the other pinned his legs, and the man in the water got a hold on his shackles. The weight of the drenched man had prodigiously increased in the water and he was pulled out with difficulty and put on his feet. But he never spoke.

As he stood in the ripping wind the soaked clothes instantly stiffened and his face became gloved in a crust of ice through which the eyes glittered glassy and enlarged. The younger man began hacking away at his companion's frozen clothes with his hunting knife, cracking

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them loose, but the man's skin was also encased in ice. From the injured knees blood rushed forth, thawing up the ice from within and dyeing it a brilliant red with a tinge of gold. Then the blood also froze.

Ernenek shook his head. They even had to die the hard way.

Dazedly, the white man mumbled, "And now?"

Ernenek smiled triumphantly. "And now we're on a tough spot."

The white man silently rolled his companion back into the water. Then he took stock. "We have five dogs and my hunting knife," he said with sudden grimness, shouting against the wind. "We'll eat the dogs and continue on foot."

Ernenek laughed, because the white man talked as if he still were in command. And he laughed because he was free. Far as the eye could reach, and way beyond, there was nothing but ice-paved ocean, ice-capped islands, and deeply frozen, uninhabited land.

"I am going my way," he said. "You can go yours or come with me. My home is nearer than your post, and we may get there."

The gale was cutting them to ribbons and the ice powder clung to their eyebrows and nostrils, forming small icicles that hurt when they were removed.

"My hands are clumps of ice," the white man said. "I must have wet my mittens in the water."

"That was stupid of you," Ernenek said. "Just as stupid as throwing the man back at sea without taking his knife. Your next mistake will be your last." He pulled the other's mittens off and turned them inside out, baring a thin crust of ice. "Give me your knife. And hold your hands inside your trousers."

He scraped the mittens with meticulous care, till he had made sure with his lips that they were free of frost.

"I still can't feel my hands at all," the white man said, all cockiness drained out of his voice. "I know they are dead."

"Not yet," laughed Ernenek. "Not quite." He called the Huskies. They refused to approach. When he tried to catch them they escaped. He sat down and talked to them, full of play, munching some snow. The instant one of them slinked within range, he grabbed it by the skin of the neck. He slaughtered the dog and cut it open while the other four looked on, howling and moaning.

Silently, the white man plunged his hands into the steaming flesh and held them there until he felt hundreds of needles pricking his finger tips—the announcement of life returning.

Beneath the skin of the belly Ernenek found a little fat with which he greased his own and his companion's hands and face. Then he extracted the steaming liver, bit into it, and handed over a piece.

"Eat it before it freezes," he said, grinning.

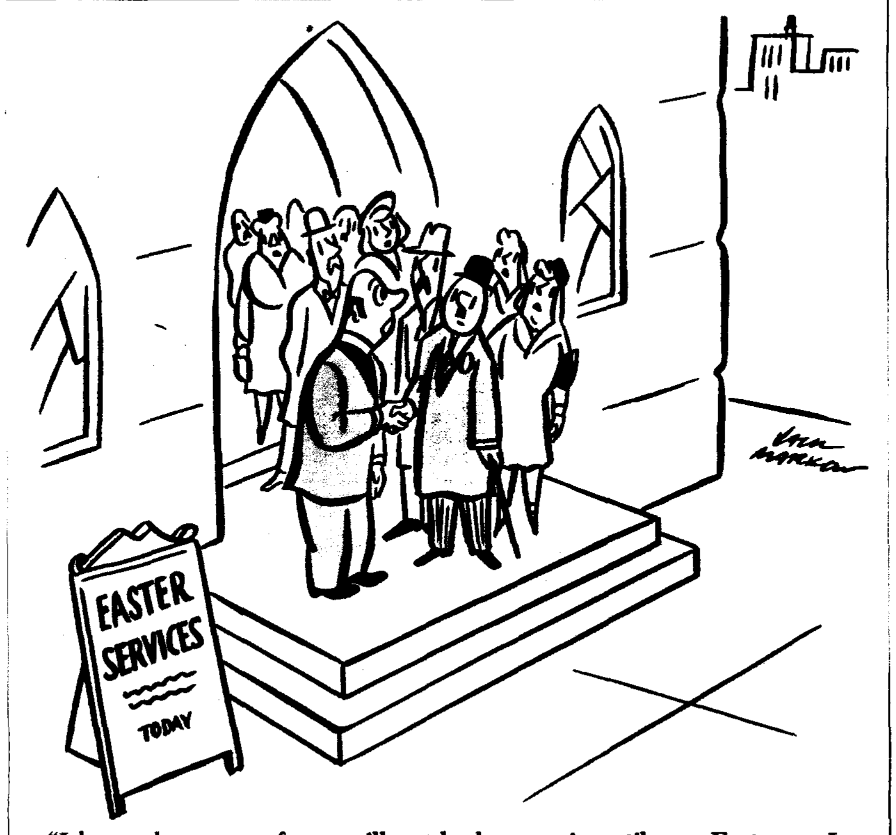
Stolidly, the white man bit into it. The liver tasted bitter and acid, and it took will power to get it down and keep it there.

ERNENEK pulled out the bowels next. Surely, he had tasted better ones, like those of the reindeer always crammed with lichens, but it was silly of the white man to refuse anything at a time like this. "We'll need the meat for the sled," Ernenek said, and fed some of the intestines to the team. He skinned the dog, running the knife between flesh and hide and tearing at the pelt. Racing against the frost which was invading the tissues, he boned the carcass and cut the meat into thick strips, carefully separating the sinews and putting them aside. Then he sat down on the pelt and began to carve the breastbone with the knife.

Time passed. The sun, a ball of pallid, anemic fire, kept turning above the horizon. Now and then the white man ran around for warmth. Ernenek worked, humming happily. The knife made carving easy, easier than the piece of flintstone he was used to working with. With the bone of the dog he made a rude, three-pronged harpoon tip. He dunked the dogskin into the water, breaking the newly formed ice crust with his heel. He spread the skin on the ground and rolled it tightly, pressing it while it froze, and inserting the prong at one end and tying it with the sinew. The skin stiffened swiftly. Then he welded the tip once more with a quick dip in the water and whipped the air with his new harpoon.

"I saw a field of seal holes on our way down, not far from here," he said, flinging the dog meat on his shoulder.

The seals' breathing holes were not far for Ernenek but a long way for his companion. They were round and rimmed



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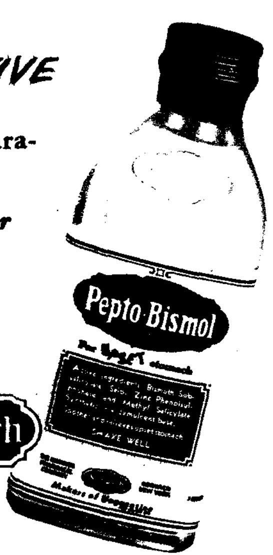

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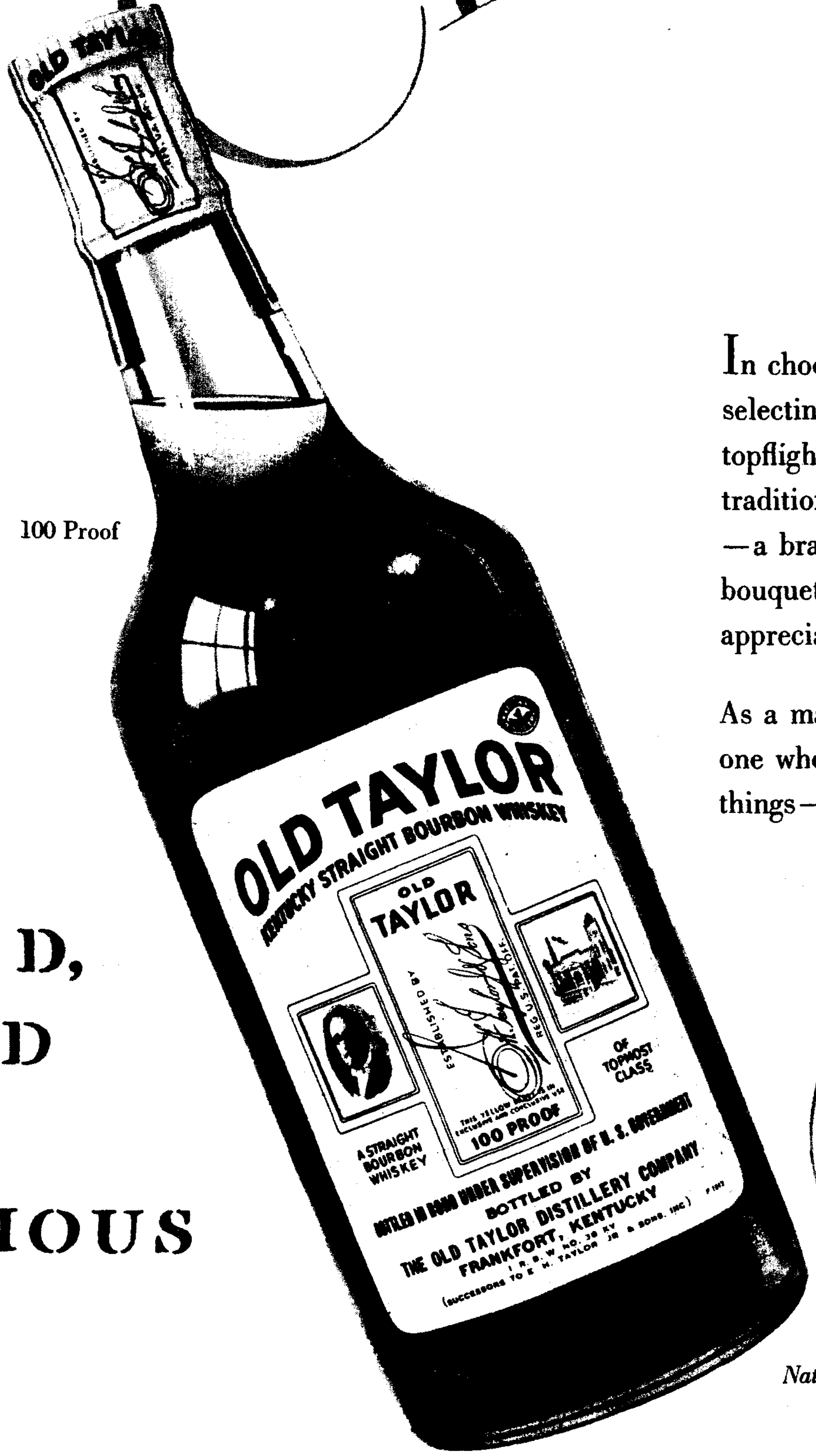
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with an ice wall that concealed them from untrained eyes.

"I'll wait by this one while you walk around in a wide circle," Ernenek said. "That drives the seals toward the center."

The white man stalked off stolidly and Ernenek knelt by the opening. It was wide as a man, but he watched it grow small and smaller, like a child, like a hand, the ice rim closing in on the center. On the last water patch a shivering film appeared, then the opaque skin of frost.

Abruptly, Ernenek felt weary and cold, and this scared him. He had never felt that way. But he had eaten too little for too long. He, who could devour a whole seal calf in one sitting, had fared on nothing but some miserable dog food in many a day, after having been abused and manhandled and wounded. And all that because some people couldn't mind their business and were clumsy in doing it.

His thoughts were at the lowest ebb when there was a splintering sound and a hiss, and a small geyser of water and air and ice chips blew into his face. For an instant a gleaming mustached head shot out of the water and a pair of beady eyes glared at him, flabbergasted. The surprise was mutual. Already the head was gone, gone so quickly that Ernenek might have thought it a dream had it not been for the water wavering in the freshly opened hole.

Ernenek froze into immobility. He almost stopped breathing. Surely the seal was spying him now from beneath the dark water, and if instinct told it to change hole, curiosity was bound to win. After all, a seal was only human.

At length the seal surfaced again. It was still on the upsurge when the harpoon struck through its throat. It was a heavy male and Ernenek shouted for support while he held the harpoon fast with both hands. The white man came trotting stiffly to his aid and together they retrieved the kill and Ernenek drank its warm blood from the wound, scalding his lips.

He skinned the seal before it froze and handed some liver to his companion and scrappings to the dogs, and then cut this meat also in thick strips, all the while knifing at the famished Huskies that gave no peace. He cut the skin in two, lengthwise, dipped the halves into the water, rolled and pressed them while they froze, and had the runners for a sled. He wet the tail of the slaughtered dog and ran it rapidly over the runners, covering them with an even coating of ice.

"We need another seal for the straps of the team," he said, and after a while that would seem long to a man who measures time by hours instead of seasons, he got another, smaller seal, whose skin he cut into ribbons that he knotted together.

HE LAY the stiffened strips of dog and seal meat across the runners, tying them with sealskin straps, squeezing water over the welding points. Sure, whalebone made keener runners. Sure, wood made a lighter frame. He harnessed the dogs Eskimo fashion, throwing the traces artlessly around their chests and attaching them individually to the sled. Then he and his companion stepped aboard. He stuck the harpoon into the nearest dog. It gave a howl, electrifying its fellows into action.

The team spread fanwise, the straps straining and cracking, and the sled began to glide on the frozen ocean, northbound.

They rode for a long time. At first the gale glided off the freshly greased faces and the men felt strong, warmed as they were by the meat and blubber of the second seal. But when hunger knocked at the doors of their stomachs, the cold entered their bones, and they jumped off the sled and trotted after it till they were warm. Only when the dogs began to stumble Ernenek called a halt.

"We must let them rest. We can't afford to lose them," he said.

"I also want some sleep," said the white man.

"Not without shelter. You wouldn't wake up. It isn't far now."

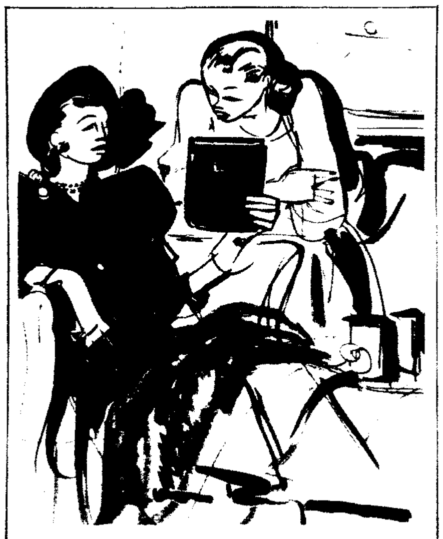
"I'll never get to your tent. My weariness is as big as the ocean."

"I'll spear you another seal, and if you'd only cram yourself with its blubber and liver you'd feel strong and warm. Food can replace sleep."

But the sun made two complete turns and they had stopped several times to rest the team before sighting another field of breathing holes. While Ernenek waited, the white man drove the sled around in a circle. But no seal surfaced. They could be heard hissing in every hole but where Ernenek awaited them. When at last he gave up he found his companion dozing, and the Huskies having chewed through half their traces, gnawing at the sled.

They drove on without food and sleep, in the endless day, in the great winds that swept the roof of the world. The weakened traces kept breaking and had to be retied constantly. Ernenek chewed on a piece of sealskin to stay the pangs of hunger. The white man followed, glum and taciturn. He had thinned down and the marks of strain lay deep in his harassed face. But he was still strong enough not to want to die.

Sometimes a blizzard forced them to seek shelter under the coast, that they never left out of sight for landmarks, and to weather the storm in a heap of men, dogs and sled. The white man used to think he had nothing to learn about the white land, not just because he knew that 78 degrees Fahrenheit had been registered, and more such facts and figures, but also because he knew the brilliant precipitation snow, that could be eaten, from the opaque, salt ocean powder. But he wouldn't have known a breathing hole if he had stumbled into one. Much less would he have recognized dead seal in the snowy mounds by which Ernenek halted.



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COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Those are the seals you killed on our way down," Ernenek said, baring with the knife a scarred brown hide. "We should have an ax."

He gave great kicks to the carcass but couldn't loosen it from the ground to which it was frozen, and he could only cut off the tips of the nose and fins, which had to be defrosted in the mouth.

His mouth watered with the taste of food, and he broke the knife and cut his hand. The Huskies licked the blood on the ground, casting covetous glances at his soaked mitten. Ernenek pulled some hair from his caribou jacket and laid it on the gash so that it absorbed the blood and formed a crust. Then he joined the Huskies that were clawing and gnawing at the seal. But it was like sucking on a stone. It was not easy persuading the crazed team to get back in line. They growled and snatched when Ernenek tried to work some sense into them.

After another while on the trek, one of the team stretched itself out on its flank and refused to budge, impervious to Ernenek's encouragements. Sitting on their haunches, threads of spittle drooling down their chests, the other three glared with yellow eyes as Ernenek reasoned with their stricken mate with the aid of his harpoon. A little blood appeared where the prong had stung. As at a signal, the three pounced. There was no stopping them, and Ernenek didn't try.

Ernenek cut out the tongue with the stump of the knife when the dogs were feeding more slowly. Their bellies were swelling markedly, but they kept tearing and gulping, glutting themselves with meat and hide and cracking the bones till not a scrap was left. Then they curled up and slept. Ernenek let them.

For a while.

THE sun kept turning, the hungry men driving on the hungry dogs, letting them rest, then kicking them till they looked alive again. Then they abandoned the glacial ocean and came ashore. Here the grade and the swells and hollows of the uneven ground made sled riding impossible with so small a team, grown skinny and thin of pelt. Ernenek smashed up the sled against a rock, salvaging the meat and letting the Huskies chew on the runners before continuing.

The white man's boots, nailed though they were, afforded a poor hold on the slippery slopes. He slipped once too often and refused to get up.

"You give up too easily," Ernenek told him. "An in-law of mine once lost all his utensils and weapons, and ate his own feet—which were useless because they were frozen anyway—to get the strength for returning home. We still laugh ourselves silly whenever he tells the story."

After he had been able to check his merriment, Ernenek lifted his companion, but was unable to carry him a long way. "I'll be back with my sled," he said, letting him down. "Soon. I'll take the dogs so they won't attack you. Suck on this meat, and don't fall asleep." And he marched off, humming to himself.

His tent of hide was where he had left it, at the foot of a huge boulder, and his team welcomed him noisily and then sniffed suspiciously at the three meager, ragged-looking newcomers. First little Papik came out, tottering pigeon-toed in his boots of baby seal, jumping and squealing for joy. Then Asiak came out, her black Mongolic eyes smiling in the fat, pleasant face, her long straight hair lying smartly fastened in a knot on top.

"I've taken a great many naps since you left," she said. "You must have caught a lot of huge fish. Wait till I lash the sled so we can get your catch."

"I've made a miserable catch," Ernenek said. . . .

The white man was not asleep when Ernenek and Asiak went to fetch him. Nor did he fall asleep on the bed of caribou hides in the tent. Nor after Asiak had served him mugfuls of tundra tea and burned some meat over the lamp for him. He had gone without sleep for a longer time than he had considered it possible, and some cog, some thread had sprung and was defective, and sleep kept eluding him stubbornly, though he felt weak, and weary and benumbed.

Not so Ernenek, whose body and mind hastened to dismiss what had passed. He lost no time in gobbling whatever fish or meat, frozen or rotted, Asiak handed him, with blubber for taste, and tallow to smoothen digestion. When he had grown too full to stand, he lay down on his back, letting her drop titbits into his open mouth till he was unable to swallow, whereupon he started to snore like a

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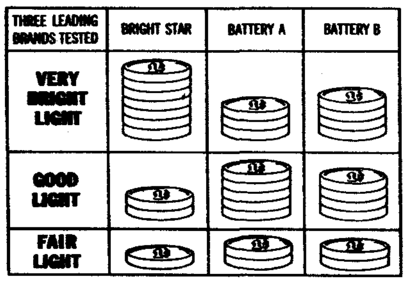

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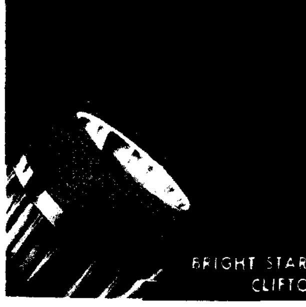

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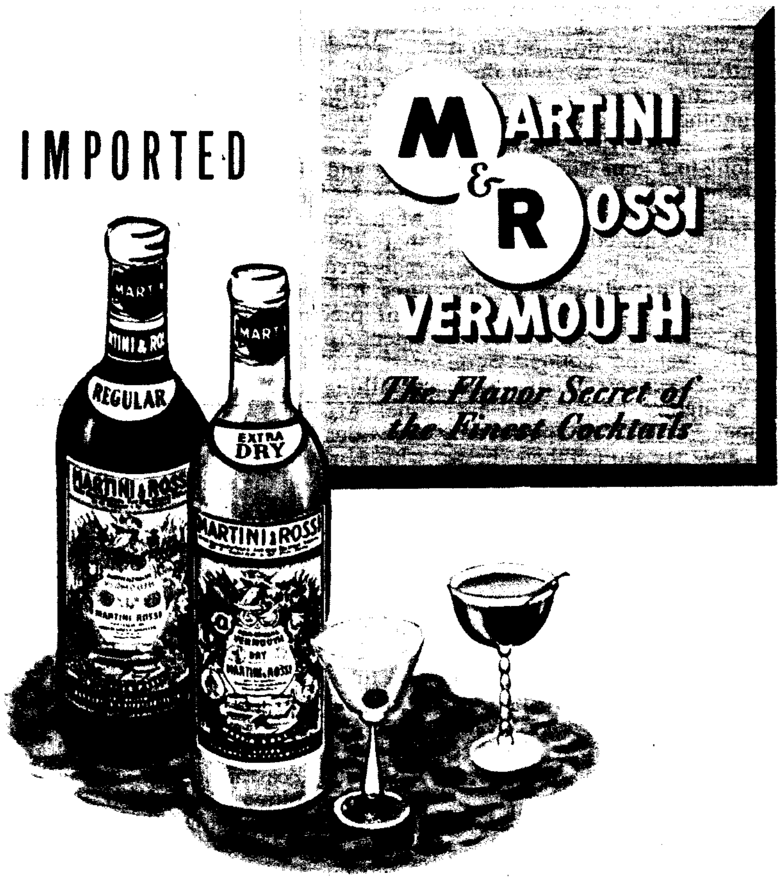
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litter of walruses. It didn't disturb his sleep in the least when Asiak, tugging with her hands and teeth, pulled off his boots, nor did her scraping his feet with her snow knife so much as change the key of his snoring.

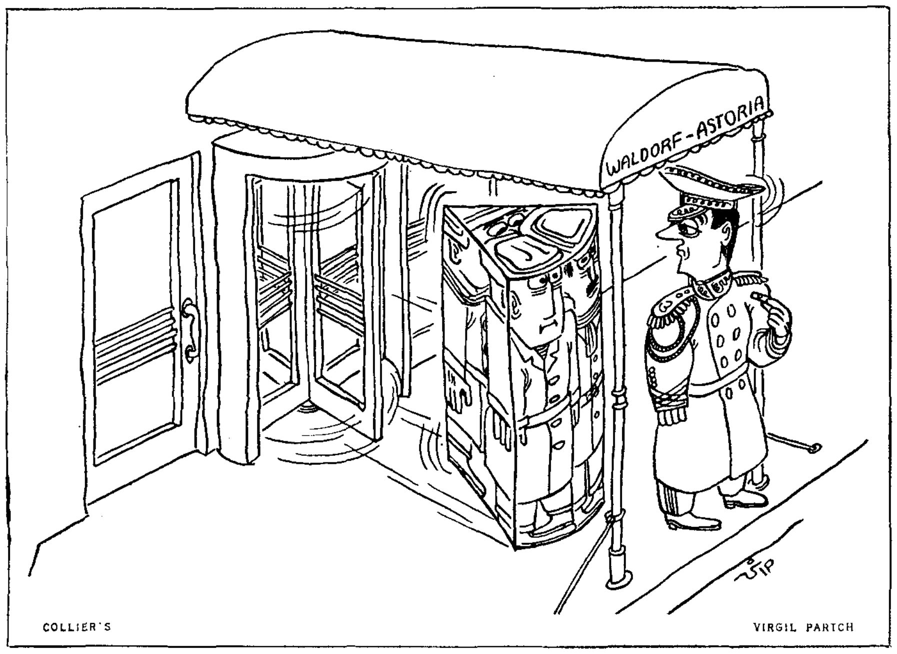
From his bed of hides the white man watched Asiak doing her chores, defrosting boots and garments over the lamp, chewing them into softness and repairing them with caribou sinew and a whalebone needle. Little Papik often stood curiously by the strange guest, touching his stubbly face and laughing the Eskimos' warm and frequent and rootless laughter.

After a twenty-four-hour nap Ernenek awoke, bent on refilling his stomach and leaving for the hunt.

"You are not like the Eskimos we trade with," the white man said.

"I know, for we tried to sleep in the trading post once and almost choked. It was so hot, the ice in the bucket almost melted."

"Certainly," said Asiak, reminiscently, "life is more agreeable and amusing in the hot South. You can paddle in a kayak, and there are many people, at times so much as thirty together, and a variety of foods—birds with their nests and eggs, wolves and wolverines, fox and caribou, lemming and beaver and hare and musk ox—and sometimes we travel as far south as the region of the soft-skinned reindeer, of the sweet-tasting lice."



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"But hunting the big bear and spearing the great seal is more exciting," Ernenek said, "even if it's too cold for lice here. And now it's dangerous for me to go where the white men trade."

"You saved my life, Ernenek," the white man said, "and I wish to straighten things out so you won't have to fear us any more. But you'll have to stand before a court. I'll help you explain."

"I very much appreciate that," said Ernenek, happily.

"The fellow you killed was a trapper, and I understand he asked you to be his guide on a trip very far to the northward. Then, you said, you had a fight because of Asiak?"

"That's right," Ernenek said emphatically.

"I assume you tried to defend her from his advances, and in the ensuing scuffle you killed him?" the white man suggested.

Ernenek and Asiak looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"It wasn't so at all," Asiak then said.

"That white man," Ernenek said, "kept snubbing our offers although he was a guest in our igloo. He turned up his nose at our food, though we gave him the oldest liver we had, he found the tea too bitter and the place too cramped. Hoping to make him happy at last, I told him that if he wanted to laugh with Asiak, I would turn the other way—"

"Let me explain," Asiak broke in. "I had just washed my hair in fish oil to make it smooth, rubbed tallow into it, greased my face with blubber, and scraped myself clean with the knife, to be polite."

"Yes," said Ernenek, rising, "she had deliberately groomed herself! And what did the white man do? He spurned her with an expression of disgust! That was too much. Should I let my wife swallow the insult? Can a man suffer such humiliation in silence without losing his self-respect? So I grabbed the scoundrel by his miserable shoulders and smacked him a few times against the wall. I wasn't thinking of killing him, I only wanted to crack his head a little. But it cracked a lot."

"Ernenek has done the same to other men," Asiak put in helpfully, "but it was always the wall that broke first."

The white man winced. "A court would show no understanding for such a story. Wanting another man to have your wife!"

"Don't you people borrow other men's wives?" Asiak asked.

"Never mind that. It isn't fitting, that's all."

"Refusing isn't fitting," Ernenek said indignantly. "Why shouldn't one lend one's wife? I lend out my sled and get it back cracked, I lend out my dogs and get them back tired, I lend out my saw and some teeth are missing, but every time I lend out Asiak, I get her back as good as ever." . . .

Surreptitiously, summer had slipped away. The sun had widened its course, hiding below the horizon and giving a hint of night for a longer time at each turn, till it was gone; till day was gone from the top of the world and the long night broke, bringing with it an immense weariness to all living beings, so great that even the ever-hungry ones like Ernenek lost interest in food.

The small Eskimo family packed their sled and with their guest drove out to the ocean which, due to the underlying waters, was warmer than the deeply frozen earth, and on the ice they built a tiny, vaulting igloo, shelter against the weather, a shell designed to retain the warmth of the human body. There was not room enough for standing upright, and whatever was not needed for daily use was buried outside, but it was cozy lying on the hide-covered snow couch, in the light of the wick of moss floating in the melting blubber with the rumble of the ocean underfoot.

When the Eskimos slept, the unattended lamp went out, and there in the great darkness the great sleep came to the white man at last. It came to him slowly, in thickening shifts, and then lay like an iron curtain over his mind. Sometimes in the twilight of consciousness he sensed Asiak light the lamp, dispelling the thick fog that had formed in the dark, and sew and scrape garments or remove the clump blocking the entrance to feed the Huskies that wintered in the tunnel. And when he was handed blubber or fish he swallowed it, having found that it gave more warmth than a stoveful of charcoal, and even when he was presented with a bowl carved from the skull of the musk ox and filled with seal blood he consumed it politely.

In spring, when day broke and Ernenek began whetting his stone-tipped arrows and Asiak crawled out of the winding tunnel to watch the light hoisting itself slowly to the roof of the world, the white man was well enough to travel home.

"We'll all go together," Ernenek said. "It will be as easy as becoming a father—"

The team was eager and the runners were smooth. When a storm rose they built an igloo, identical to the one they had left. Once they wasted a couple of days because Ernenek insisted on tracing a bear, whose tracks, far apart and with the toes turned outside, denoted it was a very fat animal. But the tracks stopped on hard ice and the dogs were not unanimous about the scent. Sometimes they stopped and made a hole in the ocean to spear fat, blood-red trout or sun-colored salmon that the white man now also ate unspoiled by fire—just as he wore sealskin boots that Asiak had sewn with sinew and softened with her teeth.

WHEN they were in sight of the white man's post, the sun stood high and the glacial ocean blazed in a light seeming so fierce, to eyes accustomed to darkness, that the travelers wore "sun glasses" made of strips of wood with slits and blacked their eyelids and nostrils with soot to break the glare.

"You don't want to be seen at the post by anyone," the white man said, asking to stop and alighting from the sled.

"Why?"

"Because they are looking for you, Ernenek. Because there might always be some trading Eskimo who knows you."

"By now," Ernenek said, "they have forgotten about me."

"White men don't forget. They'll keep looking for you till they find you, and there's more of them than reindeer."

"However," Ernenek said, "Asiak and I wish to see a trading post again with its funny goings on, just for a laugh. We decided to having nothing to do with white men, for we didn't quite like them—but since knowing you we've changed our mind."

The man's face assumed a pained look. "You go back to your region, Ernenek, and stay there. And I'll tell them I saw you dead. That's the only way they might not forgive, but forget you."

Ernenek shook his head, grinning. "They'll understand."

"All right," said the man, taking a deep breath. "I don't want you with me, for I've had my fill of you. I'll put a bullet through your big stomach the moment I reach the post, and then I'll feed the little misfit, that surely is your son, and Asiak to the bears, because I hate bears so." And while Ernenek's jaw dropped in wonderment, the white man kicked him in his lower belly, crashed his knuckles into the grieving face, turned around and made a run for the cabin—pigeon-toed, for he wore Eskimo boots.

Ernenek looked after him in utter bafflement, scratching himself where he had been hurt most. He turned to Asiak, also too flabbergasted to speak, and they wondered mutely, once more, what was wrong with white men.

Then Ernenek resumed his place on the sled and turned the dogs around.

THE END

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SUPERSONIC PERILS

WING TALK

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

II

THE most vexing riddles facing Army and Navy aeromedical men and civilian scientists now preparing the human pilot for supersonic flight spring from the tremendous speeds forecast by the plane designers. Speed in itself does not affect us. We have been traveling faster than sound from The Beginning because the earth spins at about 1,000 miles an hour. There's really no difference between flying at 100 miles an hour and 1,000 in level flight except that at the latter speed you'd better not put your head out, or try any quick changes of direction.

Studies thus far lead doctors to believe that a normal person can withstand unusually severe shock and blows if they are applied in certain ways. Once a pilot jumped from his speeding plane during a landing run when he saw he wasn't going to stop within runway limits. He flew face first into a snowdrift, but picked himself up and walked away unhurt. Another man fell from a seventh-floor window and spread-eagled five inches deep into a claybank. He was not seriously injured.

Experiences like these lead the air doctors to suspect that airmen can accept the results of sudden starts and changes in direction if the force is properly applied. And "properly" here means the chest or back or abdomen, as in the snowdrift and claybank cases. The same forces applied in those instances to the bottom of the feet or the top of the head doubtless would have been fatal.

It is essential in aerial warfare to get off the deck or field and to climb as fast as man and machine can go. The Nazis, on several occasions, launched a V-1 buzzbomb from 30-foot rails with a pilot in the cockpit to control it. But the sudden rush into the air resulted in the V-1 flying up to about 700 feet and then spinning in to a fatal crash. V-1s launched in the same manner by radio and without a pilot did not spin in. Our flight surgeons believe the sudden acceleration was more than the pilots could take and that first they went blind and then became unconscious.

Making sharp and sudden turns in a supersonic aircraft will produce G-pressures high enough to stop the column of blood being pumped to the head, cause vision to fail and unconsciousness, even death, to follow. But much has been learned from a machine known as the *human centrifuge*, an enclosure in which an airman is whirled around like a top. The Army experts found that a pilot's vision "to the sides" failed first as the Gs increased, though he could see light straight ahead after all had gone dark to right and left. Then, after vision had failed completely, the pilot signaled he was still conscious.

Also, they learned from the centrifuge how to turn the supersonic plane with no adverse effect on the pilot. Flying at 1,500 miles an hour, if the supersonic airman wants to make a U-turn, at no risk of blacking out, he can do it in 51 seconds but he will end up $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the point he started. The pressure on him will be but 4.2 Gs—negligible. If he's wearing a pressure suit, he can make the same turn in 39 seconds and end up $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles from his starting point and record a relatively harmless $5\frac{1}{2}$ Gs.

But if he changes from the normal sitting position in the cockpit and flies the plane flat on his stomach, and even without a pressure suit, he will be able to make the U-turn in only 22 seconds and lose only $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, but he will be subjected to 10 Gs. Lying flat on his back, he can make the turn in 18 seconds, end up $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the starting point and pull 12 Gs. Neither the 10 Gs recorded while flying flat on his face nor the 12 while flying on his back will black him out because the blood encounters less resistance in getting to the head in a prone or supine position during the turn.

On the basis of current centrifuge experiments, supersonic fighter planes will not dogfight or turn on a dime. But to get the best results from maneuvers for supersonic fighter pilots it looks as if they will have to occupy several positions—sit down for take-offs and landings, lie on back or belly for maneuvers.

More knowledge will come from the centrifuges when the Navy receives its new $2,000,000 machine now on order. It is terrifying. Not only does it whirl the subject around a 50-foot radius like a top but it can produce as high as 40 Gs in five seconds and maintain that killing pressure for one minute.

The new centrifuge will permit the subject to sit, stand, or lie on his stomach or back. He will be able to "pull his own Gs," as though he were kicking hell out of a supersonic plane in the high altitudes. While being spun around, he will be tossed head over heels fifteen to thirty times a minute and, to make all this as real as possible, the new centrifuge incorporates a decompression chamber which can take the airman up to 60,000 feet while he's spinning and tumbling.

Escaping from sonic and supersonic aircraft is no longer comparable to bailing out of our conventional planes. The savage rush of air makes it all but impossible for the pilot to force his way out if he is unable to slow down. If he did get out at a high speed, the wind blast would tear the flesh from his body or set his personal flying equipment and clothing to lashing him to pieces.

Assuming he survived that, he would still be faced with oxygen starvation at high altitude unless he had a bottle securely fastened to his body or he'd suffer "explosive decompression"—in effect blowup because of the great variance in the pressure between his body and the sudden reduction in the air pressure to which he is exposed—unless he wore a pressure suit that worked.

A device called the Ejection Seat, in which the pilot and the seat are shot from the plane by a 37-millimeter shell, was developed by both the Germans and the Allies late in the war. Now the air medical experts conclude that a man shot out of a P-80 fighter at 600 mph would be smacked with 18 Gs for $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—and his chances of surviving would be slight. So the Ejection Seat was dismissed after Navy surgeons and NACA scientists satisfied themselves that a velocity of 457 mph was the highest a person could face without serious injury.

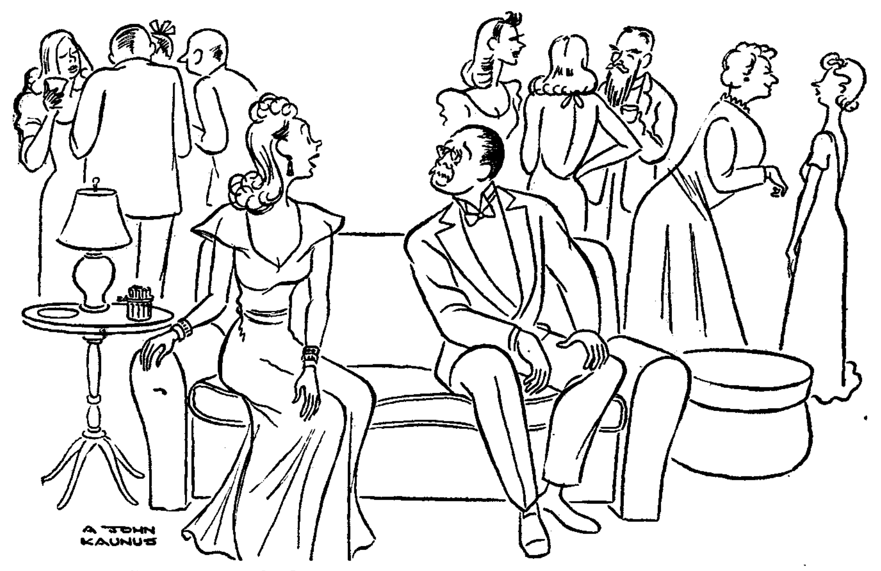
The solution to the pilot escape problem may lie in the Ejection Capsule. This is a cockpit, detachable from the plane at the will of the pilot, and in which he can ride down to a safe altitude. When the cockpit slows up to a safe speed, the pilot can bail out.

This is a feature of the new Douglas Skystreak, a jet-propelled airplane built by the El Segundo, California, plant of Douglas Aircraft under the direction of Chief Engineer Edward H. Heinemann whose illuminating chart on air speeds appeared in Collier's for January 11, 1947. The Skystreak is now at Muroc Dry Lake, California, preparing to begin a long program of tests for the Navy and the NACA at around the speed of sound.

It is the latest in a parade of rocket, jet and semijet aircraft that have come from such aircraft factories as Bell in Niagara Falls, New York; Boeing in Seattle; Chance Vought in Stratford, Connecticut; Consolidated Vultee in San Diego; Curtiss-Wright in Columbus, Ohio; Lockheed in Burbank, California; Glenn L. Martin in Baltimore; McDonnell in St. Louis; North American in Inglewood, California; Northrop in Hawthorne, California; Republic in Farmingdale, New York, and Ryan in San Diego.

Supersonic speed has still another bothersome by-product in the form of heat even in the cold upper air of 67 degrees below zero. The skin of the plane flying at, say 1,000 miles an hour, warms up so much from rubbing against the air that temperature in the cockpit rises to at least 200 degrees Fahrenheit.

So far, volunteers garbed in summer flying clothing have been able to operate for as long as 30 minutes in a 143-degree hot cockpit. They merely demonstrated the necessity of refrigeration to cool off the supersonic cockpit. But the pilot also must have cockpit heat and heated clothing to keep warm until he reaches speeds where his plane begins to run a high temperature. And eventually he must have something to fend off the burning rays of the sun at very, very high altitudes. . . .   LEON SHLOSS



"Don't you feel, Dr. Benson, that we are in a period of definite flux where each nation is jockeying for a position as advantageous as possible?"

please turn to page 60

COLLIER'S   A. JOHN KAUNUS

General Eisenhower speaks...

Excerpts from an address by General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Army Chief of Staff, at the National Conference of the United Jewish Appeal held in Washington, D. C.

Although the task you have undertaken is vast in terms of material values, even the greatness of your goal and the depth of compassion it evidences, do not stand as the most significant feature of your concerted effort. Its deepest implication is in its eloquent protest against man's inhumanity to man.

When you seek by material sacrifice to rescue the innocent victims of savagery, you give much more than the contents of your purse. You give a demonstration of men united in mercy toward the stricken, an example that invites the world to renew with increased zeal the struggle against injustice, persecution and slavery. Your success will add impetus to the moral regeneration needed to banish from the world these evils that have darkened the way to peace among men.

The spirit of charity,
among the most sublime of human emotions,
in itself stamps your project
as one conceived in the noblest traditions.

Here, indeed, is need for charity. Only one who has seen, as I have, the mental and physical effects of savagery, repression and bigotry upon the persecuted of Europe, can realize the full need for the material help and encouragement you propose to give. The terrors they have endured, the indescribable horrors they have survived, cry aloud to all men who retain within themselves any respect for decency, any belief in the human soul.

There is no word that can exaggerate the urgency. We must believe that man labors toward better things, that global action, creakingly and laboriously evolved by nations amidst human conflicts engendered by prejudice, ignorance, misunderstanding and distrust, will eventually eliminate recurrence of the tragedies you attempt to alleviate. But acute disaster cannot await the functioning of vast machinery that has not, as yet, wholly emerged from the design stage. Charity can do much to fill the breach—it can bring some brightness to these survivors of cruelty. It can lift them somewhat above the level of mere existence, the limit that perforce controls governmental effort.

More than material aid is needed
for those in Europe who have felt the lash
of brutal tyrants.

Long fettered in the deepest pit of despair, they now need warmth and encouragement from fellow humans that their confidence can be restored. You can enable them to march in confidence and in dignity toward that day when, in common with all others, the opportunities provided by the richness of the earth may be enjoyed also by them.

No matter how we may answer the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?", the implications of that question have such inescapable effects on the effort to produce world order that the example you provide may well bear fruit in the attack on world problems of unlimited scope. Possibly it may help us realize that there can be no security for one unless it is enjoyed by all; that though force can protect in emergency, only justice, fairness, consideration and cooperation can finally lead men to the dawn of eternal peace. Certainly your example should help us see that enlightened self-interest demands the elimination of the unfair practices against large segments of mankind which, in the past, have so blackened the history of humanity.

Humanitarianism is a link
that binds together all Americans.

As great as is our love of freedom, equally great is the American feeling of compassion for those in distress. Whenever tragedy or disaster has struck in any corner of the world, the American people has promptly and generously extended its hand of mercy and help. Generosity has never impoverished the giver; it has enriched the lives of those who have practised it. In this postwar world, with its bewilderment and fear, Americans can still be thankful that we are in a position to give rather than dependent for our very existence upon the mercy of others. *One of the privileges of this great democracy has been its opportunities for us to share with those less fortunate. And the bread we have cast upon the waters has been returned in blessings a hundredfold.*

Every person everywhere who holds in his heart a respect for human values and who venerates right and justice will wish you well, and will draw from your success renewed inspiration in the fight to insure that the humblest and the weakest may forever stand in confidence and equality in the presence of the proudest and the strongest.

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TOO-HAPPY HAPPY

WE VOICED some morose misgivings in this space a couple of years ago when ex-Senator A. B. (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky became major-league baseball czar, succeeding the late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Happy let himself be sewed up by a contract which made him a seriously limited monarch instead of a czar, with the balance of power remaining in the ball club owners' hands.

There is a satisfaction sometimes in seeing an occasional one of your hunches come true. In this case, we don't feel exhilarated.

That the hunch about Happy Chandler is coming true, we no longer have serious doubts. The bolder sports writers are hammering at Happy about as hard as the law will allow. Others are printing wicked little snickers at his expense. As for Happy, he issues occasional statements concerning the purity of professional baseball, and these boil down to around 95 per cent hogwash, 3 per cent hot air, and 2 per cent facts. Gossip is rife that gamblers are moving in on the major leagues.

The trouble seems to be that Happy is altogether too happy-go-lucky, too easygoing. Even with these limited powers, Judge Landis would have turned in a more effective job of policing baseball than Chandler has done to date. Landis would have got results; or he would have roared and raged to the press about why he couldn't get results. The net effect would have been to keep public opinion fired up on the proposition that major-league baseball has got to be reasonably honest because so many American youngsters idolize ballplayers.

We don't think the time has come for the filing of mass demands that Happy Chandler abdicate as baseball commissioner. After all, he's been on the job only two years. But we do think mass demands are in order that Happy stow some of the super-happiness and fish or cut bait.

ARMY DAY-ARMY WEEK

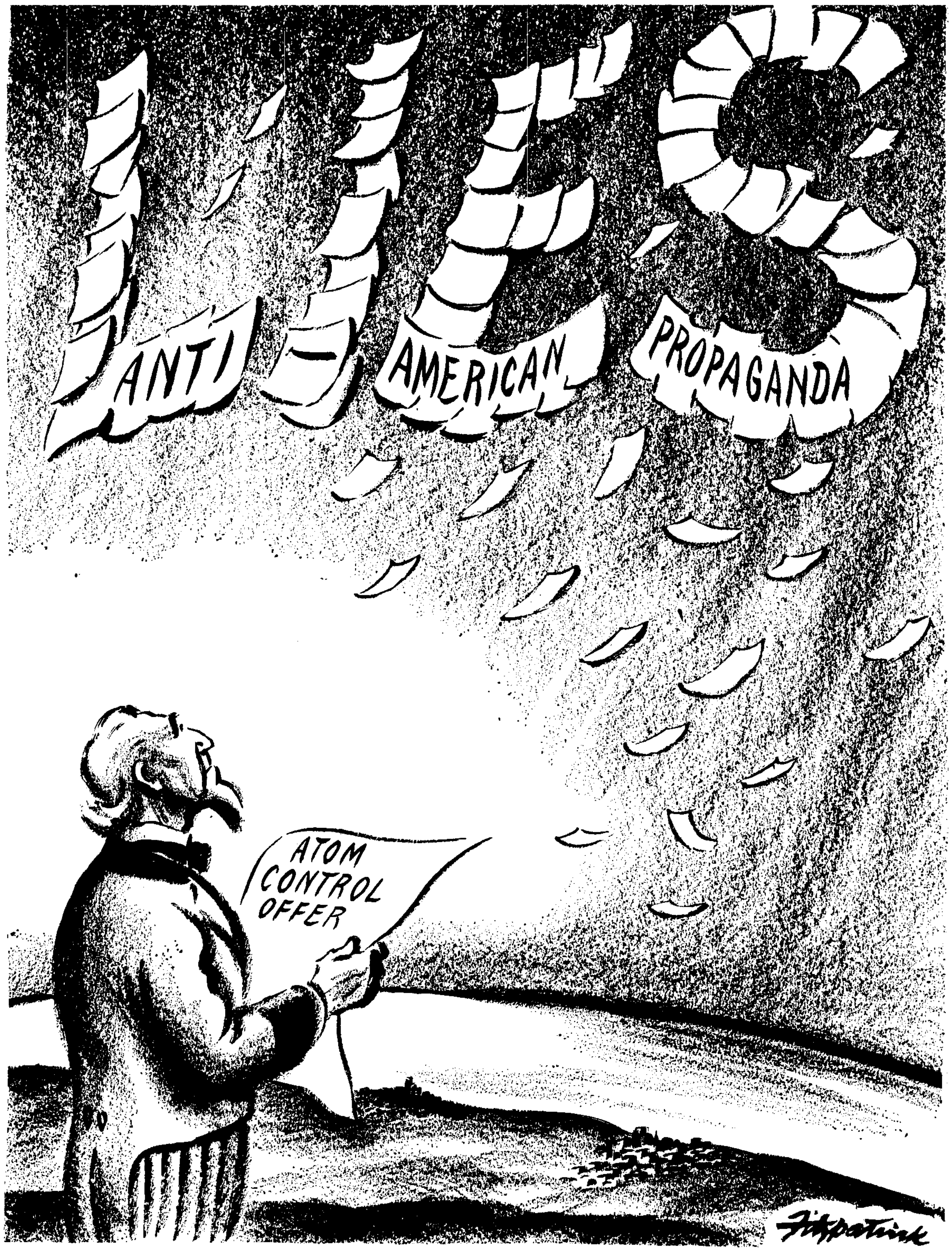
APRIL 6th, anniversary of our entry into World War I, has been Army Day since 1928. This year, the War Department is moving Army Day up to April 7th, the 6th being Easter, and is observing the entire period of April 7-12 as Army Week.

The object is to publicize the Army, the National Guard, the Organized Reserve Corps, and the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, with parades, exhibits, advertising, radio programs, and all the rest of it.

Offhand, we can't think of any more important Week. We all hope there won't be any more wars. But just in case we should get into another war in the next few years, we're assured by the experts that it will be fought with mere improved versions of the weapons used in World War II.

Consequently, the ground forces remain the backbone of our defensive and offensive fighting power, and we shall neglect them at our peril.

We hope there will be an enthusiastic nationwide response to and understanding of the messages that will be spread around during Army Week by the War Department, the Military Order of the World Wars and other agencies. Especially do we hope that Army Week may impress large numbers of our young men with the need for plenty of volunteers and the patriotism of signing on for a three-year hitch in the Army.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

IF WE were the U.S. State Department, which of course we aren't, we think we would get out, for world-wide circulation in ten-million lots and 20 or more languages, a pamphlet, printed on good paper, and reading about as follows:

To Whom It May Concern:

The United States government hereby takes notice of a large variety of complaints against it, now batting around the world and adding up to this: That the United States emerged from World War II as by far the strongest nation on earth, and is now abusing its power in various ways commonly lumped under the head of "imperialism."

In reply we would state:

The first part of this accusation is true. The United States is indeed the strongest nation in the world today—though more by good fortune than by design.

The second part of the accusation is a lie, all wool and a yard wide, no matter how it is phrased or by whom it is mouthed. The American people and government are in no way abusing their present power, and their entire record since war's end will so show.

We have the atom bomb; true. But what are we doing about it? This government has offered to cooperate in setting up a system of international atomic-energy control whereby the bomb may eventually be outlawed and our own stock pile of atom bombs destroyed.

Would any other nation, possessed of a unique and overwhelming weapon, make any such offer? It would not, and the whole world knows it would not.

Plenty of Americans think their present government played the epic fool when it made this offer. Perhaps they are right. The fact remains that the offer has been made, and one of our ablest elder statesmen has worked out a reasonable plan for implementing it.

Another thing which the whole world knows is that the United States will never use the atom bomb or any of its other weapons in a war of aggression or of conquest. Therefore, the atom bomb, as long as it remains our exclusive property, will be an instrument for peace instead of a threat of war.

The truth of this entire matter is that the United States today is doing something almost unique in world history. Having attained tremendous power, it is refraining in every way from abusing that power, and is striving according to its lights to use that power for the benefit of all mankind.

Anybody who says otherwise is either misinformed or a liar.

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